THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING GOLD

SAGA OF THE AMAZING PROFESSOR BUCKSHOT

MAY 1964 PDC 35¢

STRANGE TRUTH ABOUT PRINT OLIVE

FORT KEARNEY'S LAUGHING GHOST

BLACK RIVER OF THE DEAD

THE APACHES - GREATEST SCOUTS OF THEM ALL

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. At 13, he quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs once lived in a cold-water flat, now has a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

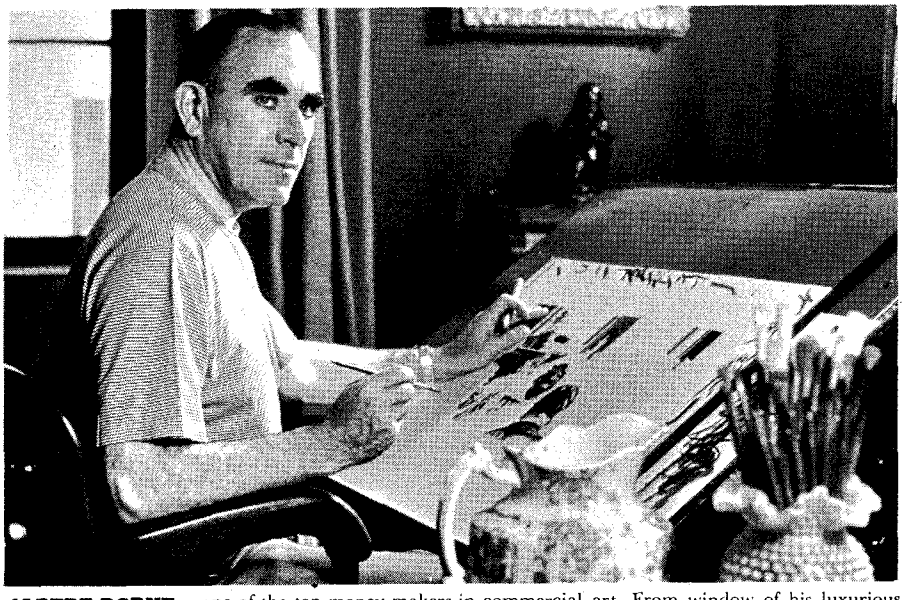
A plan to help others

In 1946 these men met with six other famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, and John Atherton.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. Today the School has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the School. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

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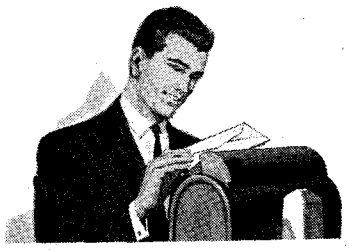

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Sales Management
Salesmanship
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Traffic Management

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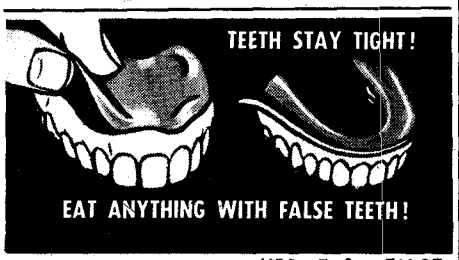

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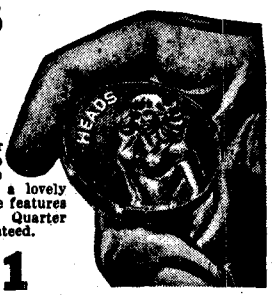

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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT

A Frederick Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891

The die is cast, the first issue of THE WEST is on the stands, and, if you have read the letters from our readers printed in The Mail Pouch, you can understand that we in the editorial room feel pretty proud of ourselves. Not only are the letters from readers coming in in large batches, but, even more, checks are coming in for subscriptions. Old-time magazine men tell us they have never seen such a subscriber reaction to any new magazine on the stands for only ten days. When a reader plunks down hard cash, this action speaks louder than a hundred words. So we here in the editorial department are happy—very happy!

We are a little proud, too, about the way we checked and rechecked all our copy so that we could give you only the real facts. Not many mistakes slipped by us, but we did pull one real boner that still has our faces red. It was a downright silly mistake. Anybody should have caught it, we should have caught it ourselves. We had David Crockett on his sickbed in the Alamo when it should have been Jim Bowie. I suppose, in our intense search for serious and hidden mistakes, we let this obvious one slip past us. It didn't get past a number of readers, however, and we are glad they called our attention to it. When we make a mistake, we admit it and don't try to welch out of it.

So now THE WEST takes its place among the Western magazines. We acknowledge the three other Western mags and are the first to admit they are all three doing a fine editing job in presenting the Old West. But we feel there is room for another one and we will strain every nerve and muscle to make ours the best of them all.

Our next issue of THE WEST will be filled with intriguing and exciting stories of the Old West you have never read before. There will be the strange Indian battle in 1868 on the prairies of Kansas, with a ghost playing an important part in it. This is a great find we dug out of some old musty records of a historical society, and will be documented. Then, there will be the case of Nightingale, the wolf nobody could kill; this is one of the weirdest animal stories to come out of the Old West. What was the real truth about Custer's Indian sweetheart and what part did she play in the Custer massacre? This story will bring out startling facts never before published. Do you want the real secret of Geronimo's gold mine? A man who knows that secret reveals it for the first time in the July issue of THE WEST, due on the newsstands May 1st. These are only a few of the exciting articles you will find.

The five fortunate letter writers who will receive a year's subscription because of the quality of their letters will be notified by mail as soon as all letters are in. Naturally, since this was the first issue of the magazine, most of the letters gave their opinion of the stories, the pictures, and the magazine as a whole. This, as you now know, was very favorable. We like those letters, but to spice up our MAIL POUCH, we need letters posing arguments and telling anecdotes the readers heard from their fathers or grandfathers. We want this page to be as interesting as any other part of the magazine.

Some readers said they'd like to see the great artists of the Old West represented on our covers, so we call attention to the painting reproduced on our current cover. Known as *The Rendezvous*, and also *The Gathering Of The Trappers*, it was done by the great Frederick Remington, and copyrighted in 1904 by *Collier's Weekly*. It was painted in the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, and the Tetons Mountains can be seen in the background. ●

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THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

MAY 1964 VOL. 1, NO. 2

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Research Director— JOHN LYNCH

Art Director— FRANK N. COWEN

Picture Editor— HERBERT FRANCESSO

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Cover painting by Frederick Remington

THE WEST, published bi-monthly by Western Periodicals Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10036. Vol. 1 No. 2, May 1964. Copyright 1964 by Western Periodicals inc. Price 35¢ per copy, $2.10 per year. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material submitted must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the U. S. A. at World Color Press, Inc., Sparta, Ill.

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THE MAIL POUCH

Well, here we are with the first issue of THE WEST on the stands only ten days and the printer is screaming for copy for the second issue. Getting up a magazine—having the layout made, the type set, and the copy ready for the presses—takes many weeks. So by the time you get one issue on the stands, you have to have copy ready for the following issue.

We didn't expect much mail response in the first ten days. Usually mail for magazines doesn't start coming in until the magazine has been on the stands ten days or more. But not with THE WEST. We only wish you sat at this desk and looked at the pile of mail that has already come in, and each post brings more and more letters and subscriptions. It almost seemed that the minute the magazine hit the stands people started writing.

A TEXAN WRITES

Dear Milt:

Howdy! Just finished the first edition of THE WEST and it leaves me wanting to say a few words. So here goes.

As you know—or at least heard—us Texans like it big. Land, stories, likker, women, and Texas. If it grows here, made here, part of us, or we worked it, then it is worth talking about. So, when a magazine not published in Texas appeared on the newsstand, I bought it with tongue in cheek.

Pardner, it is GOOD!! Honest to goodness, dyed in the wood and a yard wide, rip-snortin', true and honest, history in story form. Any fool that ain't loco will start his collection with this copy and guard it carefully.

I like your grade of paper and print. The price is right and the contents picked with care. The number of stories and articles is more than average. But what I liked the best; no drawings. True photos! Man, that makes your magazine priceless! This alone is worth the price of the magazine.

I took it with me to our meeting last night (Tarant County Archeological Society) and to a man the sizeable group attending expressed more than pleasing interest and I am sure several purchased copies that night.

Rest assured that the fact was noticed that your articles contained more than just a mention of Indian lore. This was the thing that caught our eye at the meeting.

All in all, Milt, we think this magazine is far and away the best of the true mags on the market. Keep up the good work; but how about working this thing up to a monthly? There is a wealth of material to be had that can run into years and years.

Congratulations.

N. E. Preston
5405 Wichita
Ft. Worth, Texas

ANOTHER TEXAN'S LETTER

Dear Milt,

I went to the newsstand to pick up the usual western magazines and found a new one, so I decided to try it. I found THE WEST to be a colorful, accurate description of the old west. In my opinion it is one of the best western magazines available. As long as it's on the stands, I'll keep buying it!!

Lester Minto
Rt. 1 Box 165C
Lampasas, Texas

LIKES OUR STORIES

Dear Sirs—

I have read my first copy of your new West mag. I liked it. Your stories have a good "body" to them, gives one something to chew on. The story does not come to an end until it has all been read. Not too many stories these days are like that. Some humor with the stories does a lot to show the old days were not all clouded with gun smoke. The tricks they pulled in old Dodge City were interesting to read. Hope you can keep up the good work. And I know it must be plenty of work to dig up all the dusty material you need.

So long and good luck.

Kenneth Anthony
RR 5, Muscatine, Iowa

A GOOD JUDGE

Dear Sirs,

I bought the March issue of THE WEST the other day and was happy to see another Western magazine on the market. I think I would be a good judge on it as I have for years bought every Western magazine I could find on the newsstands. And being in the golden years that is a lot of reading. I can't find one fault with yours and I enjoyed every bit of it. We saw a TV show of Wild Bill Hickok not more than a week ago and your story goes right along with all of it. Wish you would have some stories on ghost towns. I find people go for these in a big way and I can ponder for hours over them. Keep your future copies as good as the first one and we will buy and love them.

Best of luck to you.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Mary Shumate
504 South 10th Street
Arkansas City, Kansas

MAGAZINE AMAZES HIM

Dear Sir:

Just can't get over how a magazine published East *(Continued on page 52)*

Watch for the July issue at your newsstand May 1st.

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Actually $100 a week need only be the start. Build your Mason customer list to the point where you take 8 orders a day and you'll rake in over *$960 a month* CLEAR PROFIT. It's easy because you show nationally advertised footwear that EVERYBODY needs and wants. You make BIG profits because we carry all the stock and ship the shoes for you. Our huge warehouse stock of 300,000 pairs of dress, work, sport shoes for men and women give you a bigger selection than any other store in town. You can fit everybody because sizes run all the way from 2½ to 15, and widths AAA to EEEE. You have no storekeeper's expenses or "overhead." You never invest a cent!

Sales Equipment Absolutely FREE

You show famous Mason Air-Cushion shoes—Ripple Sole shoes, Oil-Resistant Work Shoes, amazing Mystery Shoes, guaranteed Waterproof Shoes, insulated boots, colorful styles for women—a line that's far beyond the reach of competition. That's why *everybody* is your prospect. What's more, you can get your own shoes FREE—your family's shoes at discount prices . . . win big extra bonuses and valuable FREE prizes—appliances, sporting goods, even a new car—get life, accident, hospital insurance plus payments up to $100 a week when unable to work—all at no cost to you. You never invest 1¢. Rush coupon below for FREE Starting Outfit and all sales helps.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

YOUR TICKET TO A PROFITABLE BUSINESS!

THE MASON Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. F-402,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Sure I want to join the "$100-a-Week Club" by making good money in a fine "Shoe Store Business" that I can run from home. Rush me, FREE and Prepaid, everything I need to start making money my very first spare hour.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

MASON

SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. F-402
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

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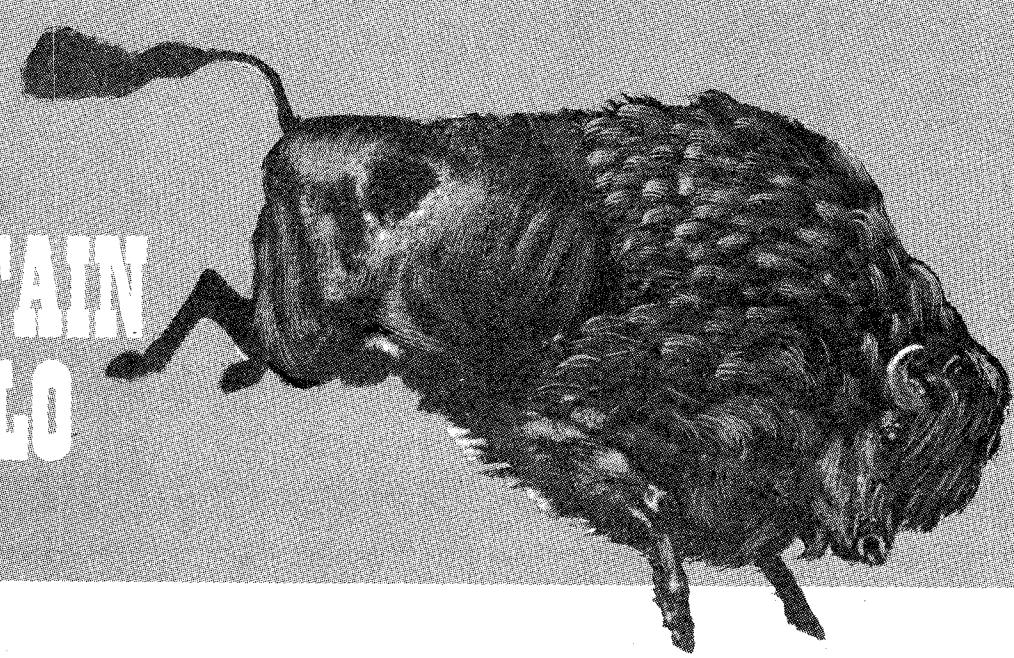
HE WAS THE MOST ELUSIVE AND PRIZED GAME IN THE OLD WEST

THE MOUNTAIN BUFFALO

by Sam Hamelton



"ALL MORNING AND EARLY afternoon we have walked, tumbled, and sometimes crawled through the deep narrow gorges in the mountain wilds of the Tarryall range, between Pike's Peak and the South Park. Early in the morning, after three days searching, we found the tracks of that rare game animal, the prize of all prizes for a hunter.

"Following the tracks that went down deep gorges, over almost vertical cliffs, we were still looking for the animal so few hunters ever saw. And then, suddenly, we saw them, a herd of twenty of those strange animals, lying on a ledge not more than 300 feet wide and 900 feet long. This ledge was connected with the slope of the mountain by a narrow neck.

"We had trouble controlling our excitement. After weeks and months of searching for this animal, to find ourselves looking down at twenty of them was excitement enough to cause our hearts to pound against our ribs. The wind was in our favor and we crept down the rocky slope, got near the neck connecting the ledge with the mountain slope, when my foot stepped on a small boulder and it went tumbling down the mountainside.

"It didn't come within 200 feet of the animals, but all they needed to flee was any unusual sound. And how they fled. They disappeared over the edge of the ledge and we were sure we would find them dead many, many feet below. But, when we got to the ledge and looked down, we didn't see any dead animals. These amazing animals had run down that vertical cliff and had escaped into a valley far below, and were now deep in the heavy grass and woods that surrounded the open space of the valley.

"And that was our last attempt to bag one of these strange animals."

This was part of a letter to Fred M. Ellman, Watertown, New York, from his brother Ernest, dated September 14, 1868, apparently written that night in camp. The strange and rare animal he refers to was the mountain buffalo, sometimes called the wood buffalo, the rarest and most mysterious of all animals in the Old West. The old-time mountaineers never called this animal a "buffalo." To them it was always a "bison."

Although the mountain buffalo was related to the prairie buffalo, there was no more similarity between them than there is between a tough little cow pony and a well bred and well fed horse. The mountain buffalo's body was lighter and his legs shorter but much thicker and stronger. These short and sturdy legs enabled the mountain buffalo to perform feats of climbing mountain slopes that would have been imposible for the larger and more awkward prairie buffalo.

And while his prairie cousin went in herds of thousands, and seldom made any attempt to keep out of sight of the white hunter, few men ever saw a mountain buffalo. Still fewer were ever able to kill one. The mountain buffalo was shy, inhabiting the dense and dark mountain defiles or the craggy, almost precipitous sides of a mountain, which only the most trained mountaineer could hope to scale.

From the tops of the mountains rimming the park-like areas, rains have cut deep gorges, which plunge straight down to the valleys below, often a thousand feet down. Usually, at the bottom of such a gorge there is a mountain stream fed by a spring, and around it grows heavy meadow grass; while on the other side of the stream is a jungle of pine, aspen, spruce and other mountain trees.

These valleys or the gorges were the favorite haunts of the rare mountain buffalo. At dawn, they would fill themselves with the rich heavy grass along the mountain spring, quench their thirst with the cool soft water, and then, appetites satisfied, they would retire to the jungle of pines and aspen and spruce, and lie down at the edge of that jungle where they could watch everything. While one remained awake as a lookout, the others would sleep until wakened by hunger, and they would feed again on the nutritious grass.

Then, around four in the afternoon, the small group—they never ran in large herds—would pick a ledge where the sun was bright, and there would sun themselves for a period of an hour or so. Unlike his prairie counterpart, the mountain buffalo never stared at an intruder. At the slightest sign of danger —at the slightest noise such as the rolling stone from Ernest Ellman's foot— the mountain buffalo would disappear as if by magic. A steep cliff never bothered him. He was as surefooted as a mountain goat, and could flee down a vertical cliff with amazing speed.

It was claimed by the old-time mountain men that the scarcity of the mountain buffalo was due to the severe winter of 1844-45, when thousands perished in the deep gorges filled with snow. That winter was one of the worst in history, and may explain why so few buffalo have ever been seen in the Laramie Basin. Thousands upon thousands perished that winter.

Whatever the reason for the scarcity of the mountain buffalo, this animal was so prized that any mountain man would have given a year's catch of pelts to say he had killed one.

Are there any of these strange buffalo still in the deep and secret gorges of the Rocky and the Sierra Mountains today? Nobody has reported seeing any, but, for that matter, very few did in the old days when hunters by the hundred went after them. ●

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You Schedule the Orders while Your Servicemen Bring You $18 an hour gross profit

Yes, that is your hourly gross profit from the work of only three servicemen . . . at "national-price-guide" rates. And this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. Duraclean dealers find it is easy to gross $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 per hour on any service they themselves render. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a **clear net profit** to you.

Start while Continuing Present Job

We furnish all the equipment ... and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . have a fast growing income . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable . . the electric Foamovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . easy to start . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . before someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big . . . in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. *You have our backing and "know how."*

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) superior processes and (2) proven customer-getting methods.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with new life. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have 5 other services.

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Own a Nationally Advertised Business

•

Your Services Are Endorsed by McCall's Magazine, Amer. Research & Testing Laboratories and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

•

What Dealers Say:

Langdon Lawson: National advertising is tops, creates leads. In September, working alone, jobs totaled $1,475.

R. C. Blue: Customer called a prominent competitor. They said they could not clean her badly soiled furniture . . . to contact me, "if anyone could get it clean, I could".

Charles Randal: Business keeps growing. Made as much as $120 in one day.

D. Kern: Duraclean's proven-best process and the continuous help from headquarters gave me a big jump on all competition.

George Byers: For University, my total billing was $2,416. Total expenses $814.

Gerald Weihrauch: Three persons called me saw Duraclean advertised in magazines.

Edward Hoy: A smoke damage insurance claim bill was $186. All work was done by me in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

John Hoak: I've never worked at anything I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

W. C. Smith: Earned $650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger.

Service man for dealer **C. Weed:** Furniture was filthy black. When through, I was amazed how clean.

John E. Frost: First 2 months I grossed $1,000 part-time.

Loren Farris: I'm proud to be independent at 30. I wish I had known about Duraclean earlier.

Earl Davis: Our sales increased $17,660 this year.

Ed. Kramsky: In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise grows monthly.

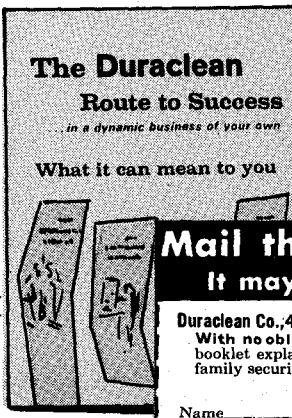
FREE BOOKLET tells how to Start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income.**

Your location should be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon **today.**

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION



Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., 4-045 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

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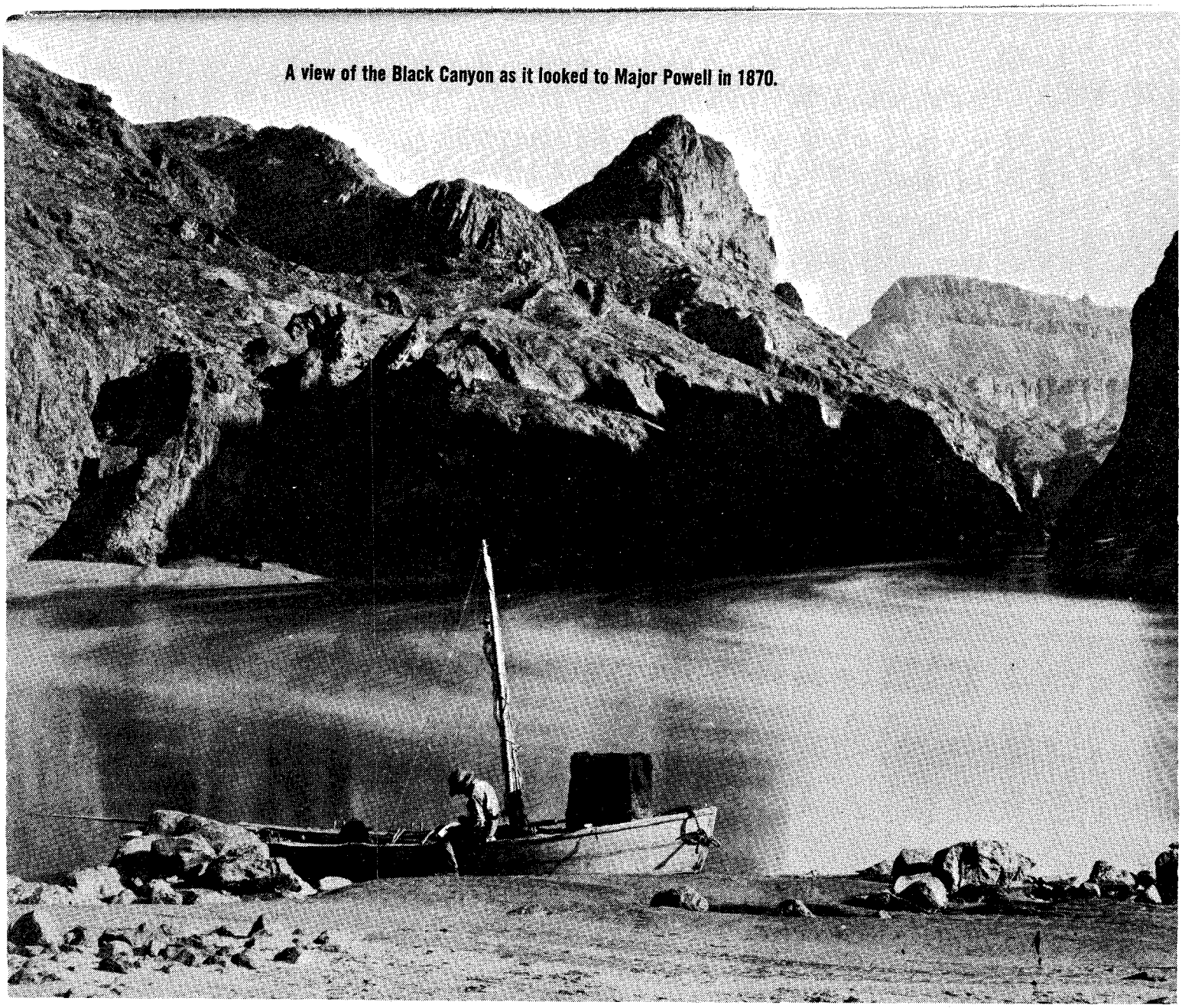

A view of the Black Canyon as it looked to Major Powell in 1870.

Library of Congress Collection

THE STOCKY, ONE-ARMED man sat on his horse and stared out across the canyons and plateaus of northern Arizona. Far to the south, a dark blue mountain, silhouetted against a bright blue sky, towered over the surrounding countryside. Somewhere, off to the right of the mountain, three of his men had disappeared the year before, and the one-armed man was here to find what had happened to them.

The man was Major John Wesley Powell, one of the most daring, energetic, and determined explorers in Western history. Son of a Methodist minister, he had planned to follow in his father's footsteps, but at Illinois Wesleyan and Oberlin College he studied geology. At the outbreak of the Civil War, young Powell enlisted as a private in the Union Army. He was ambitious and aggressive; and, in spite of the loss of his right arm at the battle of Shiloh, he rose rapidly through the ranks and retired a major.

After the war, he became professor of geology at Illinois Wesleyan, but the thrill and excitement of battle had kindled a restlessness in Powell that could not be extinguished. As the head of a Smithsonian Institution expedition, he explored the wilds of western Colorado and eastern Utah.

It was in the year before, 1869, that he made the daring ride down the wild Colorado River, called "The Black River of the Dead." Three of his companions were missing from that trip, and now he had returned, a year later, to brave the dangers of that river again to learn what had happened to them.

This wild ride down the Colorado, a feat never before performed by any white man, had started on May 24, 1869. Major Powell, with nine men in four small boats, left Green River, Wyoming, and headed down the wildest river in the West, the mighty Colorado. For three months they fought this unexplored and uncharted river. They shot the raging rapids or carried their boats and equipment down the rocky river bank.

They sweltered in the summer's heat, shivered in drenching rains, and suffered untold hardships. The river tossed the boats on its high waves, slammed them into rocks and the canyon walls, and left them battered and leaking. One boat was smashed to bits and had to be abandoned. In the rain and river water, salt, sugar and salaratus (soda) melted away, beans sprouted, bacon spoiled, dried apples fermented and flour became lumpy and moldy.

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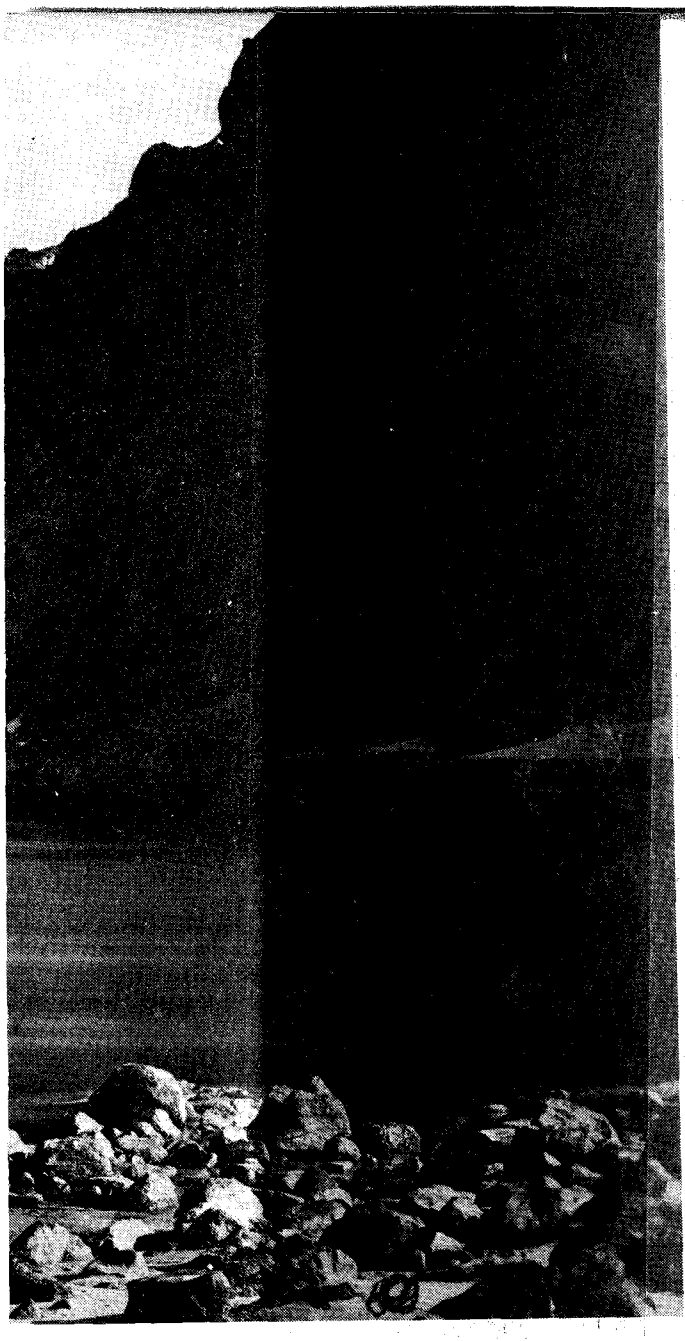

BLACK RIVER OF THE DEAD

by Earl Spendlove

Ten men headed down the wildest river in the West, bent on doing what no white man had ever done before. The river's fury was not the only enemy they faced; even more deadly was the hatred of watching Indians.

When they reached Bright Angel Creek in the bottom of the Grand Canyon, on August 17th, they were in serious trouble. They did not know how far it was to their destination, the mouth of the Virgin River, or what perils lay ahead. There was not enough palatable food to last ten days, so the Major cut their rations to a minimum and their race with starvation began.

On through the Grand Canyon and into the canyon below, they went. Time was running out and, in spite of their efforts, their progress was agonizingly slow. At the end of one long, hard day, they were less than two miles from where they had started, early that morning. August 25th, their best day, they logged 35 miles, but the Major noted the river was cutting into a granite formation, and he knew this meant a rough, wild river and a deep, narrow, and very dangerous canyon.

Two days later, the river turned abruptly to the south. Their destination was due west. At eleven o'clock that morning, they came to the worst rapid they had yet encountered. For the rest of the day, they scrambled up and down the rocky river bank, and climbed the canyon walls to study the rock-studded stretch of wild water.

THE SUN WAS SLOWLY sinking behind the high wall to the west when the discouraged and disheartened crew gathered on a narrow strip of sandy shore to hear what the Major had to say. The decision was a difficult one. There were many things to consider and, if he were wrong, they all might perish.

The channel was so situated that they could not let the boats down on long lines. A portage would take hours of backbreaking labor, and they had no time. If they stayed with the river, they would have to shoot the cataract with its rocks, high waves and whirlpools. Even if they got through, they did not know what lay beyond. The mouth of the Virgin was 45 miles, as the crow flies, to the west. The Colorado was flowing south, so it might be many times that far, if they followed the river.

If they could climb out of the canyon, it was 75 miles north, over unexplored mountains and deserts, to St. George, Utah, a Mormon settlement on the Virgin River. This wild, desolate country was inhabited by roaming bands of Indians who might murder them before they could reach the village.

There was little choice, but Powell was not one to leave a job unfinished, so he told his men that they would stay

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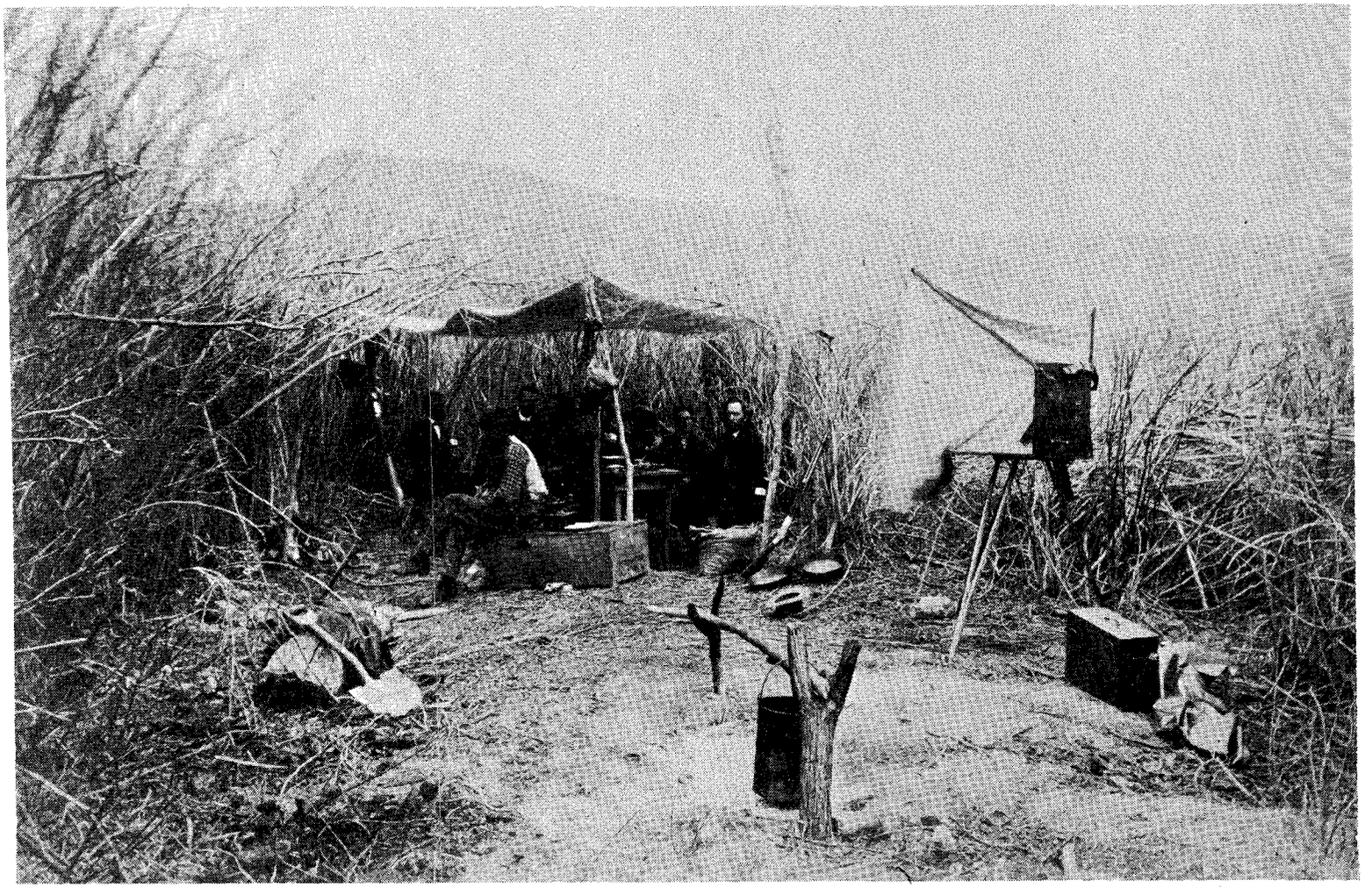

Members of Major Powell's party seen in this photo of a temporary camp they pitched in the Grand Canyon, close to the river.

with the river. They said nothing. Then, suddenly, O. G. Howland, a tall man with a scraggly blond beard, snatched the battered hat from his head, stuffed it into his pocket, and walked rapidly away.

That night Howland, described by the Major as "a printer by trade, an editor by profession and a hunter by choice," tried to convince Powell it was foolish to stay with the river. He was sure that, if they did not drown in the waters, they would certainly die of starvation in the deep, steep-walled canyon. Howland's young brother, Seneca, and William Dunn, an ex-mule skinner, who had wished many times in the past month that he had never seen the Colorado, agreed with him.

The Major encouraged them to continue on, but he did not insist. Few words were spoken on the morning of August 28th, as Dunn and the Howlands prepared to leave. With these men leaving, it was impossible to man three boats, so, while two were being lowered down the first fall, one boat was pulled out of the water and unloaded. What equipment could not be taken was left on a rock beside the river.

When all was ready, they wished each other luck, shook hands all around and said their last goodbyes. Then the three, armed with two rifles and a shotgun, and carrying a duplicate set of the expedition's records, climbed to a high point to watch the boats shoot the rapids.

The men on the river looked up, waved, then pushed the boats into the swift-flowing stream. In a flash, the river had them in its grasp, and down they went, plunging, twisting, turning and trying desperately to keep from being swamped or dashed to pieces on a rock or against the canyon wall. In a matter of minutes they had rounded a turn and were out of sight. Long after the boats disappeared, the three stared down at the river. Then they turned and began the long climb to the top of the canyon.

Three days later, the boats reached the mouth of the Virgin and safety. Weeks went by and Dunn and the Howlands failed to reach the settlements, so they were presumed to have died of thirst or starvation, or to have been murdered by Indians.

And now, a year later, Major Powell was back again to find what he could about the three men. The expedition of the year before had taught him many things. This time he had food cached along the river at strategic points to forestall such disaster as had befallen him the year before.

Powell had no illusions about the dangers he faced, searching for the three missing men. The Indian tribes along that river were wild and primitive. Few had ever seen a white man. They were noted for their brutality and murderous hate of any stranger. They lived in the high mountain valleys, and could only be reached by scaling almost perpendicular walls. And, if the three men were still alive, they would be prisoners of one of these wild tribes.

MAJOR POWELL DIDN'T arrive at Pipe Springs, Arizona, until late summer to start his search for the three men. To assist him, he had secured the services of Jacob Hamblin, Mormon scout, explorer and missionary to the "Lamanites" (a Mormon word for the American Indian). Hamblin, a rugged frontiersman, was known and respected by the Indians in southern Utah and northern Arizona. Even the warlike Navajos from the barren wasteland east of the Colorado knew and trusted Hamblin.

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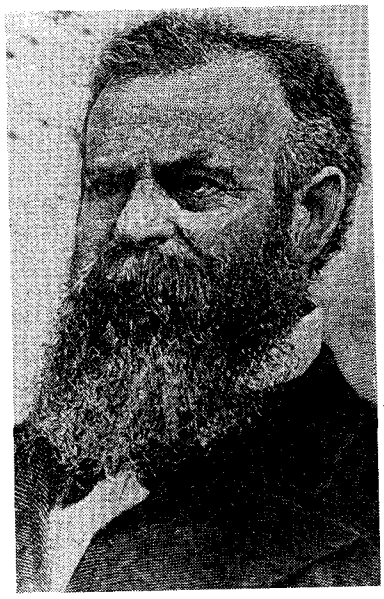
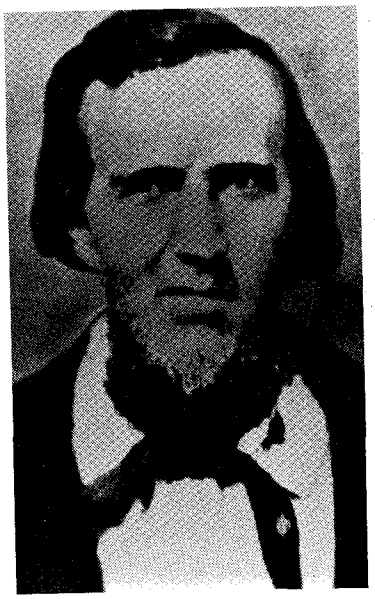


Major Powell led the expedition.

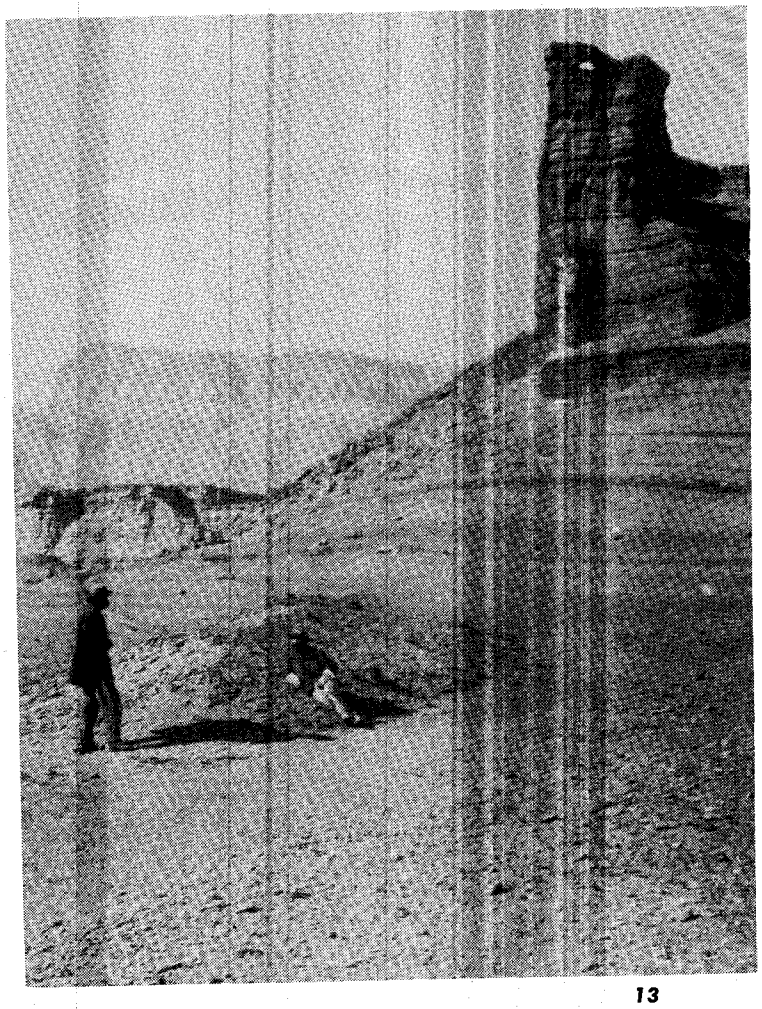


Jacob Hamblin, the party's scout.

Powell, seen with a Ute woman, lost an arm at Shiloh.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Though crippled, Powell (left) won fame as explorer.



At Pipe Springs, Chuar'ruumpeak, chief of the local Kai'vavit (Kaibab) clan, told them it was impossible to reach the river in the deep canyon to the south. Powell had other ideas. From observations made the previous summer, he felt they could climb down the canyon walls in the vicinity of a high volcanic mountain that stood on the brink of the canyon.

From Pipe Springs, it was fifty miles across the waterless, canyon-cut wastelands to the mountain. Waterholes were few and far between, so Hamblin engaged Chuar'ruumpeak and a brave named Shuts to guide them to the village of the Uinkaret clan, high on the side of the mountain.

Early on the morning of September 14th, they started south. Shuts, described by the Major as "a one-eyed, bare-legged, merry-faced pigmy," led the way on foot. Behind him rode Chuar'ruumpeak. There was only one horse for the guides, and Powell suggested they take turns riding, but that was not the Indians' way. If there was a horse to ride, the chief rode. So Chuar'ruumpeak sat solemnly on the horse, and the naked, grinning dwarf trotted ahead and pointed the way with a slender cane, "used for killing snakes and pulling rabbits out of holes."

Powell, who prided himself on being able to remember things he had seen, marveled at the way the little Indian knew every rock, bush, and turn in the trail. For two days they traveled southward. Each morning they were in the saddle at dawn, and, when darkness came, Shuts led them unerringly to a "waterpocket" (a deep hole in the rock, filled with rainwater).

On the morning of the third day, they started up the mountain. The trail led over cinder knolls, through piñon and juniper woodland, and on up to a Ponderosa pine forest. As they rode into a grass covered mountain valley, they saw two Indians scurrying up the opposite hillside. After them went Chuar'ruumpeak, riding at breakneck speed and shouting friendly greetings. A short time later, he returned with a woman dressed in little more than a string of beads. She was sullen and scared, but, after a little coaxing, a few biscuits and Jacob's assurance that they came in peace, she led them to her village.

A pack of yelping dogs accompanied Chuar'ruumpeak, Jacob and Powell as they walked through the little cluster of brush and bark huts. The people of the Uinkaret village hid behind rocks, trees and in their little hovels, and watched with suspicious eyes as the three stopped before the wickiup of Tomor'rountikai, chief of their clan. Many of the Indians were seeing white men for the first time and, like the wild creatures they were, their first reaction was to run or hide.

(Continued on page 64)

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Chip White was one of the most remarkable scouts of the Old West, and the aim of his life was to be just like his pal, Buffalo Bill

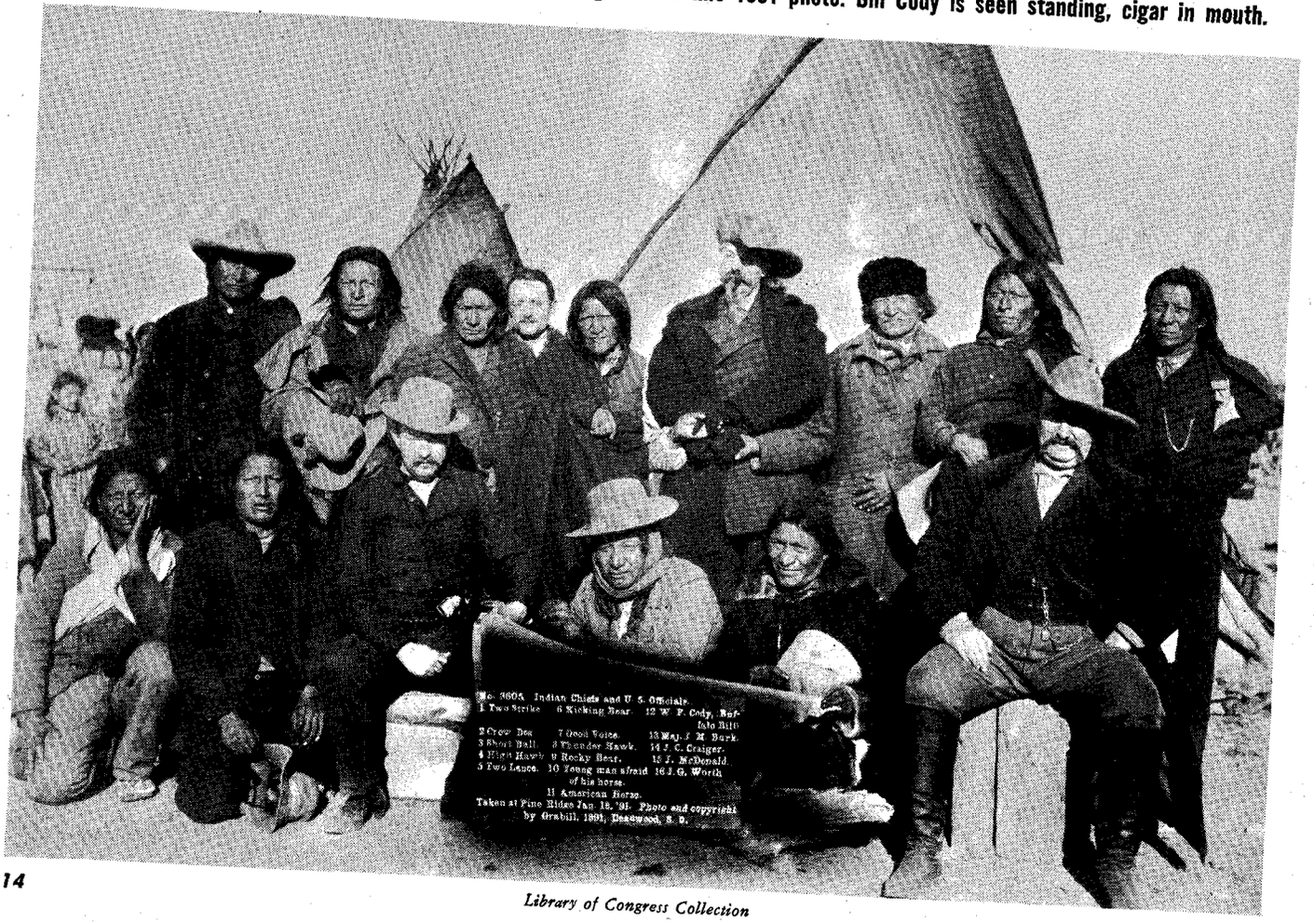
HOW DEATH CAME TO BUFFALO BILL'S SHADOW

by Joe Koller

From Collection of Joe Koller

Chip White, the scout who even tried to look like the famed friend he idolized.

Indian chiefs and U.S. officials are amicably posed together in this 1891 photo. Bill Cody is seen standing, cigar in mouth.



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Courtesy Bellman Collection

From Collection of Joe Koller

Standing on Chip White's burial spot is the monument seen above.

Buffalo Bill, shown left in the costume he used in the theatre.

American Horse (right) was shot dead in the same fight as Chip.

From Collection of Joe Koller

SIX WEEKS AFTER Custer's death on the Little Big Horn in Montana, General George Crook, with a force of 2000 men, commenced his historic pursuit of the Crazy Horse-Sitting Bull war party. The wait for supplies and the arrival of Merritt's Fifth Cavalry caused the late start. The Sioux trail led down the Yellowstone, crossed the Tongue River, and headed across the Powder River wilderness. To make speed, all wagons had been replaced by pack trains carrying two weeks' supplies, and troopers stripped down to the clothes on their backs. Crook planned a quick, hard, vengeance strike at the enemy.

The first part of August 1876 was hot and dry. Troopers cursed the sweltering heat, the swarming gnats, and the elusive Indians. This army wanted to reverse the infamy of the Little Big Horn massacre. That is, all but one man, William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), chief of General Merritt's scouts. In bivouac, one night, Cody asked to be relieved from duty.

"You want to quit the trail before we even find Crazy Horse?" Crook bristled in reply. "Why?"

Cody stated his reasons. His new career was the theatre. He had been recalled for Army service by the Sioux emergency. Now, with fall coming on, his managers wanted him to come East to fulfill commitments. Cody pointed out that two hundred Ute and Shoshoni Indians had joined the expedition to fight their enemy, the Sioux, and they would help with the scouting. "Besides," Cody added, "I am leaving Chip White to take my place."

"That popinjay?"

"Chip can do anything I can."

Buffalo Chips was Cody's shadow, imitator, and devoted friend. The strange comradeship that made Cody and White the Damon and Pythias of the frontier had its conception some years before.

One morning, in summer of 1868, Bill Cody was sitting on the porch of a Fort Hayes residence when a figure came limping toward him on the hospital road. The whitish haired man had rude splints strapped on the outside of one leg. As he hobbled along, he leaned on a homemade cane and a crutch. Cody invited him to sit and rest. The man awkwardly propped his rump on the third step and gave a sigh of relief.

Cody learned that his name was Jonathan White, that he had been in the late war, and that the Post surgeon at the hospital had denied him service. The injury, White said, was not a carry-over from the war. He had been freighting logs to a railroad job, he explained, and a wagon wheel had broken down, causing him to tumble off the load; some of the logs had skidded down on top of him. His cries finally attracted two riders. The two saddle tramps observed his plight and, instead of offering aid, they had stripped off the harnesses and stolen his four-horse team. Hours later, White was found by another freighter. He was brought to Hayes by handcar to receive medical attention.

Cody, of sympathetic nature, became incensed at the doctor's attitude. The surgeon gave his reasons. He had interviewed White. His war service had been on the side of the Confederacy. He had been a four-year scout in Stuart's Cavalry. The doctor could not treat White as a former enemy, and he could not pay for such medical attention as a civilian. Cody guaranteed the costs, and White was taken care of.

Cody took his new friend to his home to recuperate. Mrs. Cody found the guest *(Continued on page 60)*

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TEXAS JACK'S OWN STORY OF HOW HE AND HIS OUTLAW PALS PULLED OFF THE

TRAIN HOLDUP AT BLACKSTONE SWITCH

as told to Homer Croy

I NEVER MET BUT ONE of the outlaws tried by Judge Parker. The meeting did not turn out successfully, for he threatened to kill me. The whole thing was a strain. However, he did not kill me, as I want you to know. The outlaw was Texas Jack and the time was July, 1948, and the place was a rooming house at 17 South Boston Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma. I was getting interviews for *Jesse James Was My Neighbor,* a book I would like to see on every reading table.

Jack was living upstairs. The door was open, but a curtain shut the room from the stares of the public. I found a picturesque individual with long hair done into braids. On one side of the room was a huge banner which read: *Texas Jack, the Famous Bandit.* A smaller line said that he had been a friend of Jesse James, and that was why I wanted to see him. On the side of the room where the banner hung was a cabinet with glass doors; in it was a rifle. He was half-sitting, half-reclining in bed. And he was suspicious of me from the jump.

I began to question him about his acquaintanceship with Jesse James. He began to question me as to how much I would pay him. This brought things to a standstill. I told him that I never paid for interviews. He looked hard at me and said it was time for me to begin. The conversation was not on a diplomatic level. I found that he was twenty years old when Jesse James departed this life. Since there was a reward on Jesse's head of $10,000, dead or alive, there was little chance that Jesse would have established himself on a friendly basis with a boy he knew nothing about. I asked him where he knew Jesse James; vagueness crept in. Bitterness, too. Finally I said I didn't believe he knew him at all. I allowed he might have seen him, but certainly he hadn't fraternized with him. Then it came out that Texas Jack had known Jesse James, Junior, and that he had once testified for him when young Jesse was in a mixup. I said that was vastly different from knowing the old outlaw. This was, it developed, a mistake, for he grew indignant and said forthrightly, "I don't like you. I ought to pull down on you."

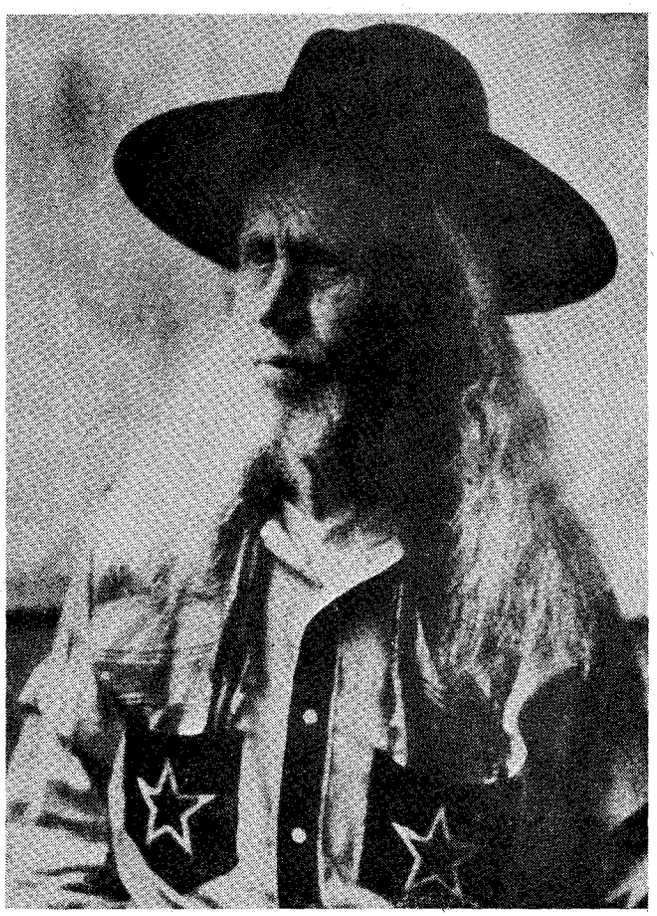
Conditions worsened. I said I did not want him to pull down on me; he said he was going to do it, anyway. He glanced at the gun rack on the other side of the room. I would like, for the sake of a good story, to say he got up and started toward it and that I grappled with him heroically, but alas! he didn't get up. He took it out in telling me what kind of a person I was, which startled me no end, for I had not thought of myself as being that kind of son at all. He expressed himself at length and in detail about me, none of it proving to be complimentary. Finally he ran down. Meanwhile, I had become extremely eager to know what kind of life a bandit led, so I asked him as delicately as I could. This was indeed different; we began to get along better.

He liked to talk about himself and I was popeyed, having had meager acquaintance with outlaws. I found his story completely fascinating and I accepted it, except now and then for a storyteller's inherent right to a bit of exaggeration. I made notes. Later, when I started the book you are holding in your hand, I went to some pains to look up his adventures. I found that he had published four booklets on the subject and that he had sold them himself at fairs, rodeos, street corners, even from gospel platforms. One way or another I pieced together his story. To my surprise I found that the things he told me that day stood up under inspection. He told me about Judge Parker, but at that time I had no special interest in him. Little did I dream that later I would be hot upon his trail. Now I'm glad indeed that I saw Texas Jack that hot day in Tulsa, even if he did threaten to do for me.

At first I thought that Texas Jack was a make-believe bandit, and I felt half-contemptuous of him (human nature likes the successful and looks down on small fry). But when I began to examine his record, I found it wasn't bad at all. Here it is, as nearly as I can reconstruct it:

1884—robbed Santa Fe express in Colorado
1888—robbed bank at Riverside, Texas
1889—robbed stage at Canyon Gap, Colorado, on May 18
1891—robbed bank in Texas on June 19
1892—robbed stage near San Antonio, Texas, of $800
1893—robbed bank in Southwest City, Missouri
1894—the Blackstone train robbery

Shot in the train heist, Jack lived to a ripe age.



Author's Photo

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Jack's real name was Nathaniel Reed and he was born in Madison County, Arkansas, in 1862. He took part in his first robbery when he was twenty-two and did fairly well by himself, realizing by the operation the sum of $6480. It was better than chopping cotton. This is what he told me about the Blackstone robbery and its aftermath:

THE GANG I WAS IN decided we could do good for ourselves by taking care of things at Blackstone Switch. I'd had a hard summer, seven fights with marshals during which I picked up four wounds. They troubled me a good deal; in fact, I've always had wound trouble, ever since I was twenty-two. Sometimes they get bad in bad weather and make me fretful and irritable. This summer I'm speaking of, my horse was shot from under me and I had to travel on foot, with the deputies seeking me. I walked eight miles this night, coming upon a small cabin on the bank of Sand Creek. I called and a woman came to the door and I asked, "Who are you?" "I'm the Widow Harris," she replied. I asked if she could cook me up some breakfast and she signified her willingness. When I came in, she said, "Are you the man the marshals were shooting at, over at the J.O. Ranch?" I replied, "It's likely." She appeared to like my forthrightness. She dressed my wounds and invited me to stay as long as I wished. She was a fine woman. I gave her a twenty-dollar bill which she seemed to appreciate.

I was havin' breakfast a few days later when a spotter appeared at the door and asked her if Texas Jack was there. I stepped to the door and said, "I happen to be Texas Jack. What can I do for you?" The man was so scared he nearly fell over. I asked who the horse belonged to he was ridin', and he said it belonged to a livery stable in South McAlester, and I said, "I'll take the animal off your hands an' you can proceed on foot as the ground is slippery after the rain and the animal might fall and injure you." He proceeded on his way on foot, glad to get off as lucky as he appeared to be doin'. He didn't want to ask questions.

In 1894, I found myself a member of a band of light-ridin' men, with the followin constituents: Jim Dyer, the leader; Buss Luckey, Will Smith, and Tom Root, the latter a full-blooded Cherokee. We had a man in Dallas, Texas, keeping an eye on the bullion shipments. One day we received word that a shipment was to go through on a certain day and we decided to intercept it, as it didn't belong to anybody but the railroad. The train was to pass through Blackstone Switch, about eight miles north of Muskogee, in the Creek Nation, on the north side of the Arkansas River and on the south side of the Verdigris River. All five of us rode to the Switch, viewed the location, and had a kind of rehearsal. Jim Dyer, as I have said, was our leader. But that night, when eleven o'clock came, he was not there. I suspicioned perfidy and that was borne out to its fullest extent. I cut the switch-lock and got ready to throw. Fifteen minutes passed, then the train came rolling in. Will Smith and Buss Luckey gobbled and we took our positions, Dyer still finding it convenient to be absent.

My duty was to throw the switch which would send the train onto a side track; then I was to dynamite the doors off the express car. When the engineer saw the lights turn, he pulled the whistle cord as a signal to the seven deputy marshals on the train. The company had got wind that we had them on our list and had been having deputies ride in the express car, which was the case now. It was unfortunate for us. If we had known they were aboard we would have deferred our plans, but, as I say, we didn't know. When they heard the whistle talk, they sprang to their duty, which was to see the express car safely through the Indian Territory which was known as Robbers' Roost, a fitting term. But, as I point out, we didn't know the gentlemen were on the train. It was not long before spirited shooting began. I went to the express car with my sticks and told the men inside to throw out their hardware, *(Continued on page 70)*

Judge Parker's U.S. deputies, who made it so hot for Texas Jack that he made a deal with the judge and surrendered.

Courtesy John Holbrook

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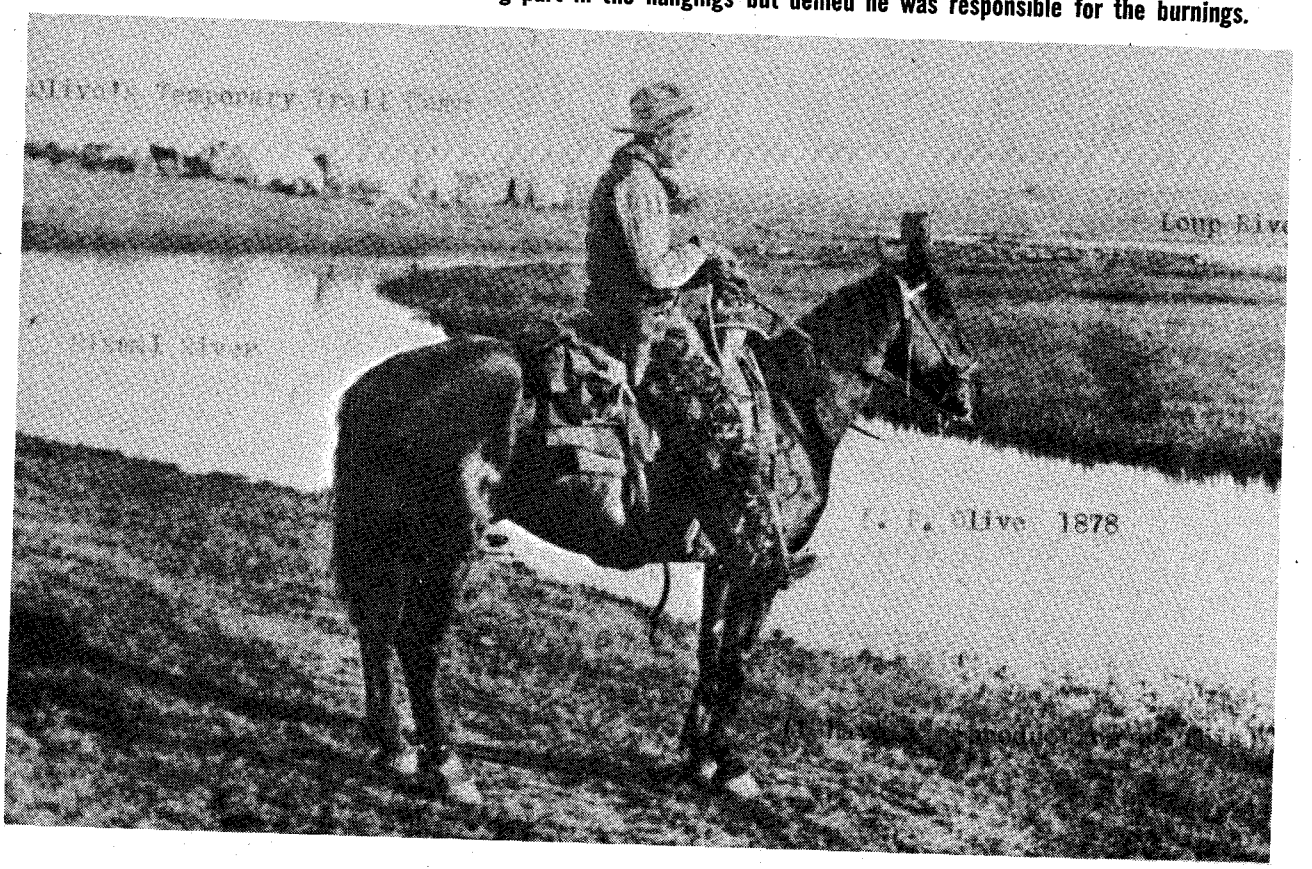
Ami Ketchum and Luther Mitchell were brutally tortured before the lynchers set the whiskey soaked men on fire.

Rancher Print Olive who admitted taking part in the hangings but denied he was responsible for the burnings.



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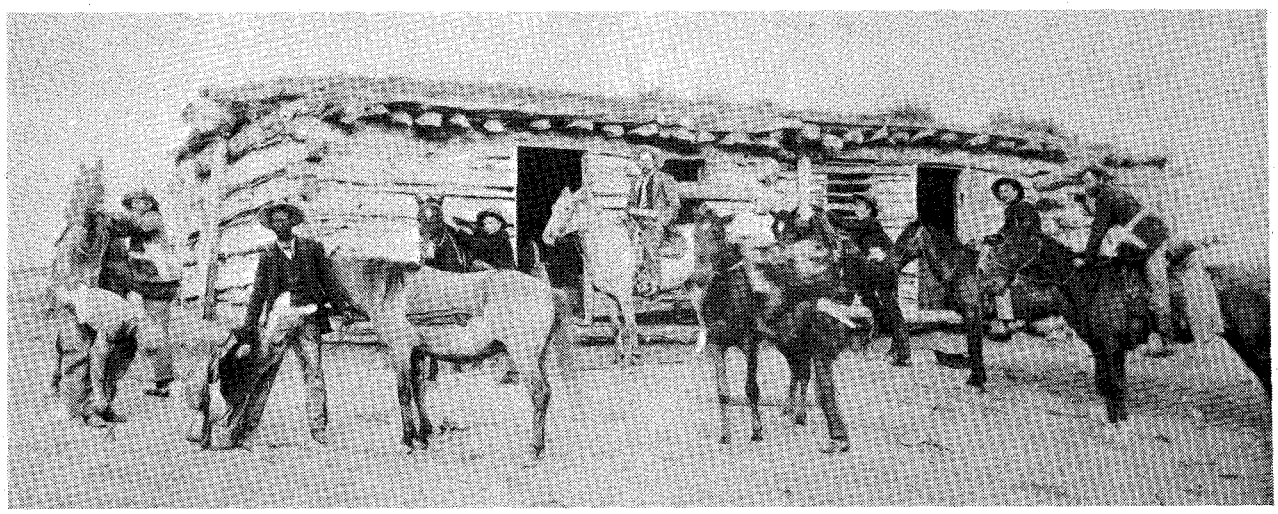

The Olive ranch. Rated the richest rancher in Nebraska, Olive's corps of triggermen made him a law unto himself.

STRANGE TRUTH ABOUT PRINT OLIVE

TWO CHARRED BODIES PROVIDE A CLUE TO THE UNDERSTANDING OF A STRANGE WESTERN PERSONALITY, AND THE AUTHOR HERE GIVES US THE INSIDE FACTS

by Harold Preece

All photos by S. D. Butcher, 1878, Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

EVERYBODY IN THAT group of six riders had seen many dead men, but never corpses in the ghastly condition of these two swinging from a cottonwood tree on a Nebraska prairie.

The corpse of the young nester, Ami Ketchum, hanging from a limb, had once charmed country girls with the face that was now black as overdone barbecue. The body of old man Luther Mitchell, his employer, dangling to the ground where the rope had slipped, had one arm burnt off completely and another charred to ashes. Bodies of both were riddled by bullets, say some accounts. The smell of corn whiskey blew from the corpses on a high wind. For whoever had burnt the two homesteaders had first soaked them with corn whiskey for fuel.

The day was December 11, 1878, the time around three p.m. in the afternoon. E. J. Boblits, Custer County judge and reluctant leader of the party, said: "I pronounce these men dead at the hands of —"

"Dead at the hands of Print Olive," a man interrupted harshly. "I was their lawyer. I saw that damn sheriff deliver them into the hands of the Olive gang yesterday and know he got his payoff."

The lawyer's voice was choked. "Judge, I ask that you issue immediate warrants for that mob and for their leader, Print Olive—*man burner.*"

Man burner! Within a few days the bitter epithet would rock Nebraska and all the ranges of the West, and become a charge of infamy against one of the region's major cattle barons. Attorney McNemar's request would be refused fearfully by Judge Boblits. But even today, historians and everyday Westerners debate whether or not Prentice Olive compounded an outrageous lynching with the burning alive of two men who had crossed his bullet-marked course, a path extending from Texas to Nebraska where he'd moved his herds and his private army of trigger men.

Two noted Western authors have crossed swords over the mystery during the past few years. Both concede that Old Print was pretty riled because Ami Ketchum had killed his brother, Bob, who'd ridden away from his Texas home not too far ahead of the Texas Rangers. Miss Mari Sandoz, a Nebraskan and author of many definitive Western classics, accuses the cattle king bluntly of the most atrocious crime in the state's history. Harry E. Chrisman, a Nebraskan, has written a book to prove that Print was just an honest, hot-headed stockman who hung a couple of rustlers, but would just naturally have been incapable of such a crime.

One clear fact emerges from all the words spoken and written about the mystery. Print Olive, a runt physically, didn't like to be bothered by little people. He had grown up in Williamson County, Texas, where boys cut their teeth on triggers and whose history is studded with such delightful names as Johnny Ringo, Sam Bass and Soapy Smith. After the Civil War, Print, who was part Indian and looked it, had come home to grab all the acreage in sight and to earn all the enmity that homesteaders felt for grass grabbers.

Small operators from the rough cedar brakes in the western part of the county began rustling his cattle, fattened on good range for the trail drives to Kansas. Print, with an interracial army of tough punchers—white, Negro, and Mexican—began sending them to a hell reputedly hotter than Texas. Other men, also, felt the kiss of Print's bullets and those of his younger brother, Bob, for whom the pint-sized rancher, Print, had a touching devotion.

Williamson County might have been torn by a savage feud if Print hadn't wisely concluded to get out. He transferred his growing herd and his corps of lead rollers to central Nebraska.

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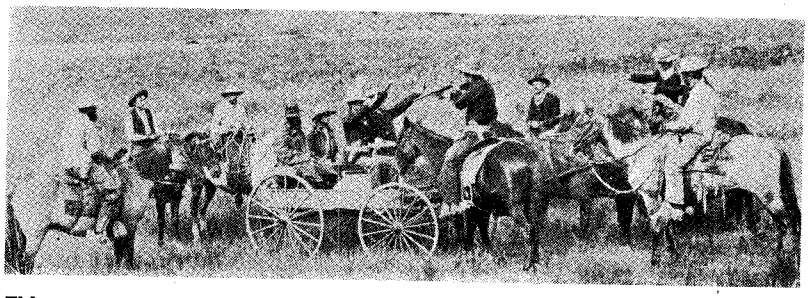
Staged Photo by S. D. Butcher, 1878



This staged shot shows the two doomed men being handed over to the lynchers.

Staged Photo by S. D. Butcher, 1878

The hanging of Ketchum and Mitchell is seen in this pictorial reconstruction of the shocking murders. Print Olive's cattle empire fell apart as a result.

Print Olive who was out to avenge the death of his younger brother.

Fred Fischer, foreman of the Olive ranch, was convicted with his boss.

There, he appropriated a large tract of the public domain for a spread bigger than the one he'd hogged off in Texas. Bob Olive soon joined him. The younger brother was using the handle of Stevens, for personal reasons, but it was an open secret in Custer County that he was the junior member of the feared clan.

This time, Print resolved to have no more trouble with small fry. Cowman's country, that stretch of Nebraska where he had moved, was cow country and he meant to keep it, by God! His herd multiplied to 30,000 beeves, fat and profitable from feeding on buffalo grass five feet high. By 1878, he was rated as the richest rancher in the state, and his company of gunslingers ranked as the toughest.

His men allegedly tore down the soddies of homesteaders having no more sense than to start raising their corn and cabbages in Print's kingdom of Custer County. Many nesters moved on, rather than face his deadshot Texas gunslingers. But one granger community kept sticking it out, a thorn in his side, and it was run by two men who didn't back down before the armed force of cow barons.

THAT COMMUNITY WAS Clear Creek, in the eastern part of Custer County. Its leaders were 65-year-old farmer-blacksmith, Luther Mitchell, and his 24-year-old helper, Ami Ketchum, both former residents of Merrick County, Nebraska. Everybody knew that Ketchum and Mitchell's pretty stepdaughter, Tamar Snow, were "that way" about each other. Some stories declare that Bob Olive, the field marshal of Print's saddled gorillas, also wanted the girl, though he was a married man with children. This claim, however, is not made by Harry Chrisman, Print's defender, nor by Mari Sandoz, his accuser.

At any rate, Print was soon circulating the story that the little people of Clear Creek were rustling his cattle. He evidently wanted to lay the basis for some legal charge in Custer County, which had recently been organized with a slate of officials that he is supposed to have "carried in his hip pocket." There may have been some truth to the tale. Nesters throughout the West didn't consider it much of an offense to make off with a few beeves bearing the brands of grass grabbers. And whatever followed depended on which crowd controlled the county seat.

Finally, the Olive combination found a lawful way of moving against the despised nesters on Clear Creek. A settler named Manley Capel was arrested on a charge of cattle theft. So was a drifter known as McIndeffer, who would later stretch hemp for horse stealing in Indian Territory. Confessions of the two, now missing from the records, seemed to implicate Ami Ketchum as a widelooper.

A bitter feud had long existed between Ketchum and Bob Olive, though probably not over Tamar Snow. The young farm hand had often been heard to say that he wouldn't be "hurrahed by Bob or *(Continued on page 4)*

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by Bob Jan

Torn between loyalty to her own people and to those of her white husband, a courageous Indian girl risked her life and averted a bloody massacre

POCAHONTAS OF THE FAR WEST

Courtesy California State Library

Heroism won her the epitaph, "Winema, the Strong Heart."

WINEMA MADE UP HER mind she was going to marry Frank Riddle that day in 1863 when she first saw the Kentuckian in Yreka, California.

Winema, sometimes called "Tobey" by the settlers on the Oregon-California line, had come to town with her father, Secot. It was in the general merchandise store that she met Frank. Their eyes clung for a long minute. Tobey was fifteen at the time, and Frank was twice her age. But, when he found she could speak English, he immediately sought an introduction to the slender young Modoc maiden.

It was a whirlwind courtship. At first, Secot protested the alliance. But, when Frank conformed to tribal custom by sending the chief six of his finest horses, the union was approved.

Shortly after their marriage, Frank left on a hunting trip. Stricken with intuitive foreboding, Tobey followed him into the woods. It wasn't long before she found reason for her unexplained fear. She saw a young Modoc brave raise his rifle toward Frank's back. Though she could have killed him easily, Tobey shot over the brave's head and he scurried into the brush. She recognized him as a childhood sweetheart who had never forgiven Frank Riddle for stealing his Indian girl.

On the return trip, Frank treed a cub bear. He laid aside his gun in an attempt to capture it alive. At that moment, the mother bear burst from the brush. Tobey's gun was also cut off. The Modoc girl thrust herself between her husband and the charging she-bear. Spreading her full skirts, she shook them violently, screaming at the top of her lungs. Startled, the bear hesitated, and the couple fled to safety.

In 1853, when Frank and Tobey heard that an emigrant train had been ambushed by the Pit River Indians, it meant little to them. The Modocs had always been friendly.

A reprisal party was organized in Yreka to search out the Pit Indians, but it failed. In thwarted dissatisfaction, the men attacked and killed a group of friendly Modocs. Tribal councils were called, and the Modocs prepared to avenge themselves. In full war dress, they swept down from Bloody Point onto an emigrant train skirting Tule Lake. They left behind a burned, desecrated pile of bodies, the mark of tribal vengeance. Soon, skirmishes and massacres were following on both sides.

Tobey and Frank tried to remain aloof from the bloodletting, but for the first time the Indian girl found her allegiance torn between her people and the people of her husband.

To quell the uprising, the Modocs were ordered north to the Klamath Reservation in Oregon. Captain Jack, Modoc leader, reluctantly agreed to this only when the Modocs were promised protection against the Klamaths, their hereditary enemies. But, from the first, the Klamaths, who outnumbered their foe three to one, pilfered and looted from the Modocs. When Captain Jack protested to the agent, he was laughed down and threatened with death if he caused trouble.

Secretly, Captain Jack and his tribe returned to their ancestral lands in the spring of 1870. Two years passed, and Washington officials took a hand in the affair. An order was issued to return the Modocs to the Klamath Reservation, forcibly if necessary.

Tobey and her husband were among the first to learn of the order. Realizing the impact of the order on her tribe, Tobey saddled her horse. Riding 75 miles in one day, she burst into the tribal council. Standing straight and proud before her people, she pleaded with them to obey the government.

Captain Jack motioned her away. "You are no longer a Modoc. You have taken up with the white man and your allegiance is with them."

Sadly, Tobey bowed her head and left the council tent.

In a few days, a contingent of troops attempted to take the Modocs into custody. After heavy losses, the Indians took refuge in the impenetrable wilderness of the lava beds, safe for the moment.

(Continued on page 46)

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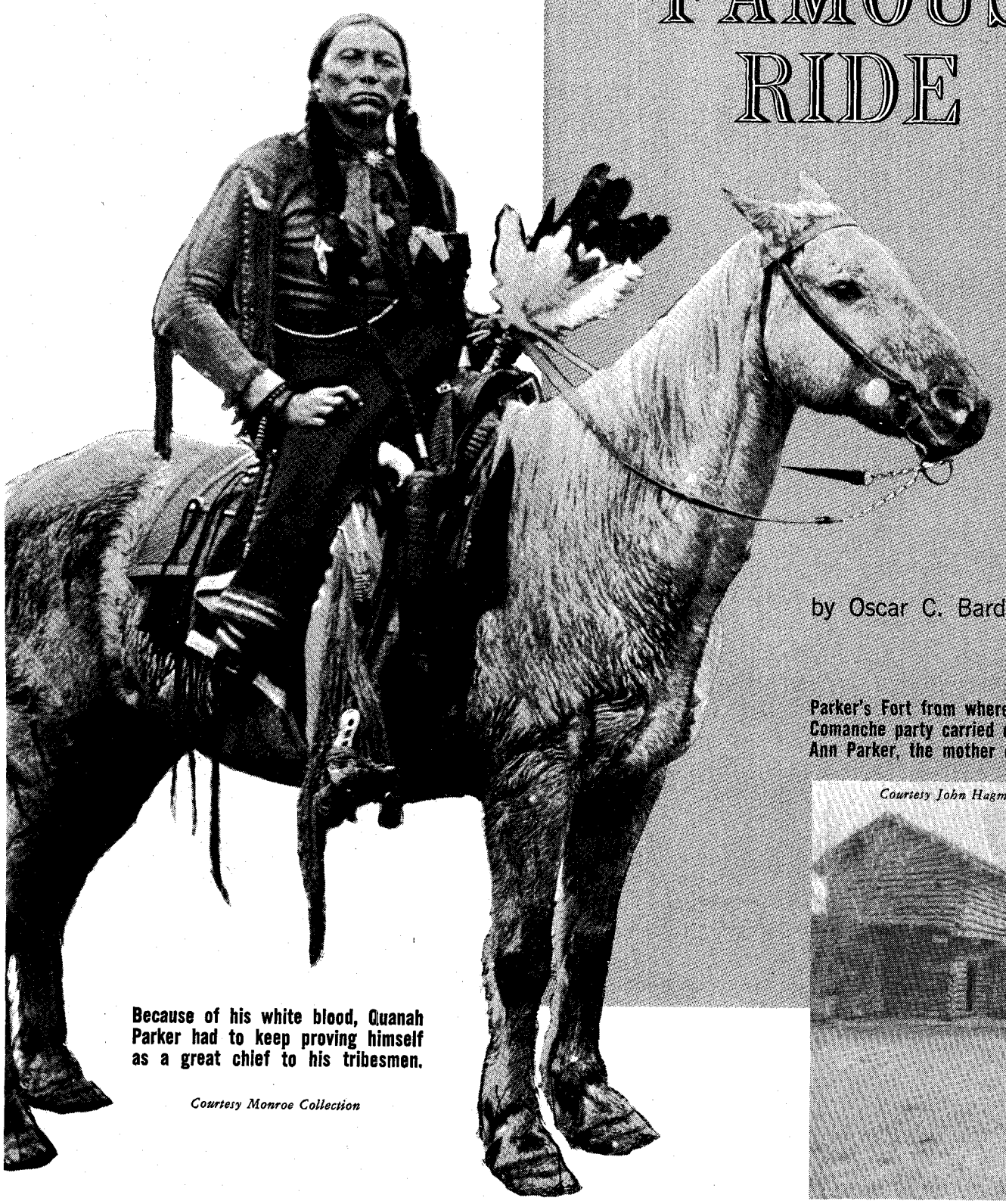
QUANAH PARKER'S FAMOUS RIDE

The great chief, hero of so many battles, raced against time on a strange mission— to stop a war that would destroy his people

by Oscar C. Bardon



Because of his white blood, Quanah Parker had to keep proving himself as a great chief to his tribesmen.

Courtesy Monroe Collection

Parker's Fort from where a raiding Comanche party carried off Cynthia Ann Parker, the mother of Quanah.

Courtesy John Hagman Collection

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OFTEN HE HAD LED bands of savage killers across this stark land of matted thistle and piled-up buffalo dung. His tomahawk was pocked with notches. His rifle was the surest of all the guns raised by the Comanches still running free of the reservation. Across Texas and Kansas and Indian Territory, his name inspired more terror than the monickers of the Caucasian trigger artists slaying men for the sheer pleasure of seeing them kick.

Today, he wore no war bonnet. No markings of battle paint stained his broad, swarthy face, a face accented oddly by blue eyes so uncommon among Indians. Behind him echoed no chants of braves invoking the Comanche deities of bow and gut and scalp. But, drowned out by the thunderous hoof of the huge mare, were the frightened yips of coyotes moving quickly out of her path, the shrill disturbed cries of the little dog owls standing astride gopher burrows.

Quanah Parker, who could command the crack fighters of the Plains tribes, was riding on this day without escort of sub-chiefs and mighty warriors. This famous warrior was bent on a strange, unusual mission of peace—to save the scalps of despised palefaces.

The date was June 27th, 1874, seven years after his Quahadi clan of Comanches had joined stubborn fragments of other tribes in rejecting the Treaty of Medicine Lodge which had condemned Indians to the festering prison of reservations.

Two hours before, when the sun had reached the median of morning, his friend, Blue Cloud, had charged into his camp on the Washita River of Indian Territory with news that had touched off a panic.

"They have gone!" Blue Cloud had shouted from the saddle. "The young fools without wisdom have gone with Esa-tai, the sky talker. He has promised them a medicine which will cause the bullets of the whites to fall to the ground without one warrior being harmed."

As Quanah reined in Laughing Wind for a minute's rest, he recalled the alarm which had swept through his camp. Braves had stopped mending bows and splicing saddle strings in order to hurl anxious questions at Blue Cloud. An old squaw had left off cleaning scalps to begin keening and rocking.

"Three of my sons have died from the bullets of the bluecoats. My fourth—who listens to the sky talker, is missing. He has gone with Esa-tai to the place of the whites called Adobe Walls."

The words of a tribal elder had been measured and grave. "Esa-tai claims to mount the clouds, each day, and talk to the Great Spirit. But these children have not faced the fire sticks of the white men. They do not know that more white men will come from the ends of the earth to destroy our warriors and drive our families like cattle to the reservation."

Then, to calm his people, Quanah Parker had acted. He had rejected the advice of the elders that he lead a counter-force of warriors to bring back these insolent rebels against his authority.

"I am their chief," he said, "not Esa-tai. I will go alone on Laughing Wind who will carry me with the speed of air. I shall bring them back for punishment by their fathers and brothers."

Thirty miles he had already covered on the mare. One hundred and eighty eight miles still remained before he could reach Adobe Walls, located in a pocket of Texas, across the Canadian River from Indian Territory. The foolish ones already had a day's start since Blue Cloud had seen them leaving from their rendezvous further down the Wichita. As Laughing Wind sped along, Quanah wondered if he would reach that outpost of white buffalo hunters in time: get there soon enough to prevent a battle which would result in all the white cavalrymen being assembled from every fort on the Plains to destroy the last free bands of Indians. And each month, now, saw one or another clan being rounded up by the bluecoats for the captivity of the reservation.

SOUTH BY EAST, Quanah Parker rode. As he paused to let Laughing Wind drink from a creek, he kept remembering his arguments in council against Esa-tai, whose name, translated from Comanche, meant Coyote's Rectum.

"The Great Spirit tells me that we shall slay all the whites," the fanatical young medicine man had kept declaring in assemblages of tribal leaders "Then, the buffalo will return by the thousands. The grass will he thick under the hooves of our ponies. The warrior shall rejoice in war, and the villages of the palefaces will be buried under the lodges of our people."

Quanah remembered how he had opposed wisdom to foolishness:

"Listen not to Esa-tai, my brothers. To the east, the white men are as many as the blades of grass on the prairie. They will come in numbers that will black out the sun and crush us. They have guns so powerful that even the Great Spirit cannot cause their bullets to drop to the ground. Our race will be killed, all our women and children."

And then that unceasing taunt of the Coyote's Rectum:

"White devil—he is a white devil among us—the Great Spirit does not listen to him." *(Continued on page 48)*

Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

Loyal to the Indians who raised her, Cynthia Parker resisted when Texas Rangers found and brought her home to her family.

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During the Civil War, the Upper Creek Nation stayed loyal to the Union cause. Their mass exodus through Confederate territory to join the Union forces in Kansas is one of the most heroic and tragic chapters in American history

CREEK MARTYRS OF ROUND MOUNTAINS

by Madelon Katigan

Courtesy Bureau of Ethnology

Opothleyohola, who planned the Kansas flight, is seen as a young man.

NOVEMBER 5, 1861 was a day of strange quiet in Indian Territory. The wind was cold, penetrating, sweeping across the prairie, and the sky was overcast. From where Opothleyohola stood in his encampment, looking toward North Fork Town and Thlolthlocco Town, he saw no heavy black smoke hanging in the air. Apparently, the heated police force, made up of Creek volunteers, was not occupying itself with the burning and looting of homes. From the south came no sound of cavalry, no whoops from hungry unruly Confederates.

Opothleyohola, chief of the Upper Creeks, decided that this was the day to put his plan for escape into action; but escape was not to be had without a fearsome price. Colonel Douglas Cooper, Confederate commander, had no intention of letting the defiant chief and party slip through his fingers. Opothleyohola was determined to flee, and Cooper was determined to bring him into agreement to join the Confederates.

This quiet was the lull before the storm.

Opothleyohola stood lost in thought, and did not realize that the Battle of Round Mountains awaited him; and that the annals of history would record it and his flight into Kansas as one of the worst of the Civil War, in terms of human suffering.

He was taking one last fond farewell of the land he and his people had conquered and had come to love. Naked and starved, empty-handed, sick and dying, they had come to this raw land in the West after having been ousted from their ancestral lands in the South. Here, after their trail of tears, they were to be safe; for the Great White Father in Washington had promised that the new homes would be defended against interference, and that no white people would come and molest them. Should ever the Indian be injured by anyone, the Great White Father had promised to come with his soldiers and punish the offenders.

The Confederates had come, strange men treading the precious soil. Children were frightened by them, mothers were unable to sleep, and Creek men were wary, watchful, fearing the safety of wives and fair-faced daughters.

An appeal had been made. Loyal Indians had sent Micco Hutke, of Talasi, and two Shawnees, Bob Deer and Joe Ellis, to Kansas. There, they had finally managed to find a Federal Agent to whom they presented their written appeal. The reply had not allayed Opothleyohola's fear and uneasiness. The Federal Agent had assured Micco Hutke that the President would not forget the loyal Indians. He was to go back and tell Apothleyohola that soon the Union Army would go south, and those that had been true and loyal would not be forgotten. The Great White Father's soldiers were to come and drive out the treacherous men who had violated loyal Indian homes and land.

Opothleyohola thought, bitterly, once the Great Father had seemed near and standing between his people and danger, but no longer. Even Cooper, former Indian Agent, was now an enemy.

No help had come, and each day had brought menacing developments. The Choctaws and Chickasaws voted to join the South, though there were some who had refused and had remained loyal. John Ross, chief of the Cherokees, had clamored for neutrality in this white man's war, as had Opothleyohola, but in vain. The McIntosh faction (the lower Creeks) capitulated and cast their lot with the men in gray. Old hatreds flared anew. The feud between the Upper and Lower Creeks was again *(Continued on page 26)*

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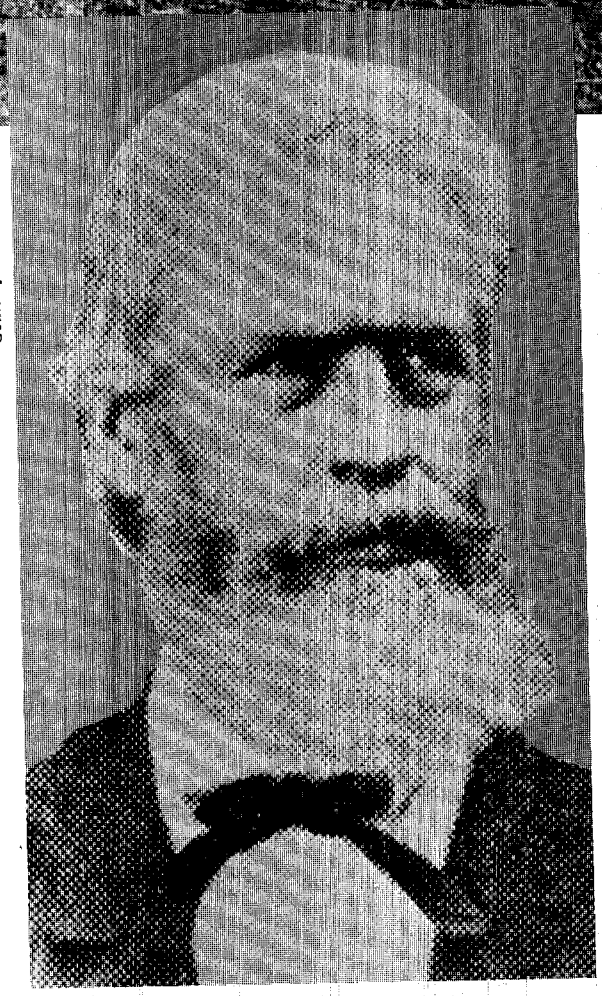
Pursuing Confederate forces under Colonel Cooper trapped the Creeks at Round Mountains (above). A bloody battle followed.



Courtesy B. B. Chapman

Colonel Cooper (above), commanding the Confederates, was determined not to let the defiant Creeks escape.

Visitors to the former battlefield at Round Mountains still find relics of the grim fight, like the powder flask below.

Photo by Bill Harmon, Courtesy of John H. Melton, Director, Payne County Historical Society

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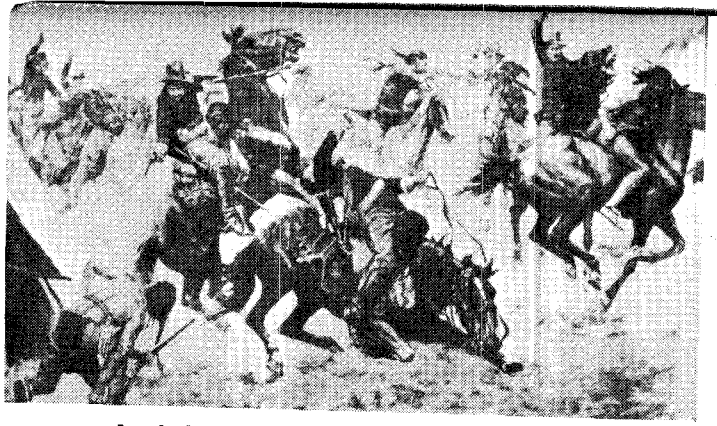
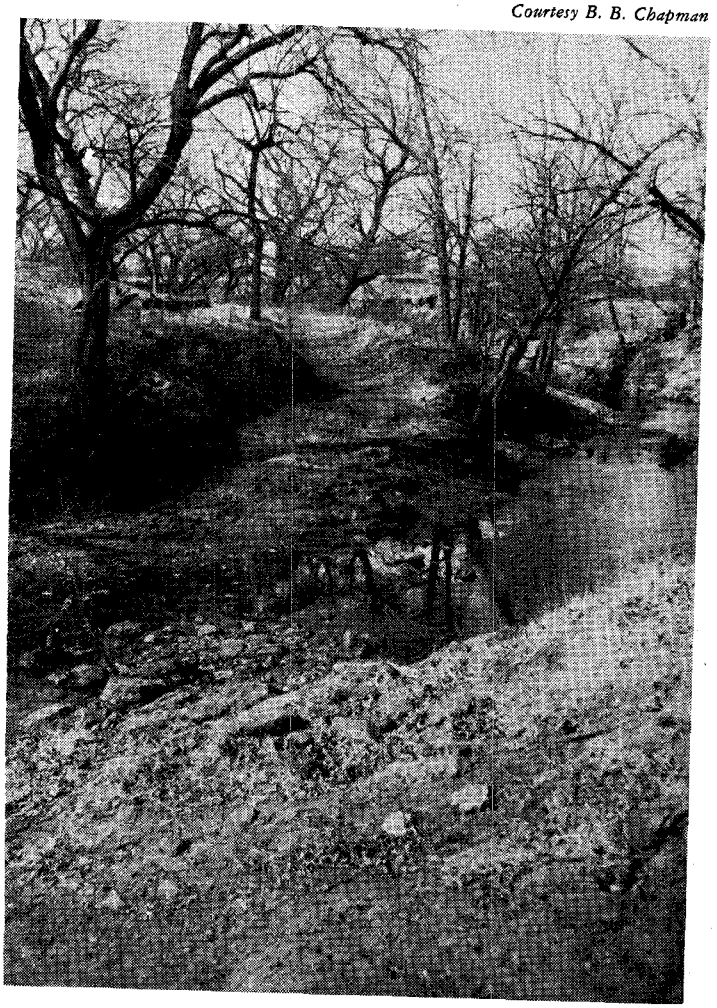


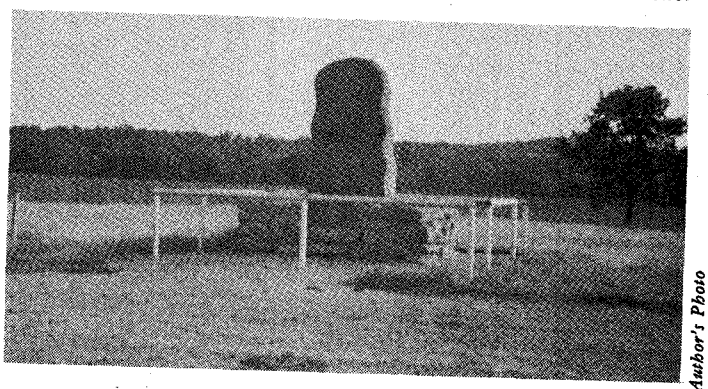
A painting of a typical cavalry action against Indians.

Courtesy B. B. Chapman



The ford at Salt Creek where Opothleyohola made camp on night before fateful Battle of Round Mountains.

A monument in Payne County marks the site of the battle.



Author's Photo

at white heat after years of peace.

In this new land they had lived apart, each faction leaving the other alone, and the ancient feud put aside. Now, the hatchet was raised again, and old wounds were open, and sorrowful days were again a reality between the two factions. Meanwhile, John Ross was wavering, and Opothleyohola had waited and hoped. Then John Ross and his tribe had picked up arms for the Confederacy.

Escape was the only answer, a mass exodus, for Confederate troops, white and Indian, were eager for action. This was in the offing in the Indian Territory.

OPOTHLEYOHOLA HAD made preparations to abandon the Territory that had been caught in the frenzy of the white man's war. Since August, he had been gathering his people into this camp near the junction of the North Fork and Deep Fork Rivers. Cattle and hogs had been butchered, beef had been dried, pork had been cooked down, sweet potatoes and corn had been gathered, precious possessions had been collected, and livestock had been rounded up. He, the richest man in the Creek Nation, had made his own preparations. His trunk of gold was buried. He, his sons and daughters, and numerous slaves were ready, as were his people and the Seminoles. All waited with a long string of wagons, and herds of horses and cattle.

Opothleyohola raised his arm and waved them forward, approximately five thousand in number, which included women and children and Negro slaves. They followed. The hope they saw in his face lifted their hearts, for was not he the wise one, the one who had fought with Andrew Jackson against the Red Sticks of Weatherford and to final victory at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend? They loved him and revered him, this venerable man who, though aged, had arisen in the absence of the authorized chief, Oktarharsars Harjo; and with wisdom and cautious heed he was leading them to safety.

As befitting the chief, Opothleyohola rode in horse and buggy. He glanced over his shoulder and was satisfied. Things were in good order. Young boys were driving the herds, and he smiled, remembering the questions they had piped in young eager voices when he had given the order to round up the herds.

"Why, Opothleyohola?" they had asked him, when he had walked among his people, directing, ordering. "Why are we butchering so much? Why is the beef being dried, the pork cooked down?" Children, those precious lives, those alert inquisitive minds, the very blood and life of the Creek Nation. The small children, old people, the sick, rode in the piled-high wagons, squeezed in between bundles of household goods, for these prosperous farmers and owners of huge plantations were bringing as much of their homes as possible. Others were on foot, in buckboards, riding ponies, or any way available.

He settled back on the leather tufted seat, confident and eager, assured he would reach Kansas where he would secure federal aid. Then, he would return and wrest his land from the invaders, and live out his days in peace.

He was content for the moment, and listened to the whir of his buggy wheels; but with every round of the wheels, with every step his people took, the battle of Round Mountains loomed ever nearer.

Cooper, too, had made a move, on that gloomy November day. He had moved his troops up along the Deep Fort toward Opothleyohola's encampment. Cooper's troops consisted of six companies of the First Regiment Choctaw and Chickasaw Mounted Rifles, a detachment from the Ninth Texas Cavalry, and Creek and Seminole soldiers. His officers were Lieutenant-Colonel Quayle; Major John Jumper, chief of the Seminoles; and Lieutenant-Colonel Chilly McIntosh, Creek war chief.

Cooper had tried to negotiate, but Opothleyohola had refused, ignoring all overtures from the Confederate commander. Opothleyohola smiled as he pictured Cooper's disappointed face when he found the camp abandoned. All he had left the Confederate

(Continued on page 53)

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home of the BRAVES

by Barney Haydon

The early Indian was no fool—his snug and comfortable tepee was built with an engineering skill the white settlers never achieved

THE TEMPERATURE WAS ten below zero and a sharp northwest wind cut like a razor-sharp knife. Inside the Indian tepee of the Comanche, everything was warm and cozy. The squaw went outside to get some more wood for the fire, and the cutting wind and the below-zero weather didn't bother her.

How did the Indians keep warm during the coldest winters? The answer to this is that they knew a lot more about human comfort in the winter than the early white settlers. The Indian home—whether a tepee, dirt hut, hogan, wickiup, or the grass house of the Wichita Indians—was built with an engineering skill the white men never displayed in constructing their homes. The Osages, a Siouan tribe, when they lived in southern Missouri and northern Arkansas built an oval or rectangular house from 30 to 100 feet in length, 15 to 20 feet wide, and 10 feet tall. There is a similarity between this house and the Iriquoian long house, but there never was any known contact between these two tribes.

The most popular abode for the Plains Indians was a tepee. This was found from Alaskan red men down to the Indians called Western Farmers. It was a masterpiece of engineering. Whether it was a tepee, a grass house, or the oval house of the Osages, the same automatically controlled ventilation was used. This is something the white men never perfected in his tents or huts, or houses. Our tents were always closed at the top. The A and the pyramid tents, which we have used since the early days, had no ventilation. In the middle ages, the knights and nobles had large, square, and round tents. If anybody had started a fire in them, everybody would have been smoked out. *(Continued on page 56)*

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INDIAN ROCK WRITERS OF LAGORMORSINO

by Doris Cerveri

If the queer markings, known as petroglyphs, are ever deciphered, they may clear up many mysteries about the origin of the red man

IN NOVEMBER OF 1962, Dr. Richard Shulter, Jr., curator of anthropology for the Nevada State Museum, was digging with his team of workers at the Tule Springs excavations, ten miles north of Las Vegas, when they uncovered traces of bone and carbon in the soil.

Scientific examination of the specimens showed them to be remnants of long extinct mammoths which had been killed and eaten by men.

This discovery resulted in a fresh scrutiny of the various theories concerning the origin of the ancestors of the Indians. In the minds of many archeologists, there is little doubt that the first human to arrive on the North American continent passed across the Bering Straits from Asia. The Tule Springs discovery, however, stirred speculation that the Indians' ancestors arrived in a far earlier age.

The discovery also raises new questions about certain ancient writings or markings on cliffs, ten miles northeast of Virginia City. The cliffs, about 5,000 feet in the Virginia Range, rise some thirty feet above a small spring creek in a beautiful canyon, named Lagormorsino after a local rancher. These strange inscriptions have been known about for a long time. Their existence was reported far back in the days of the Old West, but it wasn't until 1904 that anybody seriously examined them.

They fascinated John A. Reid who climbed the sheer cliffs and took photographs which he sent to Professor J. C. Merriam, at the University of California. The pictures caused a mild stir of interest among anthropologists but, because the area was so rugged and forbidding, few scholars ventured to make more extensive study of the petroglyphs, the name given them by the anthropologists.

In 1957, the area was purchased by the Curtiss-Wright Corporation from the Bureau of Land Management. Power lines were installed and good roads cut through the difficult terrain. As a result of the new accessibility to Lagormorsino Canyon that now exists, a growing number of scientists and experts have been taking an increased interest in this petroglyph location, the largest such in Nevada.

Up until the Tule Springs discovery, indicating that humans lived in the area some 15,000 to 30,000 years ago, it was assumed that the petroglyphs were scratched by Indians several thousand years ago, a comparatively recent era. Anthropologists now are called on to consider whether these later Indians actually inscribed the petroglyphs, or whether the mysterious symbols were in fact made 15,000 to 30,000 years ago.

More than 400 of the 600 symbols observed on the cliff walls have been closely studied and two different styles have been noted. They are similar in general design but differ in detail, leading the experts to deduce that two separate, though related, cultures existed.

One style runs to curved-line symbols, the other is distinguished by its straight-line symbols. Together, they suggest long periods of seasonal occupation during which the tribes stayed put in the area because of the abundance of food and water.

There are, however, certain ambiguous gaps in the very sketchy evidence. For example, no other evidence of Indian habitation has been uncovered by the anthropologists. No arrowheads, fragments of pottery, basketry, or other artifacts have been dug up, nor has any trace of a burial ground been unearthed.

If the cryptic markings were, in fact, made by the pre-

The origin of these ancient writings is still a mystery.

A recent find at Tule Springs may help solve the puzzle.

Photos from author

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historic Indians of Tule Springs, the absence of signs of habitation might be explained. In 15,000 years or more, such traces could long since have been buried under layers of soil. This would not necessarily be inconsistent with the continuing existence of the petroglyphs on the cliffs.

Perhaps, 15,000 years ago, the cliffs did not rise thirty feet above the canyon floor. In all probability, the cliff faces bearing the markings were close to the ground. How else could those prehistoric people have scratched their symbols high on the sheer cliffs?

Even had one of those Indians succeeded in scaling the cliffs, the mass of inscriptions on the walls could hardly be the work of such solitary individuals. The cliffs are covered with the markings and must have been produced by long, sustained, and arduous labor, made even more difficult by the flinty hardness of the rock.

Geologists theorize that the floor of the valley may have fallen away from the base of the cliffs, several thousand years ago, when an earthquake rocked Nevada and radically altered the formation of the terrain in many places. This same upheaval may well have buried all traces of human habitation under masses of rock and sand and dirt.

Over the years, there has been much speculation regarding the meaning of the petroglyphs. Many of the experts agree that there is a historical continuity discernible in the geometric designs, woven in basketry, and the artistic designs which stand out in bold relief on the rocks. Even to the untrained eye, many of these characters are identifiable as human figures, snakes, birds, horns, sun figures, hands, mountain sheep, tailed circles, stars, etc.

One theory has it that the symbols were made by hunters or shamans (curing doctors) who were the only persons allowed to perform rituals and ceremonies. An isolated canyon, such as Lagormorsino, would have been an ideal spot for such rites.

Other theories are not lacking about these markings. One is that the valley was used as a honeymoon retreat; but nobody has explained why honeymooning couples would waste their time scaling those vertical cliffs and scratch marks instead of making love. Other theories are just as farfetched. It is interesting to note that none of the Indians today in Nevada and the Northwest claim understanding of the petroglyphs. This indicates that the Indian tribe or race that made the markings were not ancestors of the present-day Indian inhabitants.

There is no depiction of horses in the markings. This, of course, is not unusual since horses didn't appear in the West until after the Spaniards conquered Mexico. More important is the fact that the petroglyphs portray no prehistoric animals. It seems likely that these would have been there if the marks were made 15,000 years ago.

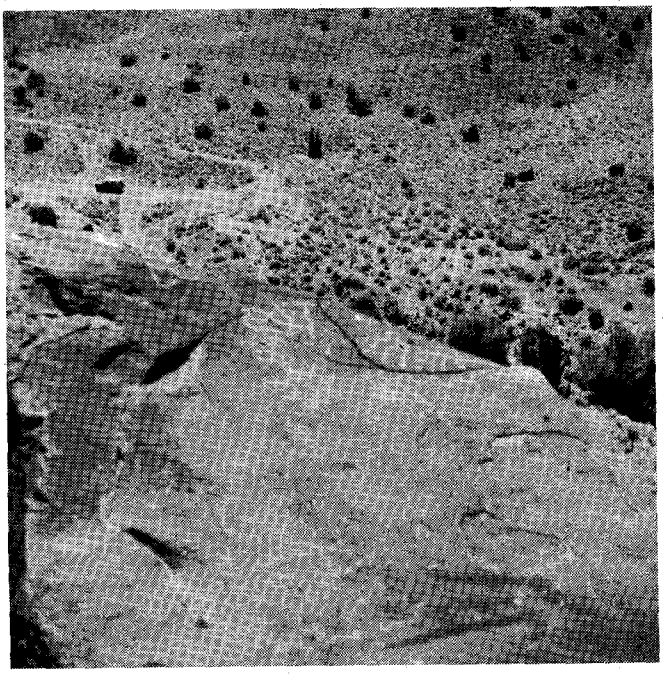
Students of the markings are convinced that they represent a form of language, crude and primitive as it might be, and that, if they could be deciphered, the petroglyphs would tell a great deal about the men who made them. Students of the petroglyph locations, which are found in many parts of the Northwest, find a similarity in the pattern of the drawings. They believe that if one could be translated all could be, and that the origin of the Indians would no longer be a mystery.

How good are you at figuring out difficult codes and markings? You have samples of the petroglyphs with this article. See if you can find an answer to this puzzling mystery. ●

Some estimates put the marks at 15,000 to 30,000 years old.

The characters depict humans, birds, snakes, and the like.

The petroglyphs are found in many places in the Northwest.



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SAGA OF THE AMAZING PROFESSOR BUCKSHOT

NATURE HAD ENDOWED him with no appearance of courage. His shoulders were bent in the traditional stoop of the scholar. Gray silvered his temples, and his mild face was beginning to be seamed with the first deepening furrows of middle age. His bony, tapering fingers had fondled many a heavy tome of science or philosophy. They had never felt the heft of a gun until he hit Texas.

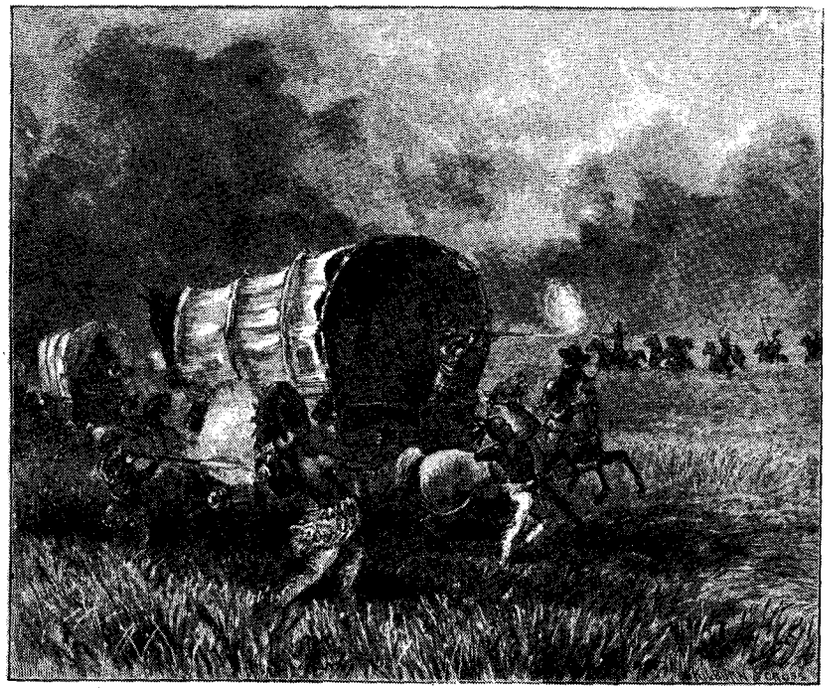
Joseph Ludwig Christian von Holtzmann he was called when he arrived with a boatload of German immigrants at old Indianola, on a chill morning in 1844. It was a name well-known in certain celebrated universities where he had functioned as an indexer of rare books till the Prussian king's secret police had hounded him out for his sympathies with the illegal democratic movement of his homeland.

A port official of the Lone Star Republic pared down the fancy handle by listing him on the entry rolls as Joe Holman, a name which rolled more smoothly off the tongues of Texans. With that incident, he might have been forgotten.

by Ted Shannon

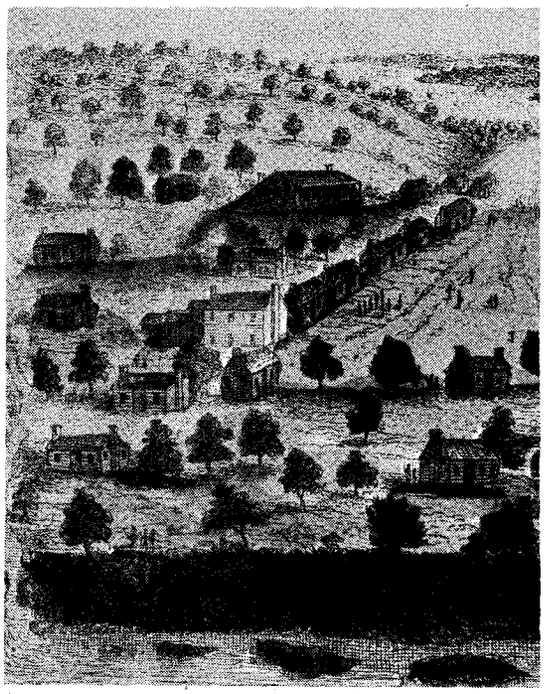
Foreign universities acclaimed him as a brilliant scholar, but Texans idolized him as the lead slinging Ranger who studied four-legged varmints and shot down two-legged ones

On his way West, Indians attacked Joe's wagon train, as in this old picture.



Courtesy New York City Public Library

Austin, about the time the professor's



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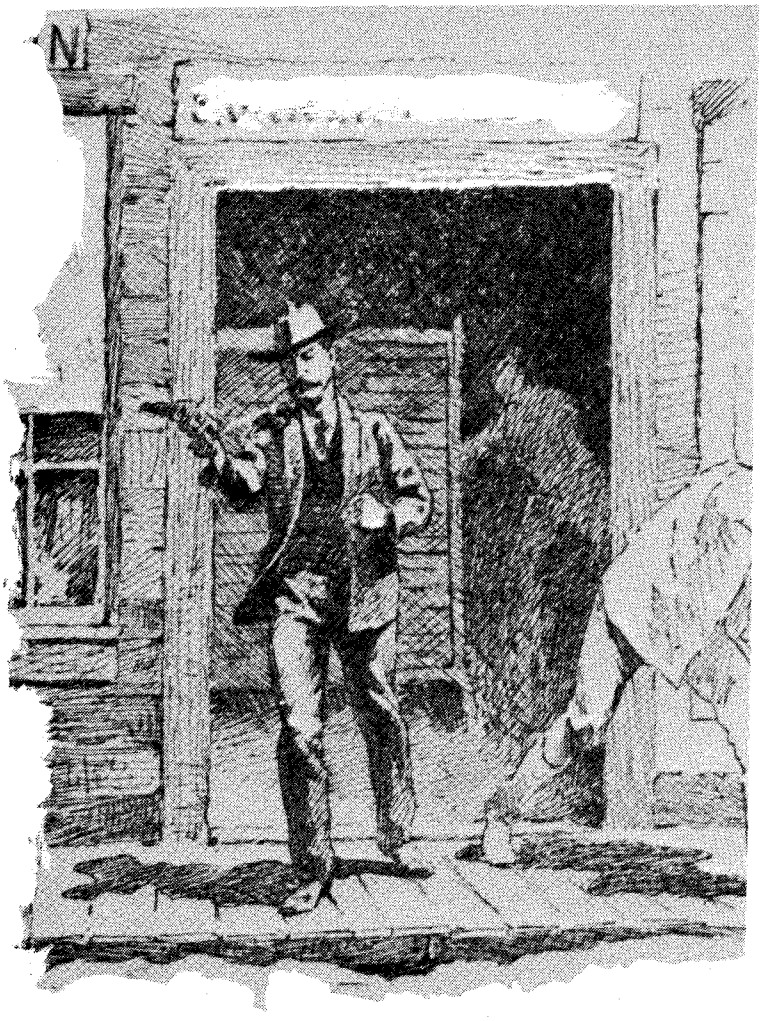


The frail scholar soon became a sharp-shooting lawman.

Or remembered briefly for his odd baggage—three shirts and three hundred books. But fate sometimes charts new trails for a man sinking fresh roots in strange country. Holman, the bookworm, had looked forward to the calm life of a teacher in this raw young nation which needed schools as it needed settlers. Yet, he'd been in his adopted land just one week when he revealed the frequent, but always surprising, courage of shy people.

On its way to the pioneer German settlement of New Braunfels, the immigrant party was attacked by a heavily armed Comanche war band. Three times, the charging phalanx of death was hurled back by the blistering rifle barrages of the colonists. Then, as the Indians were riding off, their guns silent in defeat, a sudden Texas *norther* whipped across the grassy prairie.

The Comanches wheeled their ponies and bent bows that showered blazing arrows on the bunched wagons. Licking tongues of flame began crumbling the canvas of half a dozen vehicles. Gusts of wind fanned fire faster than pails of water from the supply barrels could quench it.

After the fifth bombardment of winged torches, the wind shifted its course. Holman noticed that it was now blowing in the direction of the Indians. Quickly he ripped a burning cloth from a wagon and darted out on the prairie.

The hair on his hands was singed from the scorching heat of the canvas. Bullets and arrows whizzed around him as the Comanches concentrated their shots on such an obvious target. Ducking low, Holman flung the burning cloth into the brittle, dry grass.

The grass hissed and crackled, then billowed into columns of flame that the goading wind sped toward the amazed Comanches. The warriors wheeled their ponies and fled. The Texan wagonmaster eased down his gun, then cocked an admiring eye on the man who had turned calamity into triumph.

"I've heard of fightin' devils with fire," he drawled, "but damned if it didn't take a greenhorn who never struck a spark from a flint to show me how it's done."

Once he'd reached New Braunfels, Holman decided to forego schoolteaching, since his frail body needed the tonic of outdoor work. So he filed on homestead land in that community of exiled German scholars who plowed the field by day and read Goethe or Schiller by night. Six months after his arrival, he learned that the Texas Rangers were appealing for citizen volunteers to help stamp out the bandit gangs infesting that western frontier of Texas.

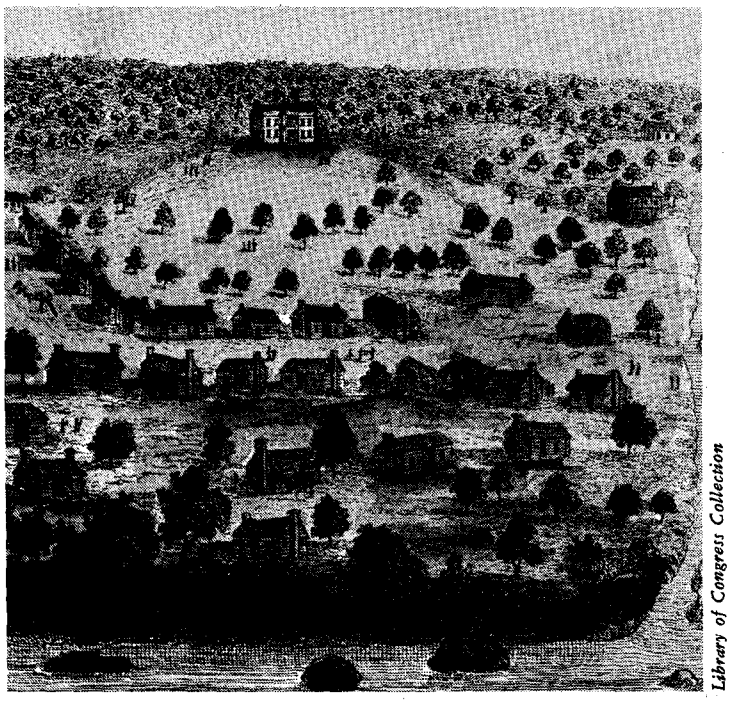
These outlaws reminded Holman of the thugs mobilized by German noblemen to seize the crops and burn the homes of defenseless peasants. He boarded a stage to Austin, the capital, and offered his services to Major Jack Hays, Ranger commander-in-chief.

Major Hays took one look at the sedate academic face and wanted to be rid of him. "Go home, Professor," he said. "This is a job for men used to spurs and triggers. You're a man of education—"

"Correct, Major," Holman interrupted in his precise university English. "I am educated—in books.

"But, sir, not knowing how to ride and shoot is a form of illiteracy in Texas."

party reached Texas, after beating off the Comanches.



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HORSEMANSHIP AND marksmanship both came hard when Holman went out with a detail to hunt horse thieves in the rugged Blanco Mountains. When he lifted a timid foot in a stirrup, he dangled like an untrained acrobat on a trapeze, till an amused corporal boosted him into the saddle. His carbine kicked and backfired to blister his face with gunpowder during target matches. The Texans kept jibing the bungling "Professor," finally presenting him with a stick horse "to practice bronc busting" and a wooden pistol "to drill bad hombres."

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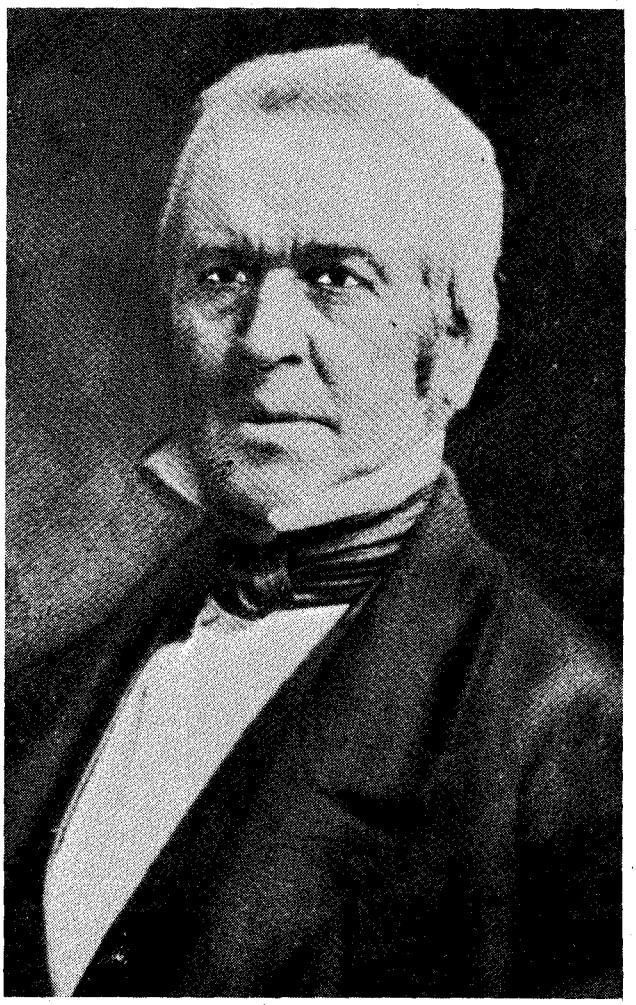
Courtesy University of Texas Library



Sam Houston, one of the Texan leaders Joe Holman revered.

For two weeks, Holman good-humoredly endured their joshing while he kept wrestling with the mysteries of bit and rifle. Then came a day when he swung into the saddle as effortlessly as if he were opening a book. Now he sat his horse in that relaxed slouch of Texans, instead of bobbing up and down like a jumpingjack every time his bronc broke into a fast trot. Testing his aim, he leveled his carbine on a jackrabbit. The gun yielded to his mastery like the horse, and the dead rabbit was proof.

A week later, the detail came suddenly on two of the horse thieves. Both sides fired simultaneously. A Ranger's gun hand was ruined forever when a bullet clipped off his index finger. The outlaw pair then separated and raced off in different directions.

One made it to a dense cedar brake and was lost to sight. The Rangers gave chase to his partner who was hightailing across an open plain toward a tangled jungle of brush a quarter of a mile beyond.

Halfway to the brush, the desperado's horse stumbled, then collapsed with a broken leg. The outlaw jumped from his useless mount and sprinted on foot toward the thicket.

Joe Holman raised his rifle and fired. The man ahead screamed as the shell splintered his leg bone. He fell to the ground, writhing and moaning. The Professor spurred ahead of his companions to bring his bronc abreast of the wounded man.

"Don't shoot, for God's sake," the outlaw blubbered as his captor jumped down and bent over him. "I'm dying already."

"I won't shoot," Holman answered in that patient, slow way of his. "And you won't die. But I think you'll talk. *Ja.*"

The Rangers came riding up to place the prisoner under arrest. As he lay whining for mercy, the wounded desperado named all his fellow thieves and gave directions to reach their hideout.

After signing a written confession, the captive was hauled in a wagon, borrowed from a rancher, to the nearest jail. A Ranger corporal assigned Holman as one of the guard to take him in. But the sergeant, leading the detail, spoke up to countermand the order.

"No," he said firmly. "Somebody else can go. The Professor drew first blood on this scout. He's entitled to be in on the showdown."

Shortly after dusk, the pursuers reined up their horses in a patch of woods broken by a little clearing. A dim strip of light flickered through the doorsill of a cedarboard shack in the middle of the open space. From inside the house came the husky murmur of voices and the metallic clink of coins.

"Tied up in a poker game, most likely," the sergeant said in a low tone. "A good time to smash in and surprise 'em."

Dismounting and crouching low, the men crept noiselessly toward the door. Across the clearing they stalked, till they were within twenty feet of the entrance. Then a Ranger's big boot came into contact with a tin pie-plate that had been thrown into the yard.

A man called from the shack: "Who's there?"

"Texas Rangers," the sergeant yelled back. "Surrender!"

A hail of lead, belching through knotholes in the wall, was the answer. The Rangers fell flat on the ground. Holman was forced to shift his position toward the rear of the house. There he noticed that the house had a cellarlike extension with a trap door at the end.

Holding his carbine in one hand, inching his way along on the other, he edged out of gun range to reach the trap door. It was locked!

He raised his gun butt to smash it in. The continuing blast of gunfire drowned the sound of his battering. After ten minutes, the trap door caved in.

Holman plunged through, to descend a short flight of steps into the cellar. At the other end of the dank hole, a stairway led to the main room on the ground floor.

Carbine cocked and drawn, Holman crept up the stairs and halted on the room's threshold. In the darkness, he made out the shadowy forms of a dozen men busily firing through a dozen holes. Between him and them stood a rough table whose surface was littered with cards and heaps of silver dollars, gleaming in the darkness.

"Rifles down, hands up, gentlemen," he shouted. "The battle it is—" he fumbled an instant for the English word—"it is over."

The startled bandits wheeled. Man and rifle were hazy shapes in the dark room. But man and rifle were both obviously ready for business.

Their guns dropped. Their hands went up. All but one pair of guns—and one pair of hands.

A man's leg lunged out toward the table. The table turned over. Cards and coins went flying. The outlaw aimed his rifle at Holman. A trigger clicked on a misfire. Holman's gun barked. Clutching at his heart, the outlaw spun around like a top and slumped to the floor.

Holman turned quickly to see more of the gang reaching for their guns. "Let them alone," he called warningly. "I don't like to kill."

The Rangers came smashing through the front door. The sergeant lit a lamp and stared at the man lying dead on the floor.

"Baldy Jenson," he grunted. "Good work, Professor. You plugged the kingpin of 'em all."

WITH HIS SHARE of the reward money for the gang's capture, Holman bought a comfortable stone house on the banks of the serene little Comal River flowing through New Braunfels. He filled the house with bookcases that he hewed from stout Texas oak. On the wall, he hung pictures of the two Americans he *(Continued on page 68)*

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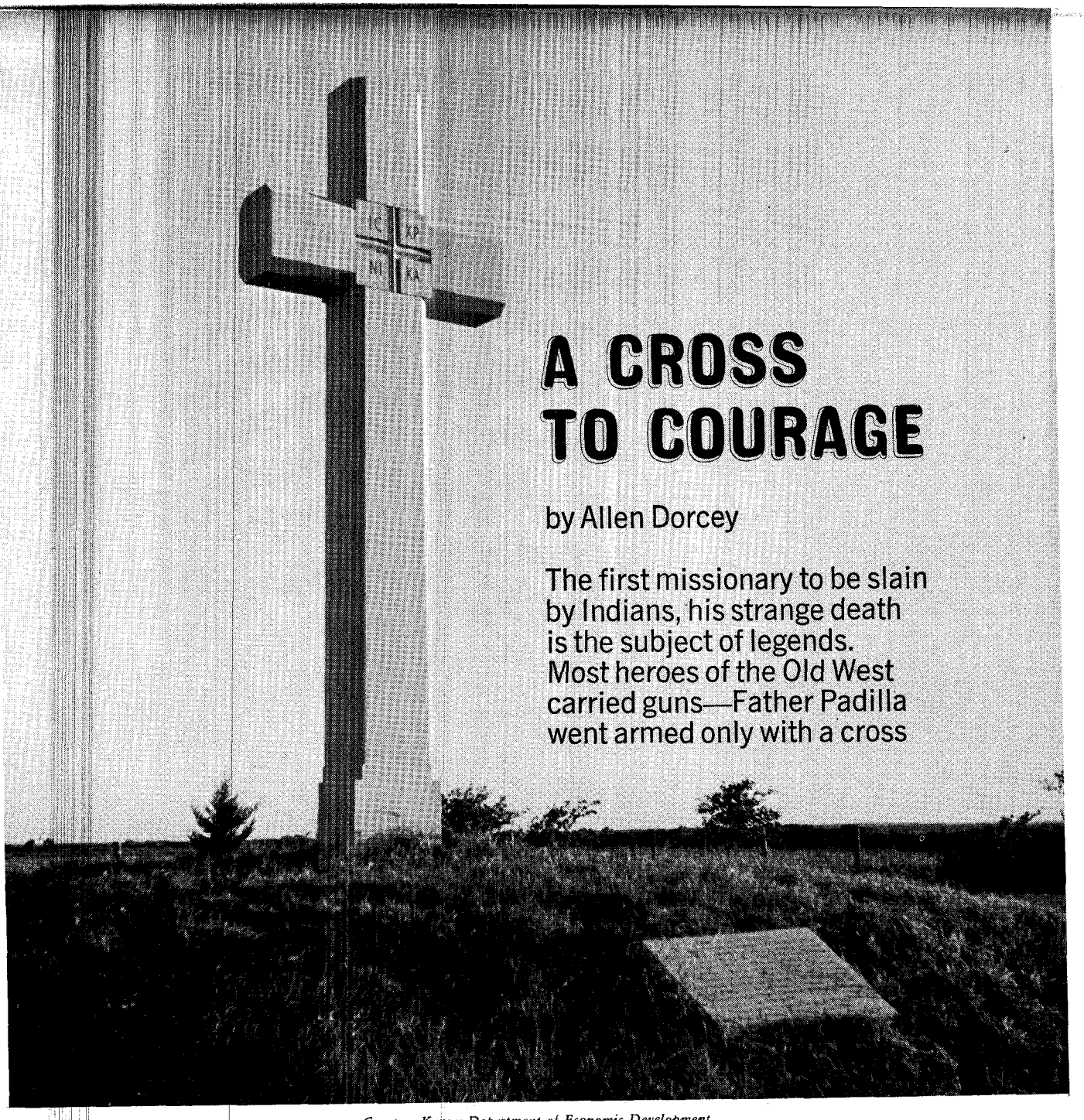

A CROSS TO COURAGE

by Allen Dorcey

The first missionary to be slain by Indians, his strange death is the subject of legends. Most heroes of the Old West carried guns—Father Padilla went armed only with a cross

Courtesy Kansas Department of Economic Development

ON THE PRAIRIES of Kansas rises a tall and impressive monument to the memory of one of the West's heroes—Father Fray Juan de Padillo, the first Christian martyr to die at the hands of the Indians, a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

A strange cloak of mystery surounds the death of this early martyr. Nobody knows for sure the exact spot where his murder took place. The details of the murder are hazy. Several sites have been fixed on as the place where he was killed, and monuments have been erected. Perhaps history would have more information about the slaying of Father Padillo had not a successor to General W. H. H. Davis, former governor of New Mexico, cleared the attic of the governor's mansion of bundles of historical documents, selling them for junk. These documents were an invaluable collection of material bearing on the history of the Southwest and its early European and native inhabitants. (14th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, page 535.)

However, enough is known about the death of Father Padilla to enable us to pierce, though dimly, the obscurity bluring many of the facts. Father Padilla was a native of Andalusia, Spain. Young and vigorous, he joined Coronado's expedition to Mexico and occupied several important positions in Mexico under Coronado. He was one of the four Franciscans who accompanied Coronado both in his attempt to colonize New Mexico, and in his later quest for the fabled gold in the central west of what is now Kansas, occupied then by the Pawnee Indians and called Quivira by the Spanish.

This search proved futile as no gold was found, and Coronado and his expedition returned to the Rio Grande. From here, Coronado continued on to Mexico City; but Father Padilla remained at the Rio Grande, making plans to return to the land of the Quivirans to spread the light of Christianity among those primitive people.

In 1542, Father Padilla made preparations for his return to Quivira. It is known that he was *(Continued on page 59)*

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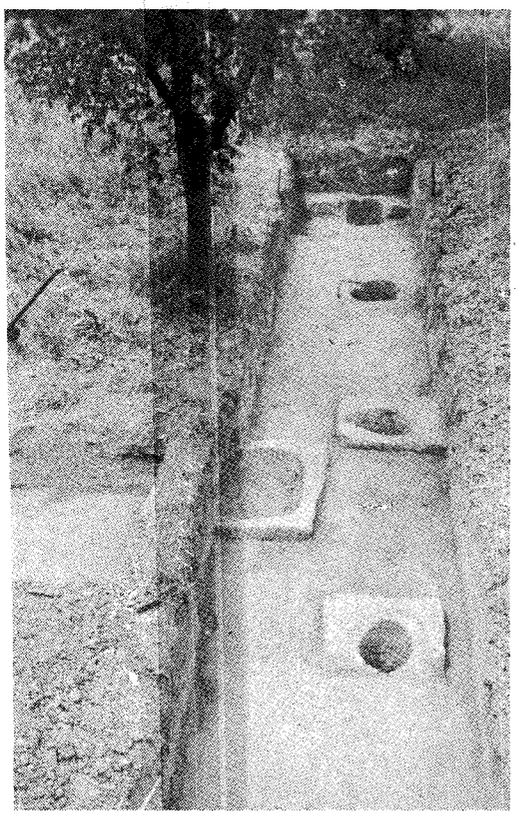
Photos Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

In 1929, the site of Fort Kearney was made a park; and in 1960 archeological excavations were begun. At that time, the legend of The Laughing Ghost was revived by oldtimers, and it was hoped that the excavations might throw some light on that mysterious and ghostly laughter.



Above is the excavation that uncovered a trench with post holes marking the old barracks foundations. The strange positions of these holes raised an important question: had the wind, going through the posts at these angles, caused the uncanny noises which was mistaken for ghostly laughter by the troops?

FORT KEARNEY'S LAUGHING GHOST

by Lawrence Daniels

ONE OF THE strangest and most intriguing legends of the Old West was that of The Laughing Ghost of Fort Kearney. This famous outpost was first established as Fort Childs, in 1846, at Table Creek, the present site of Nebraska City. This site did not prove satisfactory to the Army; so, in 1847, Lieutenant Daniel Woodbury located a new site at the head of Grand Island, along the Platte River. In 1848, a new fort was started by a company of Missouri Volunteers, under Colonel Ludwig Powell. In 1849, the name was changed to Fort Kearny, in honor of Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny. (Nebraska Historical Publications, Vol. XXI, pages 256-257. Nebraska History, Vol. XXIX, page 176) Since then, as a result of popular usage, the spelling has been changed to *Kearney*.

The cost of hauling material for the construction from St. Louis was very high, so it was decided, in 1850, to limit the fort to the few buildings already completed. By 1858, the buildings were hardly habitable and Fort Kearney was called "Hell Hole of the West," in Army circles. Desertions were many and insanity not uncommon. The Laughing Ghost legend goes back to August 5, 1857, when young Johnny Backman, a colonel's son, went stark mad, ignited his clothes, and ran into the night uttering a hideous laugh. His mother, her reason shaken, followed him the next night, her dress a flaming torch as she laughed wildly. Neither the son's nor the mother's body was ever found. Thereafter, when the wind blew hard from the northeast, the direction in which the two had fled, soldiers claimed they heard the two laughing. In 1862, Fort Kearney became an important outpost, and the legend of The Laughing Ghost became one of the unsolved mysteries of the entire country. It may never be solved. ●

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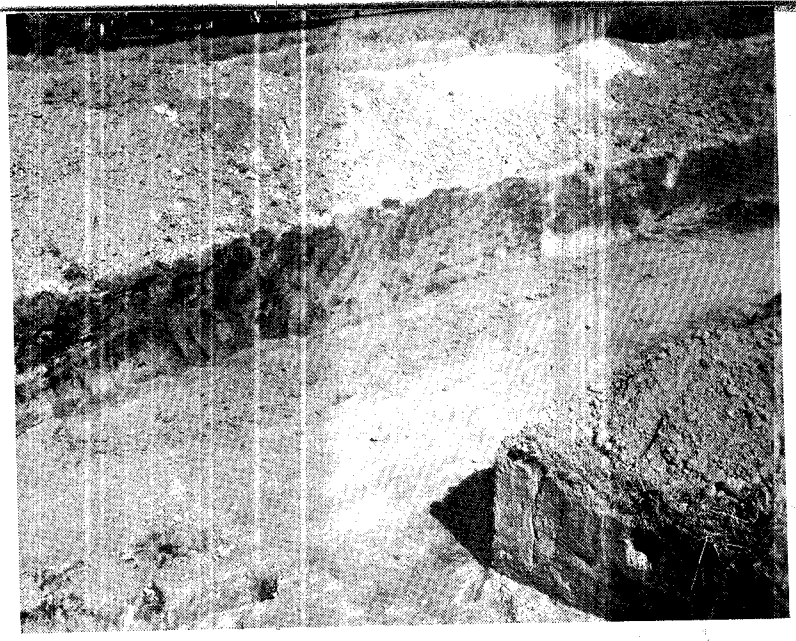
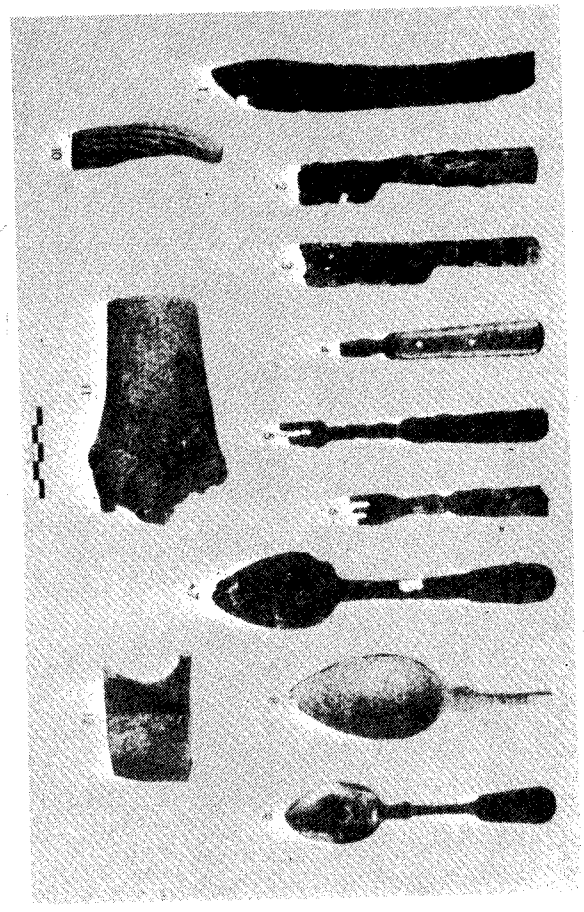
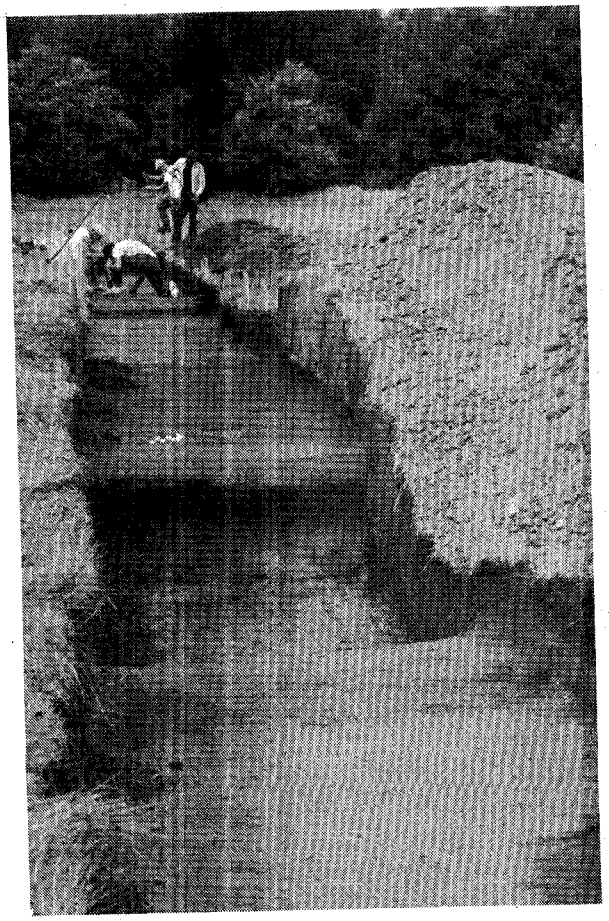


In 1862, with Army regulars fighting the South and green troops sent West, additional fortifications were built around Fort Kearney, the most important being the East or Mitchell Fort. Seen above is the sod wall of Fort Mitchell, which gave protection to Fort Kearney from the east.

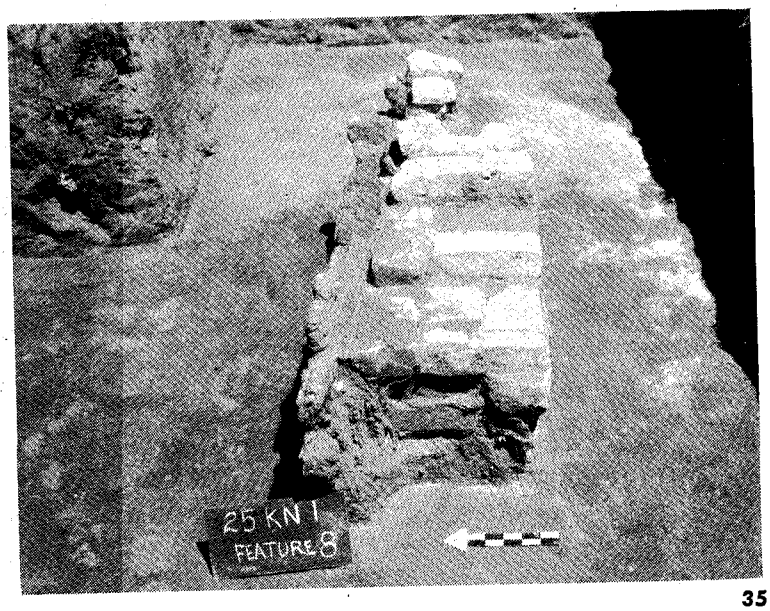


While nothing was found out about The Laughing Ghost, the excavations did uncover many old relics of the fort, such as (right) knives, forks, spoons, blade of a butcher knife, and some animal bones. These sawed bones and their possible use present something of a mystery, too.



One clue to what might produce a sound like crazy laughter is the peculiar systems of walls and ditches at Fort Mitchell, the same peculiar design being found at the diggings at Fort Kearney. Fort Mitchell was continued until 1874, but Kearney was given up in the summer of 1871.

The blacksmith forge (below). Despite theories that wind going through irregular poles might have caused the laughter, nothing definite was found to account for the weird legend. It was believed, in the old days, that soldiers kept the legend alive by imitating the eerie laughing sound.



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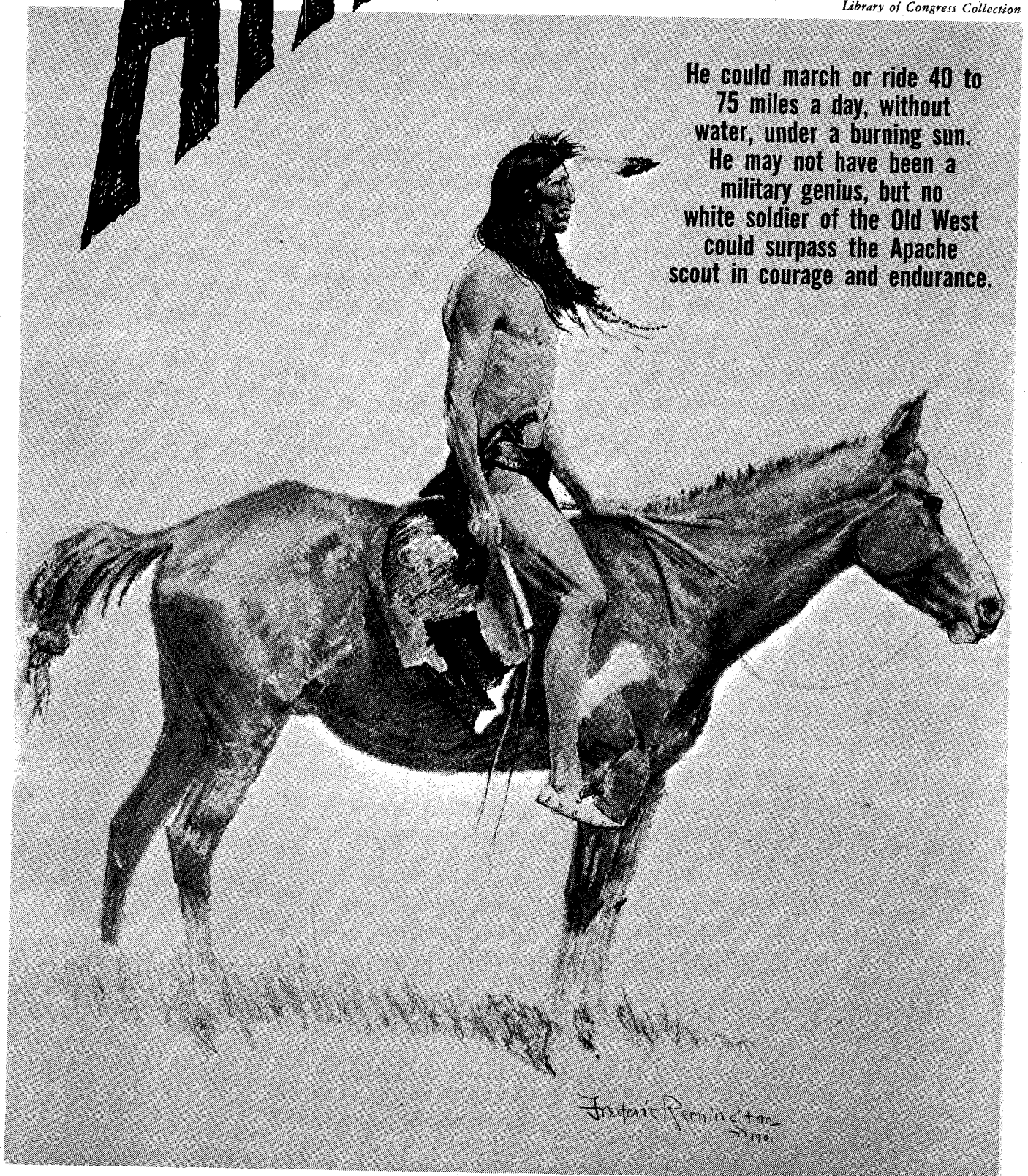
THE APACHES — GREATEST

Library of Congress Collection



He could march or ride 40 to 75 miles a day, without water, under a burning sun. He may not have been a military genius, but no white soldier of the Old West could surpass the Apache scout in courage and endurance.

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SCOUTS OF THEM ALL!

by John Bourke

TO A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER familiar with the compact formations of the cavalry and infantry, the loose, straggling methods of the Apache scouts would appear startling; and yet no soldier would fail to appreciate at a glance that the Apache was the perfect, the ideal, scout of the whole world. When the officer in command gave the short, jerky order, *Ugashe*—Go!—the Apaches started as if shot from a gun, and in a minute or less had covered a distance of one hundred yards front, which rapidly widened as they advanced at a rough, shambling walk.

They moved with no semblance of regularity; individual fancy alone governed. Here was a clump of three, not far off two more, and scattered in every point of the compass, singly or in clusters, were those indefatigable scouts, with vision as keen as a hawk's, tread as untiring and as stealthy as the panther's, and ears so sensitive that nothing escaped them.

An artist, possibly, would object to many of them as undersized, but in all other respects they would satisfy every requirement of anatomical criticism. Their chests were broad, deep, and full; shoulders perfectly straight; limbs well-proportioned, strong, and muscular, with no suggestion of undue heaviness; hands and feet small and tapered but wiry; heads well-shaped, and countenances often lit up with a pleasant good-natured expression, which would be more constant, perhaps, were it not for the savage, untamed cast imparted by the loose, disheveled, gypsy locks of raven black, held away from the face by a broad, flat band of scarlet cloth.

Their eyes were bright, clear and bold, frequently expressive of the greatest good-humor and satisfaction. Uniforms, though issued, were donned upon ceremonial occasions only. On the ordinary march each wore a loosely fitting shirt of red, white, or gray stuff, generally of calico, in some gaudy figure, but not infrequently the sombre article of woolen raiment issued to white soldiers.

This came down outside a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the moccasins. The moccasins are the most important article of Apache apparel. In a fight or on a long march they will discard all else, but under any and every circumstance will retain the moccasins. These had been freshly made before leaving Willcox.

The Indian to be fitted stands erect upon the ground while a companion traces with a sharp knife the outlines of the sole of his foot upon a piece of rawhide. The legging was made of soft buckskin, attached to the foot and reaching to mid-thigh. For convenience in marching, it is allowed to hang in folds below the knee. The rawhide sole is prolonged beyond the great toe, and turned upward in a shield, which protects from cactus and sharp stones.

A leather belt encircling the waist holds forty rounds of metallic cartridges, and also keeps in place the regulation blue blouse and pantaloons, which are worn upon the person only when the Indian scout is anxious to "paralyze" the frontier towns or military posts by a display of all his finery.

The other trappings of those savage auxiliaries include a Springfield breech-loading rifle, army pattern; a canteen full of water; a butcher knife; an awl in a leather case; a pair of tweezers; and a tag. The awl is used for sewing moccasins or work of that kind.

With the tweezers the Apache young man carefully picks out each and every hair appearing upon his face. The tag marks his place in the tribe, and is in reality nothing more or less than a revival of a plan adopted during the war of the rebellion for the identification of soldiers belonging to the different corps and divisions. Each male Indian at the San Carlos is tagged and numbered, and a descriptive list, corresponding to the tag kept, with a full recital of all his physical peculiarities.

Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

This 1885 photo shows (from left) Das-Luca, Skro-Kit, and Shus-El-Day, noted White Mountain Apache scouts.

This is the equipment of each and every scout; but there are many, especially the more pious and influential, who carry besides, strapped at the waist, little buckskin bags of Hoddentin, or sacred meal, with which to offer morning and evening sacrifice to the sun or other deity.

Others, again, are provided with amulets of lightning-riven twigs, pieces of quartz crystal, petrified wood, concretionary sandstone, galena, of chalchihuitls, or fetishes representing some of their countless planetary gods or Kan, which are regarded as the "dead medicine" for frustrating the designs of the enemy or warding off arrows and bullets in the heat of action.

And a few are happy in the possession of priceless sashes and shirts of buckskin, upon which are emblazoned the signs of the sun, moon, lightning, rainbow, hail, fire, the water-beetle, butterfly, snake, centipede, and other powers to which they may appeal for aid in the hour *(Continued on page 57)*

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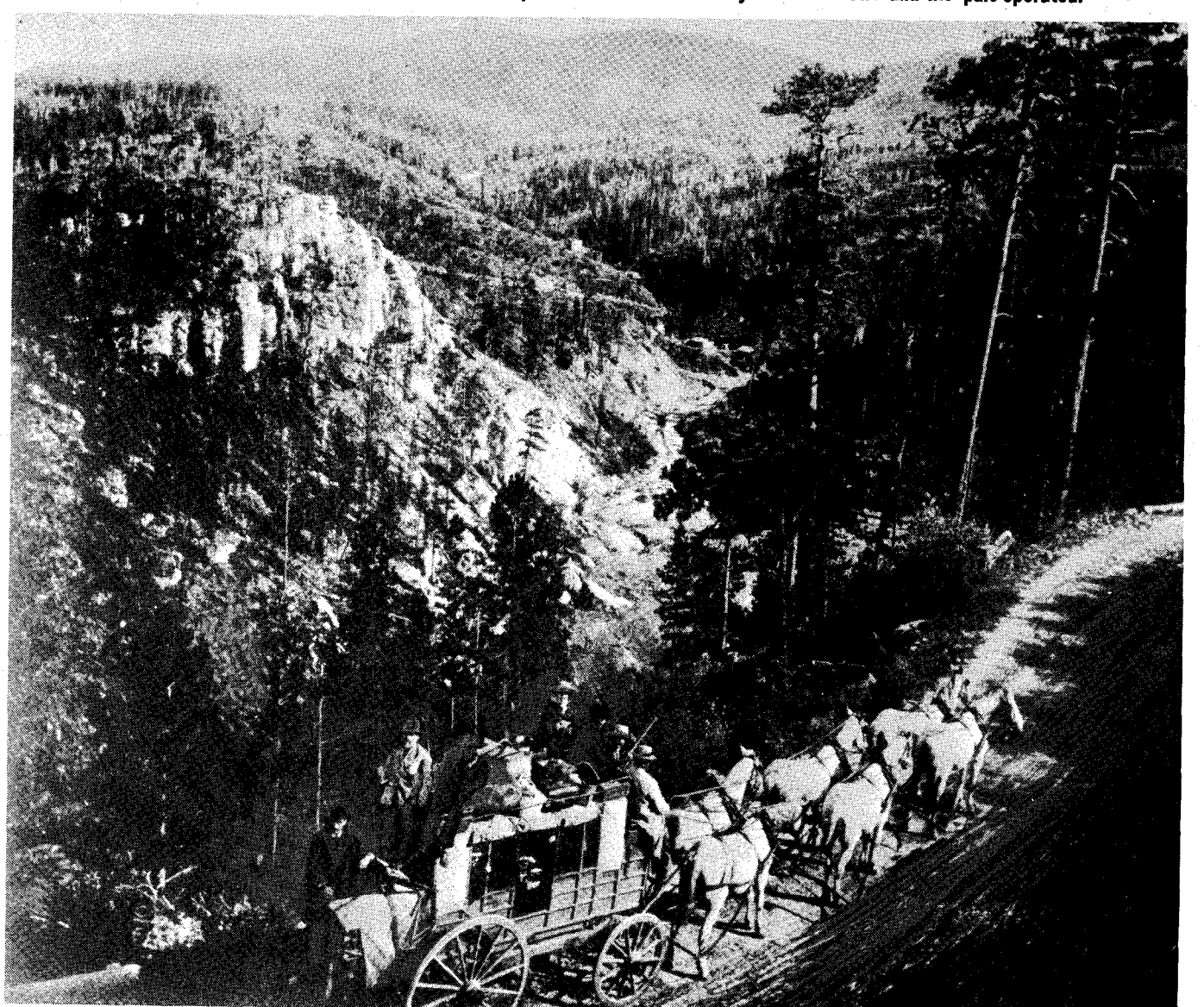
Horses got Dick Fellows into more jails than lawmen did. It almost appeared as if the pesky four-legged varmints were wearing badges

HORSELESS HIGHWAYMAN OF THE HIGH SIERRA

by Jan Young

This stagecoach is typical of the ones which plied the roads in the days when Fellows and his pals operated.



Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co., Los Angeles

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Courtesy History Room of Wells Fargo

Detective Hume, of Wells Fargo, who often rode shotgun to trap Fellows. Hume relentlessly tracked him down.

THE MASKED HIGHWAYMAN shouted to the stagecoach driver, "Throw down the box," emphasizing his command with a long-barreled pistol.

The Santa Barbara-bound coach rocked gently as the driver struggled with the heavy, metal-strapped treasure box. Before he could jettison it, the highwayman's horse suddenly bolted, reared, and pitched its rider onto the rutted road. Seizing the opportunity, the coach driver frantically whipped up his team, narrowly missing the inert robber as the stagecoach lurched ahead.

Dick Fellows ruefully pulled down his mask and watched the rapidly disappearing stage as he sat in the ankle deep road dust. With apparent disgust, he rose painfully, dusted off his clothes and long, curly black beard, then limped off down the highway in the same direction the stage had taken. Before he could filch another horse and take cover in the rolling Pacific Coast range, lawmen had put the arm on him. Quickly convicted of armed robbery, Dick was given a jolt in San Quentin in order to repent, or at least reorganize.

A horse might have played Fellows false in his first major attempt at highway robbery, but the incident seemed simply to stiffen his frenetic desire to find a horse he could master. But Dick Fellows' enthusiasm for horses was exceeded only by his complete lack of ability in handling them.

No one is quite certain when Dick arrived in California, but he was obviously bent on making his way at the butt end of a pistol. After clouting a wandering, walking wayfarer and heisting his doeskin pouch of gold dust, Dick used the money to buy a horse, pistol and bandana. His attempt, then, to waylay the Santa Barbara stage ended in his first disaster.

Prison records, however scant in the 1870s, showed that Dick was about 24, tall, strong, a native of Kentucky, and a self-admitted Harvard graduate, although there seems to be some doubt about that. But he did have enough education to be assigned to San Quentin's library, and shortly after admission became head of a Bible class, where he regularly smote the Devil hip and thigh. Fellows seemed so far along the road to repentance that one contemporary described Dick's activities as "having struck terror to the souls of the minions of Satan," and many of the inmates refrained from *(Continued on page 66)*

Fellows (below) found it easier to bust out of jail than to stay on a horse.

Courtesy History Room of Wells Fargo

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MYSTERY OF THE

by Steve Wilson

IF THE AVAILABLE evidence is to be believed, six buckskin bags of gold and silver are buried near an old trading-post well in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and are waiting for someone to find them.

Of course, there are obstacles.

The hoard—estimated at $100,000—was the loot from a stagecoach holdup in 1882. The treasure is possibly (but not necessarily) now reposing under the concrete floor of a garage, overlooked in all directions by the U. S. Army Artillery and Missile Center, Fort Sill, adjacent on the north to Lawton.

The would-be hunter of this cache of outlaw booty must first get the government's permission to dig for it; this is not so difficult as it sounds. Then, he must get hold of a deep-range metal detector. Finally, he must have some feasible plan for excavating under a government installation!

Only four men and two women have searched for this buried treasure in the past 70 years. In the course of these efforts, two holes no deeper than four feet were dug under the watching eyes of government officials. The treasure was not found.

The outlaw who hid the treasure served 33 years in prison and spent more years farming, before he confided his secret. The friend to whom he told about the buried loot was no longer young. He tried to retrieve the treasure, but gave up the search more than 22 years ago. He was G. W. Cottrell, a farmer.

"It was December 15, 1936, when I was first visited by G. W. Cottrell, a man about 72 years old, of Levelland, Texas," retired Master Sergeant Morris Swett explained. "Cottrell just walked into my office one day at Fort Sill, when I was librarian of the Field Artillery School, telling me someone had referred him to me, that I might help him. He asked me, speaking quietly, to close the door, then related the following story."

The Texas farmer explained that he had herded cattle through Fort Sill, back in the 1880s and '90s, during the trail driving days. Cottrell had stopped at a well which was just southwest of the old Post Traders' Store, where he had so often gotten a drink. This was the site at which he now wanted permission to dig for a large cache of buried money.

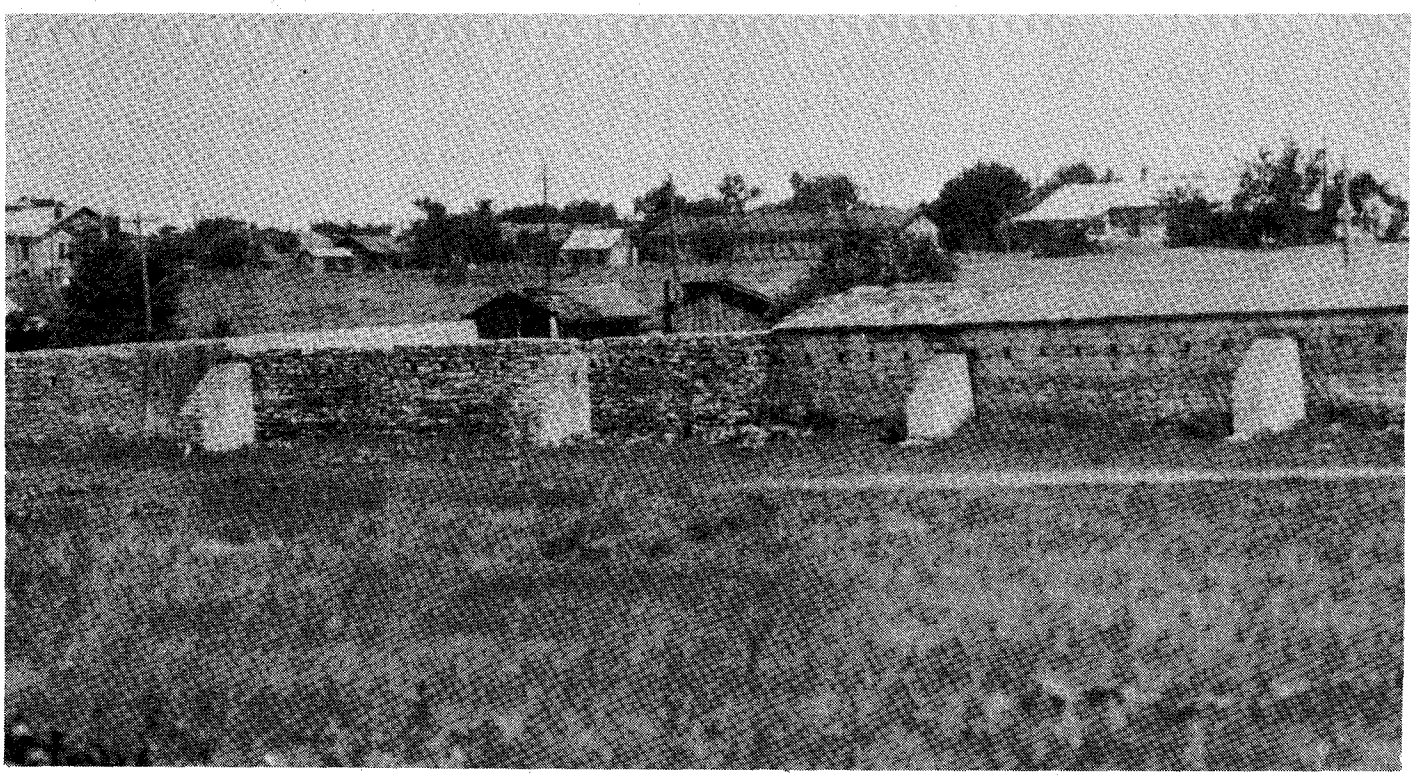
Cottrell revealed that, in 1882, three outlaws waylaid a stagecoach in southern Oklahoma, known to be carrving $100.000. During the holdup two of the bandits were killed. The third bandit killed the driver and two guards, but was badly wounded himself.

He managed somehow to haul the four buckskin bags of gold and two of silver to the sloping limestone hills where Fort Sill was later located. The bandit carried the loot to a location approximately ten feet south of the "well," which was several hundred feet from the trading post.

The bandit dug a hole near a dense growth of mesquite. Placing the bags in the hole, he covered it with rock, soil and brush. That same evening, the bandit, bleeding badly, knew he had to have medical attention in order to survive, so he gave himself up to the authorities.

At his trial, Allen, the outlaw, was sentenced to Huntsville Prison in Texas. He refused to reveal the burial spot of

U.S. Army Artillery and Missile Center Museum, Fort Sill, Oklahoma



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DISAPPEARING GOLD

the stagecoach treasure. What he contemplated and planned during these years will probably never be known.

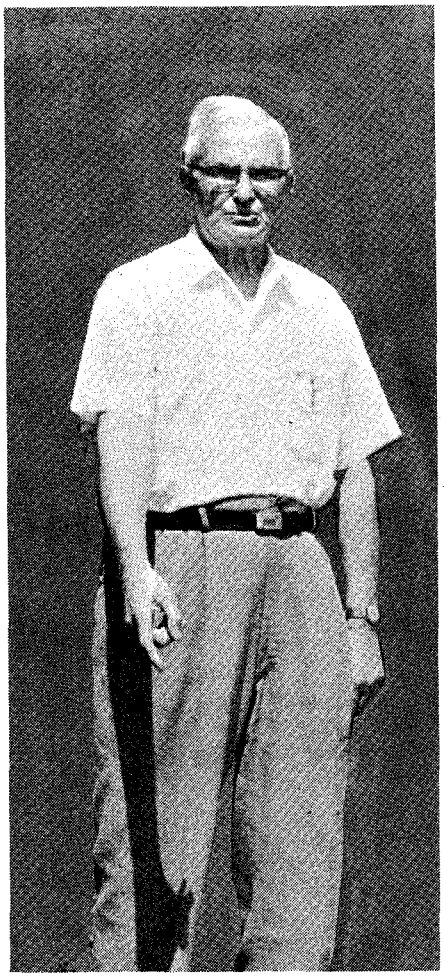
IN 1925, AFTER serving 33 years, Allen was paroled. He came out of prison, and settled on a farm near Cottrell's spread, outside Levelland.

In 1934, Allen visited Fort Sill for the sole purpose of relocating the site where he had, 44 years earlier, buried the robbery loot. He was poking a stick into the ground when, as he later said, "I was driven off by the damn soldiers."

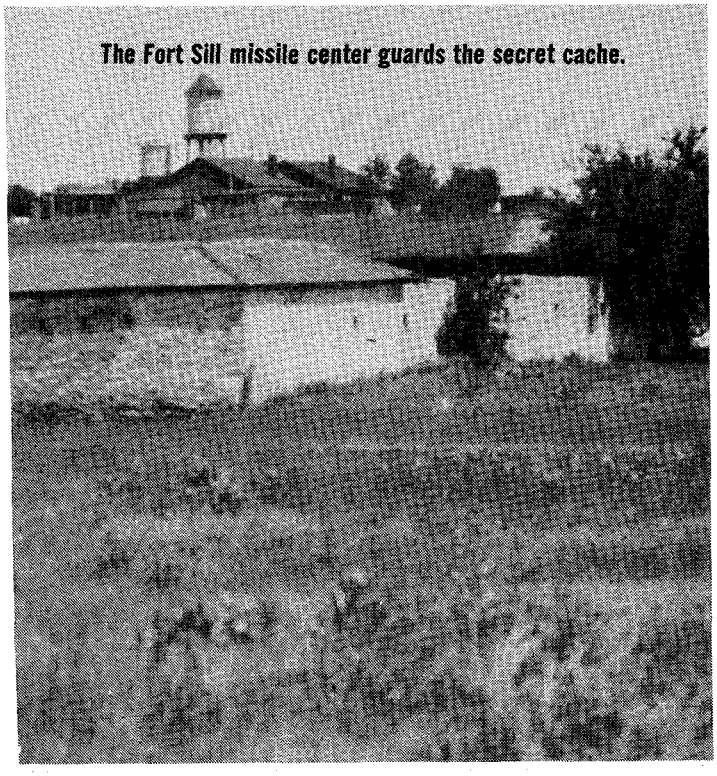
Not accomplishing his objective at that time, he returned home. Later, he became extremely ill and sent for his good friend and close neighbor, Cottrell. He told Cottrell of the buried booty and described, as best he could, the site where he had dug the hole and cached the buckskin bags. Too sick and old to make the try himself, he urged Cottrell to see the Post Commandant at Fort Sill, and find out if he could legally claim the treasure. Cottrell *(Continued on page 51)*

Buried at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, is the booty from a stagecoach holdup. The hoard is yours for the finding — $100,000 in gold and silver — but the obstacles are many, as frustrated treasure hunters have already learned!

Author's Photo

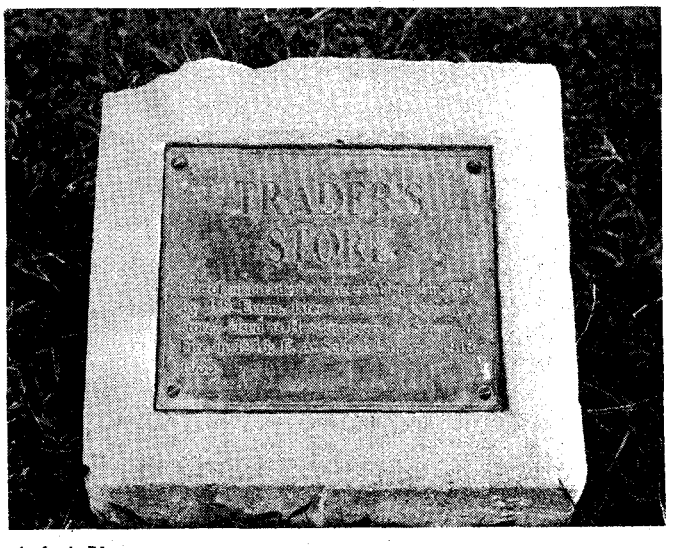


Master Sergeant Morris Swett, now retired.



The Fort Sill missile center guards the secret cache.

The marker used by a treasure hunter in effort to find loot.



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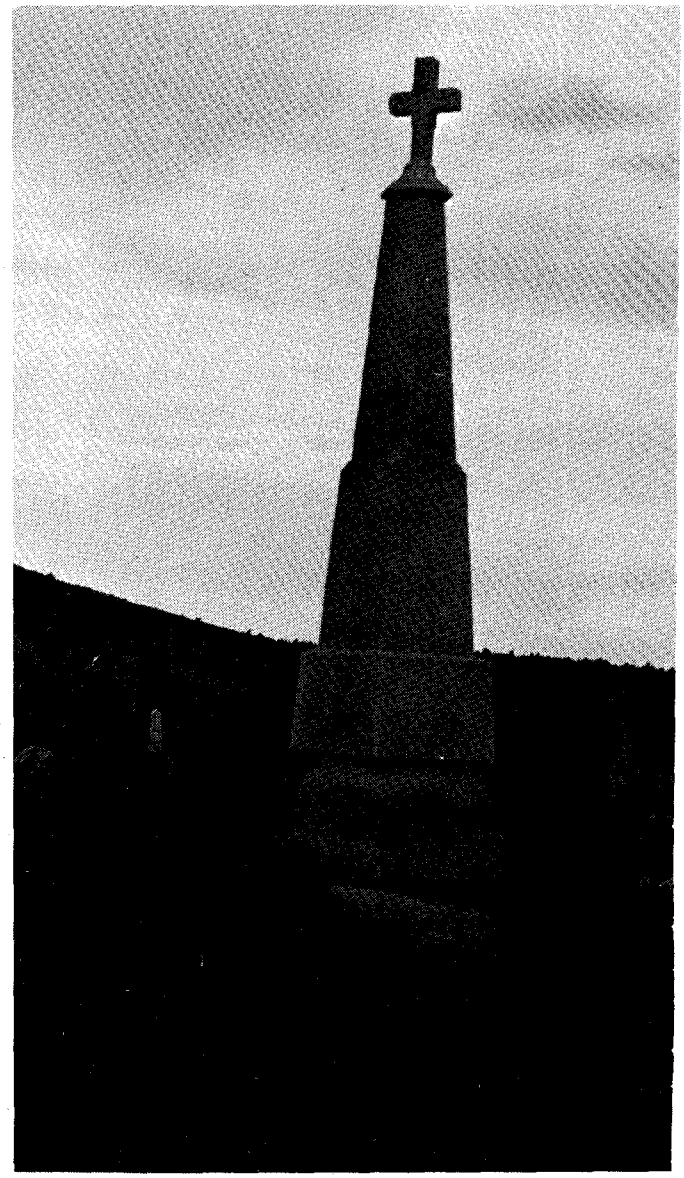

The violent saga of Eureka can be read on the many tombstones that almost circle the town.

Other lawless towns of the Old West bragged because they had a Boot Hill, but Eureka had seven such graveyards and still couldn't bury them all!

by Bob Young

HOW WILD EUREKA GOT ITSELF A JAIL

SILLY MARY STABBED AND killed Bull Dog Kate, both being local sporting women in Eureka, a newspaper account related. Cause of the affair was ill feeling of long standing.

Angelo Proti was killed by Jose Zarger in Eureka, Eureka County, with a billiard cue. Trouble over coal excitement. Billy Martin was shot and killed by John Brent at Eureka.

A gorgeous funeral was held for Gus Botto, lately a leading gambler in Eureka, who was slain in 1878 by Jesse Bigelow, following a dispute over possession of opera tickets! (A few years before, Gus gunned down a Mr. Brannan who had, unfortunately, threatened to kill Gus on sight, for some reason.)

And readers' attention was invited to an August 18, 1879 item which was simply headed as FISH CREEK BATTLE. The reporter casually related that 117 Italians had resisted a posse of nine men, with the result that five of the Italians were killed and six others wounded.

It is easy to understand why Eureka, Nevada, needed seven graveyards to supply acreage for the departed, but perhaps the Fish Creek War is not so self-explanatory.

Eureka's ores were a complex of silver, lead, copper and zinc, and were reduced in furnaces using charcoal of cedar and pine. With great gouts of silver and gold being spouted out of the boom camp, the need for charcoal was urgent and continuing, and competition for the remaining timber in the area became fierce.

Carbonari, the Italian immigrants who reduced the wood to charcoal in their brick kilns, raised their prices as their expenses went up, but the mill managers refused to pay 30¢ a bushel. They offered 27½¢.

With that stand, it wasn't only charcoal that was in the fire, because the Carbonari made a strikers' march through town, preventing delivery of charcoal and fending off officers bent on arresting the men. Mine owners and mill men knew they were in real trouble if their furnace fires were allowed to completely die out, and they urgd the governor to call out the militia to quell the "insurrection." The Carbonari stood pat, but moved most of their men about 30 miles out of Eureka to a small line camp, along Fish Creek. When they still refused to work or allow anyone else to, a nine-man posse attacked the Carbonari. They circled and fired at the Italians, who were apparently bereft of weapons since not a member of the posse was even scratched. With five dead, the white flag was run up. A coroner's jury exonerated the posse; the Italians went back to work, and the *Eureka Sentinel* had a small item of news.

The town itself was an offshoot of Austin when five prospectors moved from that town in search of new locations. And it was on September 19, 1864, that a rich float was found. It was little wonder that the area and later the county were named "Eureka" (I Have Found It), considering the millions that spewed from those rocks. An estimated 500,000 ounces of gold, 10,000,000 ounces of silver and nearly 200,000,000 pounds of lead, zinc and copper were taken out and sold. Eureka also was the center of the mineral production for several subsidiary camps, such as Newark, Mineral Hill, Ruby Hill, Diamond City and others that have long ago gone to their rest. But it was Eureka that boasted 10,000 residents, well patronized saloons, gambling halls, brothels, a jail and graveyards.

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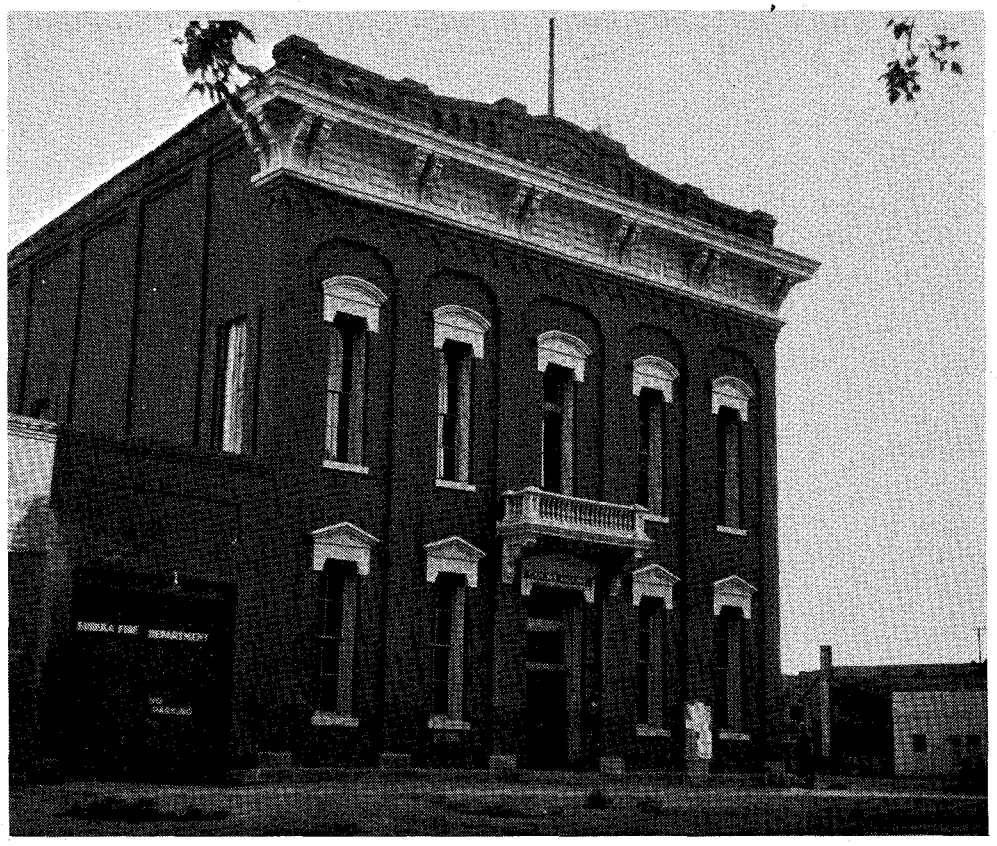

Author's Photo

The courthouse in Eureka where the bizarre history of the old town is to be read between the lines of the official records.

THE OVERFLOWING WEALTH and the general contempt for law and order weren't overlooked by "Big Jack" Davis, a pioneer among Nevada's bandits. No one knows for sure just how many robberies, murders and other crimes Davis committed, but all agree it was plenty.

Big Jack covered his operations carefully, and few knew that he was a gentleman gambler by day and a thug at night. His perfidy came to light when he held up the Central Pacific Railroad in 1870, and left behind a tell-tale boot mark which ultimately trapped him. He sweet-talked authorities into a light jolt after showing them where some of the $41,000 in loot was cached. But Big Jack didn't reform in prison: he simply reorganized.

Eureka attracted his attention following several skirmishes with the law elsewhere. Davis organized his gang carefully. There were those who listened for whispers about payroll shipments, and those who watched the shotgun guard assignment for the coaches; and, when all information was at hand, Jack arranged for signals to guide his action. On Pancake Peak, a fellow hood would light a flare fire to indicate the number of guards aboard the coach, just as it left Eureka.

But, as he had been trapped because of a high-heeled boot in the train, another simple mistake put Big Jack in trouble again.

The Tybo-bound stage pulled out of Eureka on time with a heavy load of coin aboard. Also aboard was Gene Blair, a fearless shotgun messenger, who had never lost a gun fight. And there had been a number of them to test his marksmanship and thong-strong nerves. For some reason Johnny Brown was riding as extra messenger on the coach. Perhaps there had been a tip; perhaps it was a hunter's hunch. But he was there.

"Lookee there, Gene," Johnny pointed at the sky. "Lookee at that bright red star. Looks sort of double, don't it?"

Blair looked at the blinking light seeming to rise over Pancake Peak, but said nothing as to what he thought it might be.

There were other eyes watching that "bright red star." Big Jack, hiding near Willow Station where he already had tied up the hostler, showed plenty of interest too.

"There should be only one messenger aboard," Big Jack said. "It'll be Blair. Watch him. He's a mean 'un." Raising his hand, he motioned his companions back into the shadows as he heard the thud of the horses coming up the road.

"Surrender, Blair," Big Jack yelled as the stage pulled into Willow Station. "Throw down the box. No trouble now."

Ducking, Blair jumped from the box just as Big Jack squeezed off two shots at him. The bullets missed Blair, but one hit Johnny in the calf of the leg. Blair dashed for the barn, stumbled then fell. Big Jack was on him, holding a shotgun to his chest. Blair pushed the gun away and jerked Big Jack to the ground. They scuffled and rolled. Finally Big Jack got up to snatch up the gun again. Just then Johnny sighted on him and his shotgun blasted. Big Jack staggered, and disappeared in the brush. Blair and Brown followed him and found him dead a few feet away.

Big Jack's companions melted away with the gun fight, but they were collared a short time later. Included in the gang was Tom Laurie who had correctly built two fires to signal that two messengers were aboard. However, he had fired them so close together they looked like a single bright red star on top of Pancake Peak.

JUSTICE HAD A WAY of being served, whether it was in the form of a lethal shotgun or a wild-raging mob seeking to wreak vengeance.

Rape, a seldom exercised crime, had been committed in Eureka and the culprit couldn't be found. At last, Phil Paroni, who operated a dry goods store, was singled out as the criminal and held for trial. He was twice adjudged innocent, and even an impartial Grand Jury investigation couldn't find enough evidence to connect Paroni with the crime. But there are always those who seek to agitate and enrage, even though innocent people suffer.

Paroni didn't make any attempt to escape when a masked, muttering crowd gathered in front of his house. He simply went out, protesting his innocence, even as they seized and tied him. He was marched to the edge of Eureka where a large drum stood in the midst of glowing coals. Tar! He was going to be tarred. *(Continued on page 56)*

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ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

With the first issue of THE WEST only ten days on the newsstands, and the deadline for copy for the second issue staring us in the face, we hardly expected to receive enough questions to get this department really going in this issue. However, the flood of mail has been such that we have enough questions for this department in the present issue to take off in full stride.

We will repeat the rules for the questions: they must concern some phase of the historical Old West, and by that we mean west of the Mississippi. They must ask about factual events or characters not fictional. Unless an ancestor was famous, we will be unable to trace any grandfather or great uncle or any relative. Where we get a number of questions covering the same subject, we will combine them into one question under one name. We can attempt to answer only such questions as come within the scope of normal historical research. In some cases, it may take some time for us to dig out your answer, so don't get impatient if your question isn't answered within a reasonable time.

Q. I would like to know about a Joe Le Fors, an assistant U. S. marshal in either Texas or the Indian Territory. C. F. Schrank, 214 East 3rd Street, Ashland, Wisconsin.

A. Joe Le Fors had quite a history as a peace officer and Indian fighter. He was born in Lamar County, Texas. When he was 13, his father moved to the Panhandle and here Joe as a child fought Indians. He and his father were captured by the Comanches, but were freed by the Rangers. When Joe was 15, he rode the mail in the Sweetwater, in Montana. For the next ten years, he worked as a cowboy. In 1895 he was cattle inspector and detective for the Montana Livestock Association. In 1897, he carried his war against rustlers into Wyoming. In 1898, he was U. S. Marshal under Fred Hadsell. In 1900, he was a railroad detective; and in 1902 Tom Horn, accused of killing a boy, confided in Joe Le Fors. Horn later was convicted and hung. Le Fors gave up detective work in 1907.

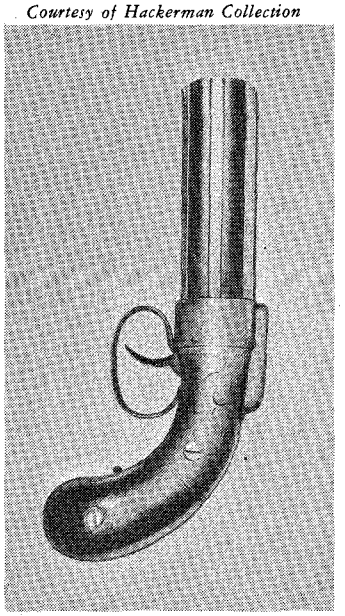
Q. What was known as a "Shasta Wedding" in the Old West? John Marigold, 16 East 63rd Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

A. Near Shasta, California, in 1850, Jim Bolen, a miner, planned to get married. The only thing he and his prospective bride lacked was money or gold. So Bolen hit on the unique scheme of charging admission to the wedding, ten dollars a guest. His scheme was a great success as two hundred guests appeared, which netted Jim Bolen and his bride a neat $2,000. The idea spread over the West and continued until the 1890s, when the guest fee was changed to gifts.

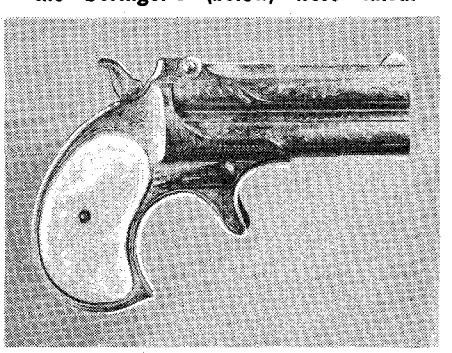
Q. What was the difference in the Old West between a Pepperbox revolver and a Deringer? Yves Bezina, 101 Miramicho Road, Oromoto, N.B., Canada.

A. The Pepperbox revolver, popular in this country in the 1850s, was another effort to perfect a repeating revolver, an effort that had started in the 16th century. The invention of the percussion ignition system simplified the operation. It had a series of barrels, from three to six, revolving around a central axis so they could be turned and fired as each barrel came under the hammer. Because they looked like the old fashioned pepperbox, they were called that. The Deringer, perfected by Henry Deringer was the duelling pistol in a smaller size. The percussion ignition made them very effective. They were small revolvers with one or two stationary barrels, and were very popular in the Old West.

Courtesy of Hackerman Collection



Barrels of Pepperbox (above) moved; the Deringer's (below) were fixed.



Courtesy New York City Public Library

Q. Is it true that Doc Holiday was the son of a rich southern plantation owner? Steve Brown, c/o Mrs. Wilma Cooper, Orgas, West Virginia.

A. Doc Holiday's father, Henry B. Holiday, did own property in and around the town of Griffin, Georgia. It would probably be more accurate to say that he was well fixed. Like most southerners, he lost his property during the war. John Henry Holiday (Doc) got a fair education, and after the war studied dentistry. It was as a dentist he went West. He suffered from T.B., which was another reason for going West.

Q. What was the Helena duel in the Old West? Pat Shahan, Pierre, South Dakota.

A. This was the West's bloodiest sport. It got its name because it originated in the town of Helena, Texas. It was a battle with knives. The two contenders would strip to the waist, wrap their wrists with towels, and grip a knife with a two-inch blade. This blade would not inflict a fatal wound, but could cut an opponent's body into ribbons. The two would slash each other until one dropped from loss of blood. Brutal and senseless as this sport was, it became popular in many parts of the West.

Q. Can you describe the Buntline Special and tell who got these guns? Roger Jackson, RR 1 Box 283, Decatur, Illinois.

A. Ned Buntline, the dime novel writer, had the Colt factory make five special revolvers for him to give to the officers at Dodge City. These guns were .45 caliber, regulation single action style, with barrels four inches longer than standard, making them eighteen inches overall. They had a demountable walnut rifle stock. There was a thumbscrew to fit the gun for a shoulder piece in long range shooting. The extra barrel could be taken off and the gun had the normal length. These guns were given to Wyatt Earp, Charlie Bassett, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, and Neal Brown. They were awkward and difficult to use, and only Wyatt Earp made any pretense of using the Buntline Special, the name given the gun.

Q. I have been an avid reader of Western history for many years, but this is the first time I have seen the expression "Western Buff." To me it injects a false note. What is its origin? Bill Qudeans, 12618 Kathryn Court, Houston, Texas.

A. Among the many meanings Webster gives to "buff" is that of a person who stands firm for anything. I presume it was this meaning that brought "buff" into our language to describe a person who stands for anything. In modern usage, a buff is a person who goes all out for any one thing. Western Buff describes a person interested in the Old West. It is an expression that came into general usage ten or fifteen years ago, although one finds it used once or twice in the newspapers of the Old West. ●

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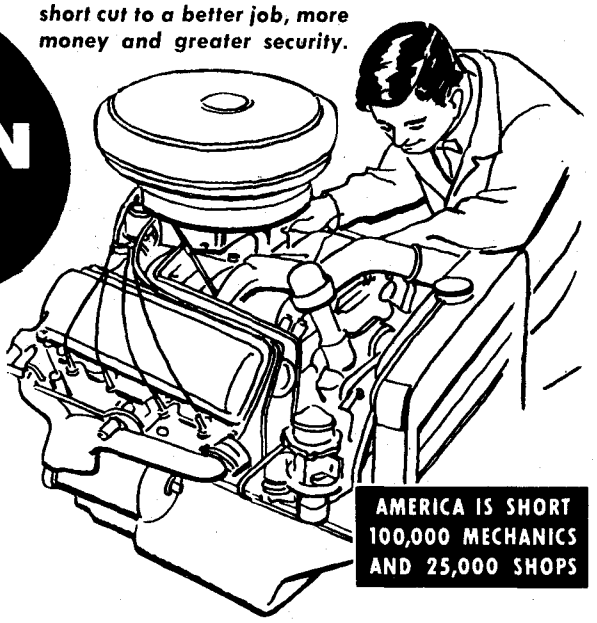

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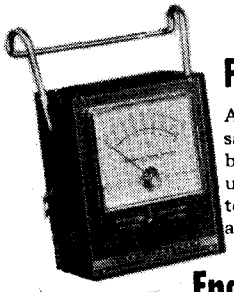

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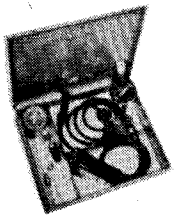

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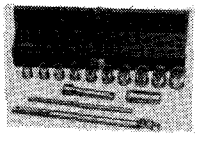

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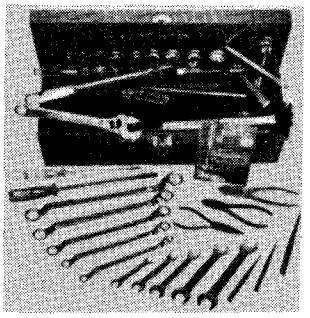

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POCAHONTAS OF THE FAR WEST

(Continued from page 21)

DETERMINED THAT the rebellion be put down at any cost, the government sent General E. R. S. Canby to head a peace commission. Forays continued on either side, and 500 soldiers were massed within two miles of the Modoc stronghold. Behind them was a reserve of 400.

General Canby sent a message to Captain Jack, requesting him to appear under a flag of truce. Captain Jack refused and assembled his war council. It was impossible for the white men to find their way to the Modoc stronghold through the maze of badlands. Tobey was their only hope.

On April 9, 1873, she was sent as an intermediary to arrange a peace meeting between the Modocs and the commission. Even Frank dared not go with her. She made the trip, accompanied only by her nine-year-old son.

The Modocs refused to be swayed by her pleas. But Tobey discovered that Captain Jack was plotting to ambush the members of the commission at the peace meeting. Back with the white forces, she relayed the information concerning the ambush to her husband and a Colonel Meacham. The Colonel and one commissioner, Leroy Dyar, believed her. But the Reverend Dr. Eleazar Thomas and General Canby scoffed at her warning.

"Ridiculous, ridiculous," puffed General Canby. "Even that murderous Captain Jack wouldn't attempt to kill us in plain sight of our army."

"You don't know my people. They must have either land or bloodshed," Tobey pleaded. But the general dismissed her.

Although it appeared that the massacre was inevitable, Tobey and Frank insisted on accompanying the commission, on that fateful day, April 11, 1873. Slowly, the members of the commission strode to the council tent of the Modocs. Behind them, the troops waited.

Negotiations were begun; but the commission was forced to admit that it lacked power to grant land to the Modocs.

Captain Jack gave the signal for attack. Reverend Thomas and General Canby fell, fatally wounded. Dyar and Frank, on the alert, took to their heels and out-distanced the Modocs. Meacham also attempted to escape, but stumbled at the edge of the camp. In a flash, a brave was upon him, scalping knife in hand. Tobey leaped for him, distracting his attention.

"The soldiers are coming, the soldiers!" she screamed in Modoc. Heeding her alarm, the Modocs scrambled for their ponies.

Despite her own wounds, Tobey managed to drag Colonel Meacham away. She met the onrushing soldiers, halfway from the peace tent. The Indians had already vanished, and a needless massacre had been averted. A short time later, Captain Jack and the leading conspirators were captured and hanged. Peace was restored between the Modocs and whites.

Faithful both to her people and the people of her husband, Tobey had averted what might have been one of the bloodiest massacres in the West. On her grave in Schonchin, Oregon, is the inscription: "Winema—The Strong Heart." A fitting tribute to this Pocahontas of the Far West. ●

TRUTH ABOUT PRINT OLIVE

(Continued from page 20)

any Olive born." Yet, in what seems to have been an intended frame-up, Bob Olive, the known outlaw, was deputized to serve a warrant on Ami Ketchum who had been charged only with breaking a law.

Packing a brand-new .45, his craw full of gall, Deputy Robert Olive, alias Stevens, rode out around noon, on November 27, 1878, to serve the paper. The day would prove that he'd been more successful at outlawing in Texas than at lawing in Nebraska. Accompanying him were two of Print's toughest cowhands, Barney Armstrong and Pete Beaton, both confirmed desperadoes from Texas. By the best accounts, Mitchell and his wife were seated in a wagon ready to visit a neighbor. Ami Ketchum and Tamar Snow were standing in the yard.

The "posse" halted. "Throw up your hands!" Olive shouted at Ketchum. "I'm an officer of the law."

Ketchum obeyed. But the right hand that he hoisted flourished a Colt .44. Two revolvers spat during the same explosive second.

A bullet smashed into Bob Olive's chest. Another, fired by his opponent, shattered Ami Ketchum's arm. The Texan swayed in his saddle, blood splashing from its horn. Ketchum screamed in pain as the .44 dropped from his hand to the ground.

"Boys, I'm done for," Olive gasped. The cowboys rushed to his side to keep him from falling. Holding him up, they turned their ponies and began riding away. No more blood might have been spilled that day except for Tamar Snow, wailing and sobbing because her man had been shot.

She dashed into the soddy house and returned with a loaded Winchester. "Kill them—kill 'em all," the girl yelled, pressing the rifle into the hand of the nester's right arm. His left arm dangling, his face twitching with pain as he barely held on to the Winchester, Ketchum opened fire on the fleeing possemen.

A shell whizzed toward Pete Beaton's neck. It missed his jugular vein by grace of a scarf that the puncher was wearing. A second shot spared his brains by going through the rim of his Stetson.

Now almost two hundred yards away, the Olive detachment was headed desperately toward a rise of ground, their heads bent low over the saddle as they tried to save both themselves and their wounded cohort. At the exact moment when they hit the rise, a last bullet from the Winchester plowed through Barney Armstrong's foot.

Wounded Ami Ketchum had scored two hits on two challengers. It was one of the greatest feats of gunmanship ever recorded in the lead-laden history of the West. The cowboys vanished into safety over the rise. Bob Olive was taken to a homesteader's dugout, a quarter of a mile away. There, he feebly wrote out his last will and testament. Three days after the fight, he died. Print Olive was then 37 years of age; Bob, the kid who copied him, just 24.

PRINT OLIVE HAD let no man in Texas touch his brother and live. He swore now, before all the cattle gentry, to get Ami Ketchum and, for good measure, Luther Mitchell who'd not been wanted on a charge of rustling and had not fired one shot during the battle.

On the night following the shambles, a mob of cattlemen and cowboys descended on the Mitchell soddy. They had meant to stage a necktie party for the nesters. But these two had fled back to Merrick County. So the saddle legion had had only the consolation of burning the house.

Print, as the dictator of Custer County, swore out a murder warrant against Ketchum; another against Mitchell, naming the old man as an accessory to the fact. With the warrant went the cattleman's personal stipulation that the two must be delivered personally into his hands—a highly uncommon procedure under the laws of any American state. Eventually, after some wrangling between greedy officers, counting chickens before a hatching, the papers fell into the hands of Sheriff Barney Gillan of Keith County.

Gillan had been a notorious gunslinger before he'd been made a sheriff through the grace of the emigre Texas cattle lords. His main function was to discourage nesters from settling in central Nebraska. He performed that job to the general satisfaction of his backers.

For a time, Mitchell and Ketchum dodged around from county to county. Ketchum's arm had been repaired by a Merrick County doctor. Both must have had no illusions about what would happen to them if they fell into the vengeful hands of Bob Olive's brother.

It would have been best had they left the state and sent for Mitchell's family afterwards. But Ami Ketchum stubbornly refused, after having done in Bob, to let any other Olive run him out of his own state.

Finally, at Kearney, in Howard County, they let their lawyers, Thomas Darnall and E. C. Calkins, talk them into surrendering at the local jail. Print Olive's friends in the town had been busily stirring up lynch sentiment against them for "shooting an officer of the law."

The moment that the nesters gave themselves into custody, they were doomed men.

On the forenoon of December 10th, 1878, they were delivered by Howard County authorities to the star-flashing desperado, Gillan, and placed on board a train bound for Plum Creek, Nebraska, the town from which Print Olive controlled half a dozen Nebraska counties. Plum Creek lay outside Custer County, but the prisoners were loaded into a wagon after Gillan had been paid his seven hundred in blood money.

The delivery was made to Print about four p.m. on the afternoon of the same day. Back in Kearney, the lawyers for the nesters had learned too late about the legal abduction of their prisoners. Then they had wired to a Plum Creek colleague, the lawyer named McNemar, to do whatever could be done for them.

McNemar, a former captain in the Federal Army, had had no time to prepare habeas corpus proceedings, what with the prisoners being rushed immediately out of town. It is highly doubtful that the local justice of the peace would have done

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much anyhow to balk the will of the powerful cattleman. But, on horseback, McNemar followed the wagons till darkness hid them from view in a gloomy patch of hills.

Print Olive is said to have tortured Ami Ketchum, the slayer of brother Bob, along the way. The story began going around, after the cattleman became the most hated figure of the Nebraska prairies; its truth cannot be proven. At the Custer County line, Sheriff David Anderson was waiting to receive the prisoners. The reception committee included, among others whose identities are unclear, three Olive trigger artists — Dennis Gartrell, Pedro Dominguez (generally misspelled Dominicus) and Bion Brown, a youngster who had been weaned on triggers in Texas. From later developments, the party must also have numbered a Custer County hotel keeper named Baldwin and a saloon man who seems to have borne several monickers in his wanderings around tough country.

What happened next is a matter of much conjecture. It is known that Sheriff Anderson obligingly delivered the prisoners over to Olive for trial by mob; that both he and Sheriff Gillan failed in their obligation to protect the nesters, by riding away and leaving them to be murdered by lynchers.

Ketchum and Mitchell were not seen again until the next day. Then, they were not only dead men but burnt men. Captain McNemar had risked his own life in this Olive-dominated county by organizing a search for clients whom he knew he would find as corpses. And Print's man, Judge Boblits, had gone along, grumblingly, to keep his own skirts clean.

THE NESTERS WERE out of Print's way. But a few days after the discovery of their scorched cadavers, his private world in Nebraska began crumbling as had the former one he'd built in Texas.

"MAN BURNER! TEXAS KILLER!" newspapers throughout Nebraska began branding him. Some journals ran pointed editorials declaring that the state had been plagued long enough by bad actors from down Texas way.

Other cattlemen, and particularly those from the Lone Star state, began shucking Print Olive. Summary execution of known rustlers was one thing in the West. Burning men was another, whoever they were and whatever offenses were charged against them.

Print, meantime, was not denying that he'd hung the two nesters. He insisted, however, that he had not desecrated their bodies with the match. Then the story, that the hotel keeper and saloon man had doubled back to do the cremation, started circulating. The word dropped on prairie grapevines was that they were both drunk when they committed the atrocity, and that they had soaked the bodies with whiskey from their bottles. However, a later investigation showed that the grass around the corpses had been cleared for a space of about 20 feet to prevent a prairie fire. Sadistic, whiskey-crazed mutilaters of the dead would hardly have exercised such foresight.

The fate of the Olive grass barony was sealed when the corpses of the two nesters were discovered under a clay bank in Custer County. A contemptuous cowboy, assigned as undertaker, had merely half-buried them, leaving the bodies partially exposed, with the result that the coyotes had made a meal of one of Ami Ketchum's arms.

A courageous frontier justice, Judge William Gaslin, undertook to rid Nebraska of what its outraged citizens were calling the Olive Gang. He issued warrants for the arrests of the gunmen, then he appointed a posse of special officers headed by tough-minded J. P. Johnson, of Kearney, to round them up after sheriffs, dominated by Print, pleaded, perhaps truthfully, that they were afraid to try serving them. This emergency corps included Lawrence Ketchum, brother of the slain Ami; a deputy sheriff from Clay County, and others with the gumption to challenge the power of Print Olive.

All but one of ten men wanted by the law were seized by the posse. That exception was Sheriff Barney Gillan, now a fugitive from justice after having been a lame enforcer of it. Nine men, including Print, were indicted on multiple charges of killing the nesters. Baldwin and the saloon keeper were not among the accused.

The trial opened before Judge Gaslin in Hastings, Adams County, during April of 1879. During the proceedings, a sensational report spread that Texas gunslingers were planning to ride into town, shoot up the courthouse and rescue their countrymen. Judge Gaslin then asked that federal infantrymen from Fort Omaha be sent to guard the town.

Within a courthouse ringed by bayonets, Print Olive and his co-defendants fought for their lives. To save himself, Bion Brown, the 20-year-old pistol toter, turned evidence and supplied the story which critics of Olive quote yet to damn him as a man burner.

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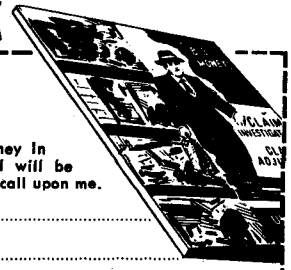

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Brown's testimony was a sordid description of inhuman torture and fiendishly administered death. The mobsters, he said, had been soused. For sport they poured whiskey upon the nesters while they were still alive, turning their victims into writhing torches. The cowpuncher said that Print had shot Mitchell as the old man pleaded for his life, but could not remember who had done the actual burning.

The young hoodlum's hazy recollection probably saved Print Olive and Olive's foreman, Fred Fischer, from the gallows. They were convicted on the charge of murdering Ketchum and Mitchell, but the trial jury made no finding on the accusation of the burning. This omission is also one of the main arguments used by those who still argue that Print would never have done such an ornery thing as set fire to a man.

Seven of the nine defendants were set free with the understanding, it was whispered, that they would leave Nebraska and never come back. Print and his top-hand, Fischer, went off to serve life sentences in the Nebraska state penitentiary.

Just one year they spent on the rock pile. Print's money kept working to spring them, and cash has opened many a prison door. Print succeeded in having the state Supreme Court review the sentence. Old men in Nebraska swear to this day that one of the learned justices of that tribunal fared right well for influencing the appeal petition.

In an amazing proceeding, the higher court, by a two to one vote, turned loose Print Olive and Fred Fischer.

Their guilt or innocence was made no issue in the opinion. The ruling was that a defendant had a right to be tried in the county where he was accused of committing the crime. But the state legislature, in creating Custer County, had failed to attach to it any court having jurisdiction over major offenses. Therefore, the two could not be lawfully punished for an admitted lynching.

Olive and Fischer hurried back to Custer County where their obliging friend, Judge Boblits, went through the farce of finding that there was no complaint on his docket against them. But, for the second time and within a second state, shrewd Print Olive realized that his welcome had worn out.

His third state was his last one and then there was no other place for him—except, say his critics, hell. He moved to Colorado and became a major cattleman around Trail City. After opening a feed store, he began having trouble with Joe Sparrow, who had once been his cowhand.

Sparrow shot him dead on August 16, 1886, in an argument over an unpaid account of ten dollars. If Print knew anything about the burning of Ketchum and Mitchell, he carried it unsaid to the dirt pit in Dodge City, Kansas, where fellow members of his fraternal lodge buried him. ●

EXPENSIVE STOVEPIPE ....by James Hines

IN THE EARLY days of mining in Utah, the Emma Mine was the richest of all in high grade silver. At that time there were no smelters in Utah. The ore from the "Emma" was hauled from Utah to New York by ox teams, loaded on boats and smelted in Swanze, Wales.

The headquarters at that time for miners, prospectors, and sure-thing men in the mining game was the Cullen Hotel and Bar. A prospector had been hanging around the Bar all summer, bumming drinks and telling strangers of the rich claim he had, below the famous Emma Mine. Late one fall day, two English dudes arrived at the hotel, loaded with money to invest in a mine.

The bartender advised them to contact the prospector. They did, and loaded him with whiskey. He showed them a rich chunk of silver, said he had just struck it. But he had no food or powder and winter was next door. He had had to move out until spring. He told them he had a nice cabin, blacksmith shop, and a tunnel.

They wined and dined the prospector, and wanted to see the mine although it was snowing up the canyon.

One asked, "What will you take for your claim?"

"Well," the prospector said, "$1,000 cash. It's a gift. In the spring I'd easily get $20,000."

"Let's go," the Englishmen said.

They hired a team and buggy in Murray, Utah, and started up the canyon. It was snowing hard. The farther up they went the deeper the snow got. The prospector kept passing the bottle around and telling them how lucky they were to get in on a bonanza so cheap. Between the whiskey and the rich mine in view, the Englishmen were feeling like Silver Kings.

Finally the prospector said, "This is it! It's snowed under but see that stove pipe? That's where the cabin is. The tunnel is just behind it and see that mountain there? That's the 'Emma.' I know I am on the same vein."

The Englishmen were elated. All the way back to the hotel they were talking about what they were going to do in England with all their money. Back at the hotel they paid the prospector and got everybody, including the bartender, on a big binge. The prospector stayed around about a week more, then disappeared.

Bob and Tom were on needles and pins for spring to come, so they could go to their mine. Spring came. They got a load of supplies and headed up the canyon.

After some difficulty, they located the spot. No cabin; no tunnel, just rocks. Tom happened to look up in an eight foot pine tree; there hung two feet of rusty stove pipe.

They had paid $1,000 for two feet of stove pipe! They said, "The bloody American was a crook." And returned to England. ●

QUANAH PARKER'S FAMOUS RIDE

(Continued from page 23)

White devil. Miles and hours later, with Laughing Wind white with sweat, Quanah passed an abandoned campsite whose rusty, scattered pots brought back the deepest memories of his life, memories of those years when he had stopped here with his mother, Nahuada, and his father, the honored chief, Peda Nocona.

Both now were dead. But Peda Nocona had died in a Comanche lodge, and Nahuada in a town of a people who had become alien to her. Cynthia Ann Parker they had called her then, because this was the name given her before the Comanches had come to raid Parker's Fort in eastern Texas and carried off captive the blond little girl.

Cynthia Ann had been 29 when Texas Rangers raided a Comanche camp on Pease River and recognized her as the long-lost white woman for whom half of Texas had searched. Quanah had been 15, that year of 1860, when he had returned from a hunting trip with his father to learn that his mother had been carried back, resisting and unwilling, to her white family whose speech and ways she had long forgotten. And with her had been taken Prairie Flower, Quanah's young sister.

Quanah never saw his mother or sister again. But, out of regard for his mother's memory, he had taken her surname of Parker. Then, he had grown up to be the first half-breed chief of the Comanches—who had done more harrying of the whites than any other tribe in Texas history. Because of his own white strain, many of his fellow warriors would distrust him for the rest of his life. Esa-tai, the medicine man, had been his sworn rival and bitter foe from the time that he had been a newly chosen sub-chief of the Quahadas till he attained full rank as a principal chief.

The long feud had come to a head during the spring of 1874, after Adobe Walls was erected as a trading center on hunting grounds that the Federal government had specifically set aside for Indians. This illegal invasion by white hunters, with their high-powered Sharps and Henry rifles, could only reduce further the dwindling herds of buffalo on which the red man's very way of life depended. Esa-tai had urged an all-out offensive against the post in fanatical medicine lodge rituals that had been previously unknown among the Comanches. Quanah Parker and the tribal elders opposed a move which could only be sheer suicide, but Esa-tai had been able to attract a small following of teen-age braves and sub-chiefs whom he kept primed with prophecy and fire water.

Dawn found Quanah in the camp of his friend, Chief Stone Calf of the Cheyennes. Laughing Wind was now heaving with exhaustion. Quanah left her in the care of these friendly Indians, and borrowed from them a fast mustang to cover the remaining distance to Adobe Walls. The aged face of Stone Calf was seamed with worry.

"My own son, Black Eagle, rides with Esa-tai," he told Quanah in the Spanish used by the Plains tribes as a secondary language. "He and other young men of our tribe and of the Kiowas and Arapahoes, to this number." Stone Calf held his hands up and counted his ten fingers eight times: 80 young hotheads ready to bring

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down destruction on their own folk.

Noon of that second day, Quanah rode into a patch of woods overlooking Bent's Creek, the Canadian River tributary on which Bent's Fort had been built. Purplish accounts, written long afterward, would have Quanah himself leading a thousand savage warriors in headlong charges on the trading post, whose population amounted to 25 men—18 of them buffalo hunters—and one woman, a restaurant keeper.

To the white man, Adobe Walls was one of the great heroic battles against the redskins. It has been called "The Alamo of the Plains." However, this is only the white man's version. Mention Adobe Walls to any old time Comanche and all you would get would be a deep belly-laugh. The Comanches called it "The Battle Where the Coyote's Rectum Got the People Killed." The Coyote's Rectum was Esa-tai, the medicine man.

The number of Indians killed numbered three, and all three were under 14 years of age. Instead of the thousand painted Comanche warriors the white men say attacked Adobe Walls, the total number of attackers was well under a hundred, and none were over 16 years old. They were the juvenile delinquents who had sneaked away from their fathers and brothers to follow Esa-tai, the medicine man, in his plan to eliminate all white men. And, as for Quanah Parker's part in this attack, it was an important part, but not as painted by the white men, not as leader of the attacking Indians. His famous ride was to bring the foolish attack to an abrupt end.

ON THIS DAY OF June 28, 1874, Quanah smelled the mob of juvenile delinquents before he saw them. Esa-tai had ordered his teen-age braves to smear themselves with skunk oil to make themselves immune against the hunter's bullets. This stinking essence had been mixed with water and equally smelly herbs carried in bags of antelope skin. Before the laving, the medicine man had sat naked on a brush throne, receiving homage from his hipped-up followers as they swigged Mexican whiskey or rode wildly around him on their stolen horses.

By that smell, Quanah spotted the runaways on a flat-topped hill, a mile east of the high wooden stockade enclosing the settlement of Adobe Walls. The medicine man was dashing around and giving orders from a pony whose sides were smeared with scarlet and yellow markings. His juveniles, most of them not more than 16, had painted their faces with whatever came to hand. Few of them had headdresses; many carried only bows as weapons, since they had been luckless at stealing rifles.

Small groups of five or six teen-agers were charging the hill toward the stockade, discharging flaming arrows in the hope of setting the post afire. Others were rounding up the horses which the hunters had staked outside the fort before the surprise attack of the warriors. Some of the braves were taking more nips from jugs of whiskey. These were singing a special war song Esa-tai had composed for the occasion. A record of this marrow-curdling chant is in the possession of a modern Comanche, John Attocpkine, of Oklahoma. A few Indians were lounging around on the hills, because red men fought or not as they chose.

"The fools," Quanah thought. "Puppies playing at being wolves."

He glanced toward the stockade, puzzled because so few shots were being fired from it. Were the whites shrewdly holding their fire till those lame marksmen, the

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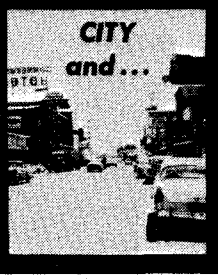

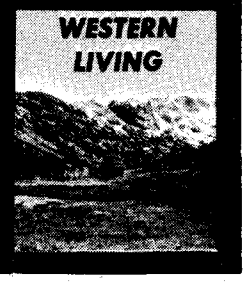

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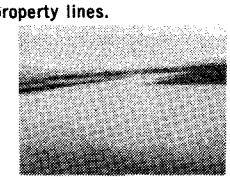

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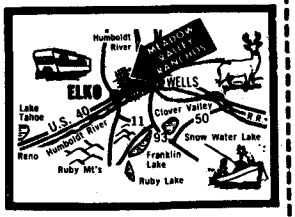

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MEDICINE WHEEL

by Jack McKinney

THERE ARE shrines and monuments found throughout the world. Some strange. Some grotesque, even hideous. 9,960 feet above sea level, on the top of Medicine Mountain, in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, is a strange and unusual shrine or monument. Nobody knows who built it or when. Early day Indians called it the Medicine Wheel and said that it was built before the light came.

The shrine or monument is a giant wheel seventy feet in diameter. It is composed of white stones set in the ground, forming an almost perfect circle. At the hub of the wheel is a large stone altar. Twenty-eight spokes radiate outward from the hub toward the wheel's edge. Six of these spokes extend beyond the edge; at the end of each of these spokes is a smaller altar, similar to the one at the hub.

One hundred miles away from the Medicine Wheel is a huge white arrow composed of stones set in the ground, pointing directly to the great wheel, as if to mark the way to it.

A number of individuals who have made a study of Indians and Indian cultures say that the Medicine Wheel has the same number of spokes as is found on the Calendar Stones discovered in the ruins of the Mayan Indians of South America. These Calendar Stones, in turn, have the same number of spokes as do the ancient Chinese Prayer Wheels. Is there any connection?

It is the accepted belief that the ancestors of the American Indians came to the mainland of North America from Asia, by the way of the Bering Sea. Is it possible that one of these wandering, nomadic tribes settled at, or near where the Medicine Wheel is located? If so, why did they leave and where did they go? Did these people in their wanderings work their way down through Mexico, Central America, on into South America, and found the Mayan Empire, there?

Of course, the answer to these questions lies buried beneath the dust of ages, and perhaps will never be known. But, it makes one think and wonder. ●

Indians, should exhaust their ammunition? Were they awaiting the arrival of soldiers who could reduce this little band of attackers to dust? Or was all of this a lure to tempt the warriors into close range so that they could be exterminated from a protected base?

On this grim day in Adobe Walls, a young buffalo hunter named Bat Masterson was crouched beneath the stockade. Others, too, had manned a cautious guard—Wright Mooar, whose long-lost diary would later reveal important details about the battle; Billy Dixon, who would claim to have been the hero of Adobe Walls; and Dutch Henry Born, later to die an outlaw's death in Kansas. William Olds was looking worriedly at his wife, the restaurant keeper, who was the settlement's lone woman. In a pocket of his jeans, he had secreted a bullet for a possible mercy shot, since everybody knew what happened to white women taken captive by Indians.

As Quanah learned later, Esa-tai had meant to massacre the whites in their sleep. He expected every Indian to survive in this kind of surprise butchery. Thus, he could justify his claim of producing medicine which made them invulnerable against the whites. Then had come the accident which awakened the hunters in some providential nick of time.

At 2:45 A.M., on the morning of June 27th, the ridgepole roof of Jim Hanrahan's saloon was supposed to have collapsed. So the traditional story goes. The crash awakened the hunters who sprang from their wagons, saw the Indians approaching across the prairie, and made it to the safety of the stockade. But Mooar, in his diary, has a different story. He alleged that Hanrahan, a greedy man, had hired Billy Dixon to fire off a gun in the early morning hours in order to create an alarm that would keep his whiskey customers from drifting away to the Cimarron country.

Two hunters—the Shadler brothers—were slain while running toward the stockade. A third, Billy Ogg, was killed at noon by a warrior's bullet. Comanche tradition claims that only Black Eagle, the 14-year-old son of Cheyenne Chief Stone Calf; Black Horse, a 14-year-old Cheyenne; and Pokini, a 14-year-old Comanche, were killed.

Quanah watched the farce till he was tired of it. Then, he cautiously maneuvered his mount toward the hill. Esa-tai turned his head to give an order. His eyes were hot with anger when he recognized Quanah Parker.

"Kill him! Kill the white devil!" he shouted to two bodyguards who sat near him.

Rifles roared once—then twice. Quanah toppled from his pony. He rose limply, fell again, then rolled into a clump of brush surrounding some wild plum trees. A bodyguard raised his hand toward Esa-tai, indicating that the chief was dead.

Ants crawled over the motionless form of Quanah Parker. Flies buzzed in black swarms over the caked blood on his temple. Vultures circled low over the prostrate form but never quite descended.

With twilight, Quanah Parker rose weakly to his feet. He ran his hand wearily across the bullet crease in his temple, blinked his eyes, then staggered toward the flat-topped hill. As he approached it, he could hear Esa-tai's voice ranting another harangue. The medicine man was whirling and turning during the crazy speech:

"In the morning," he declaimed, "the bullets will all fall to the ground. We will destroy the white devils—we will be free of them, and the buffalo will be ours forever."

Some of his followers were becoming skeptical. Quanah heard a young brave speak:

"But three of our warriors are dead, messenger of the Great Spirit—four of the Cheyennes, three of the Comanches. You promised that your sacred medicine would preserve us all, but destroy all the whites."

The answer echoed in Quanah's ears as he advanced toward the gathering.

"The bullets fell to the ground as I said they would. Only seven have died," Ssa-tai said. "Without my medicine the earth would be covered with your bodies."

QUANAH STOOD FOR a moment as he gathered strength from some powerful reserve to discredit this quack.

"Esa-tai!" he called. "You lie! Your medicine is worth no more than the water passed by the coyotes that are your brothers."

This burial scene shows re-interment of Cynthia Ann Parker near Quanah's grave.

Courtesy New York City Public Library

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Esa-tai whirled around in his crazy gyrations. "Quanah Parker!" he gasped.

Quanah's step was firmer as he kept marching forward. "You lie, fool," he said. "You lie to these brave warriors. You say you can make the bullets of the white man's guns fall to the ground. Yet the Great Spirit did not guide your bullets to kill me."

Esa-tai tried to shout some instructions to his guards. His tongue choked him; only a hoarse, hysterical cough came in reply to the taunt.

Quanah continued the challenge. "You say you have the medicine from the Great Spirit, long-tongued one. You say you can fly into the clouds, Coyote's Rectum. If you do, we will believe you and follow you against the whites."

Esa-tai's face churned in anger. Not a brave stirred. Quanah's voice cracked like prairie lightning.

"Fly, Esa-tai. We are waiting."

The medicine bag dropped from the hand of the shaman. Quanah spoke again: "Or is it, Messenger of the Great Spirit, that coyotes have rectums but no wings?"

"White devil!" Esa-tai screamed as he leaped a Quanah.

Their bodies clinched, rolled on the ground, locked in that life-or-death wrestle of the Comanches called the *piti*. No warrior might intervene between a pair of foes. Only the victor could grant life to the vanquished.

The two strained and grappled, each trying to obtain the choking arm hold that could leave one of them lying dead on the ground. Quanah's sudden surge of strength began ebbing away; blood began gushing from the wound in his temple. Esa-tai's face gloated with anticipation as Quanah's breath came in short, spasmodic jerks.

The medicine man slipped his left arm under the neck of his weakened opponent. Now for the quick strangling motion that would rid him of Quanah Parker. But, in his haste, he moved an inch to the right, freeing Quanah's right leg. With his waning last reserve, Quanah Parker threw a crashing blow into the groin of the charlatan.

Esa-tai shrilled in agony. Quanah pushed his opponent off his pain-wracked body. As the medicine man stumbled and stood erect, Quanah's left leg sprang upward to give Esa-tai a sound kick in the rump.

Esa-tai reeled forward. A Cheyenne called "Hippy" swung at him with a quirt. Other Indians also produced whips. They lashed the discredited Messenger of the Great Spirits on legs and backside until his blood oozed to the ground in a gushing stream.

Esa-tai finally managed to break through the gauntlet of quirts. Howling and sobbing, he fled toward the bushes of Bent's Creek. There, he rolled over and over, like a stricken animal, in a patch of mud. The Great Spirit probably didn't listen to his laments.

Quanah took command. "We will return home now, silly children," he said. "You will listen to your fathers and brothers and learn their wisdom. They will forgive you. But first they will punish you."

Every young warrior knew what that punishment would be—worse beatings than the one they had inflicted on Esa-tai for leading them into trouble, floggings with quirts and buffalo thongs and bundles of switches from cottonwood trees, whippings that would continue day after day, week after week, till the Quahadi council decided that punishment had been ample.

On the morning of July 29th, a scout from Adobe Walls found that the Indians had vanished. In the night, they had slipped away carrying Esa-tai, whose punishment would be systematic torture stopping just short of death. Later, Dixon would claim that he had thrown the Indians into confusion by killing a chief with a rifle shot fired at the preposterous distance of 1538 yards. Thus began the whole extravagant legend of Adobe Walls, with the Comanches having no written language to tell their side of the story. And who, in that boastful age of the Caucasian conquerors, would have believed it anyhow?

But the battle did bring to a close the Comanche warfare that had raged in the Southwest for more than 150 years. Twelve months after Adobe Walls, Quanah Parker led his wives, his children and his warriors to the tribal reservation in the Wichita Mountains of Indian Territory.

Just 34 years after that overblown affair at a frontier trading post, the white settlers and the red tribes of Oklahoma and Indian Territories combined to form the bi-racial state of Oklahoma. Comanches were able to carry their responsibilities as citizens, because Chief Quanah Parker, who had led them in war, also helped guide them toward civilization.

He was the most honored Indian in the Southwest, when he died in 1912—one year before Esa-tai went on to account to the Great Spirit for his lies and trickery. Quanah, Texas, a thriving town, is named for him. Not far from his resting place near Lawton, Oklahoma, lie the transferred remains of Cynthia Ann Parker, his mother. The old Comanches say that you can see their spirits riding together on great Spanish ponies, if you look in the right places on the right hills. ●

DISAPPEARING GOLD

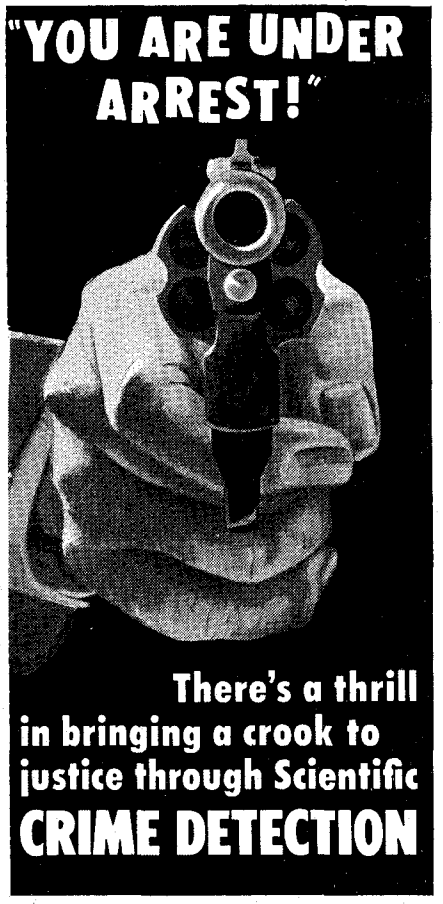
(Continued from page 41)

had doubted that he would obtain the needed permission to dig for the hoard, but he determined to try it anyway.

From what Allen had told Cottrell, there had been no construction of any kind at the spot where the outlaw had secreted the bags. It was Cottrell's hope that he might be able to locate the hiding place in an hour or so, with the government's permission—and if, of course, Allen's story was accurate.

To his surprise, Cottrell got permission to hunt for the money at the spot in question. On January 27, 1937, Cottrell went to the post, accompanied by M. S. Nevell and W. R. Blake, to make his search. With a military policeman on watch, Cottrell dug a four-foot hole ten feet south of the well's site. Then, he dug another such hole six feet north of the well. There was no sign of the buckskin sacks.

This should not have been too surprising. The area had been filled in with excess material and soil to build up the terrain. Even the old well had been bulldozed in. The only visible trace of it was some limestone rock in a circular formation on part of the gravel floor in garage 631. About three feet of the south circular segment of the well was exposed outside the building.



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Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and list of Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. No salesman will call.

Name.....

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City.....State.....Age.....

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The southwest corner of the garage sits almost over the center of the well. Today, the section of the well inside the government garage cannot be seen at all because of a concrete floor. The well was originally about eight feet in diameter.

The garage is located a short distance southwest of the site of the old trading post. The historic marker for the trading post is at the intersection of McBride and Cureton Avenues, not far from the old stone guardhouse and museum in Fort Sill.

Cottrell left the government grounds, saying that he would return in about six weeks with the equipment needed to locate the precise spot where the six buckskin bags were hidden.

HIS SEARCH, HOWEVER, was not resumed for more than three years. Sickness and family troubles kept forcing him to put it off, as he revealed in a series of letters to Sergeant Swett during this long interval. Then, in 1940, finding himself still unwell, he decided to send a substitute to Fort Sill to carry on the search for him.

He explained the situation to Sergeant Swett in a letter:

> September 23, 1940
>
> Dear Sir: Am writing you concerning the well proposition there and am recommending Mr. Van Webb to you. I have lost my health and am unable to travel. He will finish my job there. I will appreciate anything you can do on showing him in regard to this.
>
> He has proper instruments to work with. Any help you can give him will be appreciated.
>
> G. W. Cottrell

When Van Webb arrived in Fort Sill and contacted Morris Swett, he was informed that he would not be allowed to dig because of lack of proper identification. The Post Commandant advised him that only Cottrell had permission to dig, subject now to some added provisos:

The digging would have to be performed under the supervision of the Post Provost Marshal. Any treasure found would have to be turned over to the Commandant for safekeeping until instructions from the War Department and Department of Justice released it to Cottrell.

If the hoard was found, the government would have to hold it for a year so that bonafide claimants would have the opportunity to prove ownership of it.

In October of 1940, Cottrell, now recovered, his wife, Van Webb, and Mrs. Edna Crowder of Texas arrived at Fort Sill to search for the outlaw loot.

The search "equipment" they brought with them proved rather unusual. Shown the spot where the treasure was believed buried, Webb produced a divining rod, and Mrs. Crowder an earth mirror and a crystal ball.

These implements, it was hoped, would be attracted to metal and "see" the gold and silver in the buried sacks.

After about ten long strenuous minutes of effort, they seemed satisfied that the stolen stagecoach loot wasn't there at all. Webb demonstrated the accuracy of his rod by placing a gold watch, then a silver coin below it, which attracted the rod, pulling it downward. Mrs. Crowder claimed the mirror and crystal ball could actually penetrate the earth; therefore, she would see the treasure if it was buried there.

She said the mirror and crystal ball had been mined, ground and polished in India. They both claimed to have located some gold, recently, on the Washita River, between Tishomingo and Madill, Oklahoma, that had been buried by the Spaniards. They declared the gold was in five sacks, and that marks on the bars indicated that they were mined at the lost mines of the Arkansas.

Cottrell, his wife, and the others left Fort Sill and never returned. Perhaps Cottrell just became disgusted and decided to discontinue his search. Who really knows? He had once asserted to Morris Swett, because of his faithful cooperation: "If I find that treasure, you and I are going to be rich."

For more than 22 years, the black soil in which the treasure lies in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, has been left undisturbed. Almost every day, sightseers visit the site where the old Post Traders' Store once stood. How many realize that only a few feet away may be a fortune in buried treasure? ●

THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

of the Rockies could come out with such fine stories and pictures, as your first issue dated March, 1964.

Am not quite 60 yet but lived in a sod house in Western Kansas when I was 4. Shook hands with Buffalo Bill when I was 7. Worked on a ranch in Okla. Rode steers in Wild West shows through the New England States and twice at Madison Square Garden in New York City. We rode our horses down Broadway to the City Hall and got to shake hands with Jimmy Walker and Mayor La Guardia.

At present am working at Lockheed Missile here in Sunnyvale, which is just about the extreme of occupations, after riding steers.

Best of luck to your new magazine and hope to see it on the newsstands for many years.

Sincerely,
Perry G. Powers
P.O. Box 151
Sunnyvale, Calif.

LIKES MAGAZINE BUT NOT COVER

Dear Mr. Grayson:

After looking at the cover of THE WEST, I would never have bought it had it not been the first issue. Anyway, I took it home, read it and sat thinking about it afterwards. Except for a cover that no one would desire were it not wrapped around some of the best western Americana published in years, your magazine could truly be called an outstanding production.

Your most magnificent stories were Kid Curry, Olive Oatman, Wild Bill Hickok, The Dream That Spanned the Prairies, Chief Satanta, and the Pueblo Massacre.

Your other stories? Bah! They were under par, so I only rated them as excellent.

Seriously, I have seen many Western mags and most of them no longer exist. Your material rates equal and better (in my opinion) with the other top Western mags available.

Your stories aren't written boringly, as much of nonfiction seems to be. They are interesting and alive with color and with the wonderful photos that accompany them.

Since I am only 18, my opinion may not mean much to you, but I swear I will be one of your first fans and also a life-long one.

Thanks for such an inspiring mag on the old West.

Sincerely,
Gary D. Woolley
4877 Benton Street
Denver, Colorado 80212

These are only a few, very few of the flood of letters we have received praising the magazine. Did we get letters not complimentary? We got two about a mistake we made about David Crockett and Jim Bowie, and another about our cover. We got letters from readers who didn't like the magazine, but not many.

DODGE CITY HUMOR

Dear Editor:

I was delighted with the first issue of THE WEST. It certainly is tops as a Western magazine. All the stories were exciting and far better written than most Western copy.. Of course, the story that intrigued me was the one about humor in Dodge City.

My grandfather lived in Dodge during those hectic days, and as a child I listened to his tales of those wild days. He didn't tell so much about shootings and killings and I got the impression from him that all this has been greatly exaggerated. His stories were mostly about the humor and the practical jokes everybody played on everybody else. Reading Fred Harrison's story on Dodge was like hearing my grandfather tell his stories again.

Grandad said one of the favorite jokes around the livery stables was putting what Granddad called "Devil's Itch" on a pony just before a cowboy would ride him out. The cowboy usually found himself sprawled on the ground within a few minutes. Mr. Harrison refers to this in connection with preachers, but it was a more common joke than that.

The king of all practical jokers in Dodge, according to Granddad, was Bat Masterson. Hardly a day passed that Bat didn't pull some crazy joke. His greatest one came when the good ladies of the town offered a prize for the most beautiful baby. The prize of one hundred dollars went to the baby that had the most votes, and the votes were obtained by buying tickets for the Ladies' Aid Society benefit.

When the day of awarding arrived, excitement ran high among the ladies and mothers of Dodge. There was ill-concealed amazement when it was announced that Baby Doe won the prize. All eyes turned to see who the parents of this baby were. They saw Bat Masterson walk down the aisle of the church carrying a baby and with Bat was the mother—a sister of sin in a brothel across the deadline.

The ladies of Dodge didn't speak to Bat for weeks, but Dodge roared with laughter at the joke Bat and the boys in the gambling places, who had bought the tickets,

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played on the mothers. Yes, life was exciting in Dodge City and practical jokes the order of the day, much more so than killings.

Best of luck to your magazine.

Mrs. Ruth Biddle,
General Delivery
Leavenworth, Kansas

LIKED HICKOK STORY

Dear Editor:

Hurray for that article on Wild Bill Hickok. This is the first time the real truth about Wild Bill and his mysterious marriage has been told. I have done a lot of research on Wild Bill and must admit that in almost every detail your facts bear out exactly what I found in reading the Cheyenne newspapers, the records of the Kansas Historical Society, and other data. I was interested in your bringing out the story of Indian Annie, one of Wild Bill's wives. I first ran across this in a news story in the December 8th, 1938 issue of the *Abilene (Kansas) Chronicle*. I was intrigued enough to go to Ellsworth and got the story of Indian Annie and Wild Bill and her son from the old timers.

I even went to Cheyenne to check on Wild Bill there, and I found exactly what Charles Johnson had in his article. I must say that this article is a sample of fine research and accurate reporting.

Your magazine is one of the best Westerns I have read.

Yours truly,
Marino S. Stephens
3236 Clubhouse Rd.
Merrick, New York

DIDN'T LIKE HICKOK STORY

Dear Sir,

A few days ago I bought your new magazine THE WEST at my favorite newsstand. I cannot resist any book or magazine about the Old West. The new magazine is excellent in many ways—the colored pictures on the covers are both attractive and appealing to the eye. The paper is of good quality, the type and printing clear and distinct. This all helps to make reading a pleasure. Your pictures, too, are clear in detail, many of them never seen before in any Western paper back. Most of the articles and stories in your first issue are interesting and well written, with one exception.

I refer to the story "The Strange Marriage of Wild Bill Hickok" by one Charles J. Jonson. Wild Bill was born in Troy Grove, Ill., so in 1876 he was in his 39th year, not 36 as Jonson states. Then he tells of one Indian Annie who lived with Wild Bill in Ellsworth, and to add a little spicy drama—they had a son, who died when he was 14 years old. Had this really happened Hickok's detractors (and there are plenty of them) would have repeated the story thousands of times during the last 80 years. Only once in the past 40 years have I heard about this Indian Annie, and that was in a fictional Western magazine, many years ago. Then the description by one Thomas Hooker—and I quote, "When he was in Cheyenne he was on his last legs—had begun as they say to slow down." Somewhere along the line Jonson got all mixed up, those same words exactly were written by William F. Hooker in his reminiscences of early days in Cheyenne (The Prairie Schooner). There are more inaccuracies about Wild Bill during the time he served as marshall in Abilene and Hays City. But, 300 words is the limit the Editor tells us, so more of Hickok in some future issue, what do you say Milt.

Best Wishes to all the staff—for giving us a good magazine.

Yours truly,
E. C. Knight
134, St. Davids Road,
St. Catharines,
Ontario, Canada

Suggest you check the Abilene and Ellsworth newspapers, and if possible, take a trip to Ellsworth. You will find that Indian Annie was not a fictional character. ●

MARTYRS OF ROUND MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 26)

commander was a week-old trail leading in a northwesterly direction.

Through the five days the Creeks had been on the move, Opothleyohola had kept runners going back and forth in order to keep abreast of Cooper's movements. Cooper was following, and Opothleyohola, in his buggy and with an escort about him large enough to leave glaring evidence, eluded him with all the cleverness of a fox. He would tarry, perhaps circle, retrace his steps as though in panic, and then, when Cooper was assured and ready to spring the trap, the Creeks would have vanished as if in thin air.

The days passed, and Opothleyohola enjoyed his little cat and mouse game. He was a man of keen wit, deeply intelligent, and feasted mentally on the frustration he was heaping on his foe. He was confident help would march out of Kanasa, for he had sent runners ahead to inform the Union soldiers that the Creeks were on the march.

THEN, ON NOVEMBER 19th, fate decided it was time for Cooper to score; two of Opothleyohola's runners did not make it back to report. Cooper captured them and wrested the information from them that a portion of Opothleyohola's party was near the Red Fork of the Arkansas River, on their route towards Walnut Creek. There, a fort was being constructed where Opothleyohola thought they would be safe in the event that aid from Kansas did not come.

Cooper crossed the Red Fork and saw camp smoke and Opothleyohola's scouts posted at various points. He ordered Quayle and his detachment to charge. Again, nothing, only a deserted camp, and the Confederate's temper slipped another notch. It should have been easy, but now what? They proceeded in an aimless trot and beyond the camp spied other Creek scouts. Spurs made quick and sharp contact with horse flanks, and the startled animals tore ahead in a wild gallop.

Quayle pursued for four miles, and the scouts disappeared into the timber skirting a creek. Still, Quayle would not give up, and those tired men in dusty gray found themselves outnumbered and outmaneuvered by Creeks. Unwittingly, he had pur-

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sued into the very heart of Opothleyohola's force; but he rallied his men and they formed quickly, and succeeeded for a short while to make a stand.

They were being outflanked and they were forced to retreat. They fled in haste, stumbling over rocks and thorny brush. Four troopers and one officer were killed, and one man severely wounded, and horses were shot out from under many. They hid themselves behind a rock, a bush, whatever was available, and waited for reinforcements. This was that detachment's first taste of Indian warfare. Indians, unseen, but seeing. If a trooper raised his head, a cracking rifle from an apparently invisible enemy told him he was being watched.

The sound of the firing was heard at the position of the main body of Confederates, and the Choctaw and Chickasaw regiment was formed and ordered to advance. Once on the scene, they faltered in the face of a seemingly insurmountable force. They rallied and formed, but their stand was as short-lived as had been that of the Texan detachment. They were forced to retreat, and all the while the Creeks kept up a steady fire; and the Confederates occupied with retreat could answer with only haphazard shots.

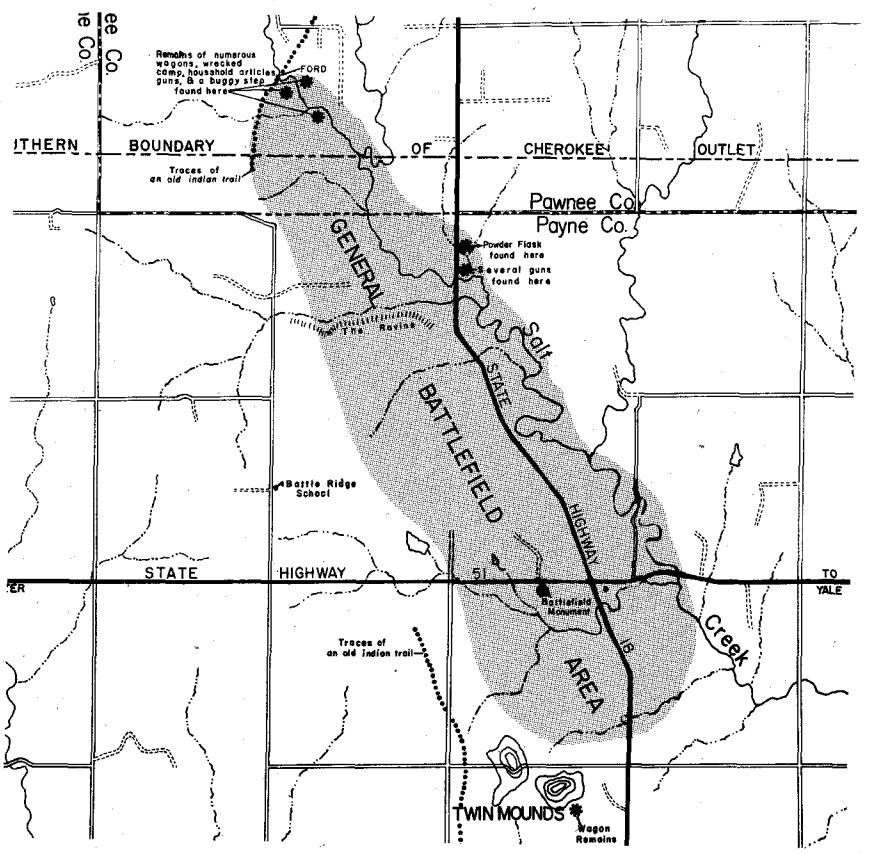
Cooper was pressing rapidly forward with the Creek and Seminole battalion, and when he arrived his first order was to hold fire. He wanted to survey the situation and plan a strategy, but Opothleyohola's men advanced steadily. Cooper asked for a volunteer to accompany him in an attempt to negotiate with Opothleyohola. Lieutenant-Colonel James Bourland of Texas galloped up with a smart salute. Together they rode forward with a white flag and called out, "Any Texans there?" The Creeks answered with crackling rifles. Cooper and Bourland managed to dodge the bullets and retreat quickly. Again they ventured with flag in hand, but Opothleyohola was in no mood to negotiate. He was going to get his people to Kansas, and nothing would stop him.

Cooper flung the flag aside. He was a patient man, but patience could be pushed just so far. He had tried to make a peaceful settlement with Opothleyohola and had failed. Cooper advanced, and with full force forming. Choctaws and Chickasaws came into line and steadily held their positions. A brisk fire was opened up by companies I and K, then companies D, E, and G, each successively taking positions.

It was dusk, night fell, and still the battle raged. Rifles cracked and moans of the injured and dying answered. Blood ran like a river between the trees and down the rocks. Children cried, mothers screamed. Old men tried to do their share but their doddering efforts hindered rather than helped. Finally, Opothleyohola decided the odds were against him in this battle. Over a hundred of his people had been killed and many more wounded, judging by the moans of anguish that came to his ear.

His warriors attempted to run for it, hoping the darkness would enable them to make good their escape. Wagons, ponies, supplies, utensils, all the precious possessions collected for months, were left scattered behind, even the chief's buggy.

Opothleyohola's loss was twelve wagons of supplies and a good part of the livestock that young Creek boys had patiently rounded up and driven so proudly. The supplies were not all that Cooper gained. A large number of prisoners, mostly women and children, were taken. Husbands were separated from wives, mothers from children. That first encounter had ended decidedly in Cooper's favor, with six men killed, three severely and one slightly wounded, and one missing.



The shaded portion of map shows the general area where the fighting took place.

Courtesy B. B. Chapman

ON AND ON, Opothleyohola pressed his people, across the Arkansas and northward along Bird Creek. By a smaller stream which joined Bird Creek, Opothleyohola called a halt. Whether or not Cooper was pursuing, his people had to rest. There, in the high caving banks which the Creeks called Chu-sto-Talasah, he allowed them to encamp.

Cooper was pursuing, and soon the Creeks found themselves the defenders against a savage attack. Quickly, Opothleyohola pressed his warriors forward, posting them on the steep banks which he was counting on to provide protection from the scaling assailants. However, Cooper was determined; his men found two or three narrow paths going up and several of them got into camp before the Creek men could stop them.

Pandemonium broke loose when the Confederates attempted to burn the wagons. The women determined that they would not. One woman leaned out of her wagon and saw a trooper approaching with lighted firebrand in hand. She grabbed her hominy pestle and waited, then she leaned out and crashed it down on his head. She screamed and a score of other females answered and came running, wielding heavy pestles. They spread out along the paths where the enemy was coming up, and they managed to hold the paths, striking down a horse or man, whichever head they saw first. Their pestles proved deadly weapons, made from trees four inches in diameter and about twelve inches in length. They pounded heads, right and left, as they had pounded corn into hominy.

The Confederates were beaten off, but the Creeks had lost five hundred or more. Once again Opothleyohola gathered up his people and they resumed the painful journey up Bird Creek to Hominey, to Shustenalah Waterfall. Most of their ammunition was gone. Fortunately, so was Cooper's and he drew away, but sent word to Colonel James McIntosh to come from Arkansas on the double.

It was at Shustenalah, on December 26th, that the Arkansas forces found them. Opothleyohola quickly formed a fighting force and sent the rest of his people on with the wagons. Behind the shelter of rocks and trees, the sorely beleaguered Creeks and Seminoles managed until their last bullet was gone. Then, those who were able fled, and the Arkansas troops did not pursue.

The worst blow was yet to come. Stand Watié and his Cherokee regiment arrived and they pursued, charging down on that wagon train of helpless people, killing them mercilessly, butchering women and children. Some of the Creeks managed to escape, fleeing into the woods, and there was not time to gather clothes or food. It was slaughter, and from it Stand Waité and his Cherokees rode triumphantly away.

The wind was icy out of the north, and December 27th brought a demonic snow storm, and Opothleyohola pushed his people on, traveling all night and the next day without halting to rest, with bleeding feet leaving a crimson trail. Mothers watched helplessly as their children died. The old struggled on, slow step after slow step, until they dropped and had to be left to perish in the snow. The warriors who had escaped did what they could, but they had so little to do it with, managing to carry a child, a woman, or surrendering their ponies to others who needed them more. In that howling storm, with a bitter north wind enveloping them, women gave birth, without shelter or covering, and they got up and struggled on, only to have their naked newborn infants die in their arms. The sick and feeble, the dead and dying were left to provide a meal for hungry wolves.

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As Opothleyohola stumbled on, helped by his sons, he saw that the country had been laid waste. Indian settlements and towns, where formerly a contented and prosperous people had lived, were ruined and destroyed. Blackened chimneys, rubble piles, and yawning cellars were the mementoes left by troops in gray, pitiable reminders to Opothleyohola of what once had been.

A short moon ago all had been serene, the land beautiful to the eye; and there had been great clapboard houses in which warm hospitality and gracious living had been the pattern—until this bitter year. In a plantation or small farm, there had been the Indian, and he had called a one-room cabin home, and a scrappy corn patch had been his garden. In the doorway, he had lounged in lazy content, around him his children had played, and in the corn perhaps, a lean pig or two had rooted.

IN THE MIDDLE OF January, Opothleyohola's unhappy band of refugees reached a point on the Verdigris River in Kansas, the first arrivals numbering about thirty-five hundred. Many more continued to straggle in, for members of various tribes had been driven from their homes in Indian Territory. Even there, at the end of their journey there was no food or shelter, for the Union forces had no means to cope with this mass arrival of humans reduced to a common level of destitution. Their suffering was more than Opothleyohola could bear. It was the crowning agony, after the travails of their march.

"To this I have brought my people," he thought, seeing the shreds of clothing which did not conceal their nakedness. Had not he brought them to an even worse quagmire of destruction? Would it not have been better to submit to the Confederates, rather than this? This suffering humanity had left homes with personal effects of almost inestimable value. Opothleyohola, the remorseful chief, went about them, exhorting them to be brave as they struggled to make shelters for themselves of pieces of cloth, old quilts, handkerchiefs, aprons, any bit of material, stretched upon sticks and providing such inadequate covering that the emaciated and the dying forms beneath them were still exposed to the driving snow and howling wind.

In a like shelter, his own daughter was dying, in the last stages of consumption. The surgeons moved about the people as did Opothleyohola, and he watched as hundreds of frosted limbs were amputated. But the children . . .

To Opothleyohola, they were the ultimate heartbreak, their plight the saddest of all. Those inquisitive eager boys who had helped to gather the cattle, who had wondered at the butchering, at the pork being cooked down, who had started out driving the herds, proud of the task assigned them.

"Why, Opothleyohola?" they had asked, and he had thought he was taking them out of danger's path. "Why are we going? Where are we going, Opothleyohola?"

To this? "No, never this," he whispered as he looked up and saw one of his former strong warriors. In his arms was his son, a child of eight, and both of his feet were gone, only blackened gangrenous stumps remained. Big Deer was the father's name, and on the crippled son he held in his arms he had bestowed the hopeful name, Running Deer.

Opothleyohola turned his head, and on the ground lying about him were more of his precious Creek children, whose frosted limbs awaited the surgeon's knife.

Through that bitter winter, Opothleyohola, seemingly indestructible, moved about his people, going without, denying himself, giving his rations to others; and in the spring he lay on a thin mattress of hay on a dirt floor, and one thin blanket covered his wasted body. He had no more strength to give, his once powerful frame and iron will were only echoes. He looked up at his granddaughter who was urging a few spoonfuls of soup.

"No," he whispered. "No more."

He saw his old companion of many battles, Haley Tustenuggee, bending over him and he whispered, "I charge you, my friend, look to my people—the children most of all—"

Tustenuggee nodded, and he waited, watching the shallow rise and fall of Opothleyohola's chest. Presently the long wasted frame was stilled. Then Tustenuggee arose and took a brand from the fire and held the burning end to the earthen floor until the smoke died. He turned to Opothleyohola's family that had gathered.

"That is all," Tustenuggee eaid softly. "Your father has joined his ancestors. The wise one, the watchful chief is no more." ●

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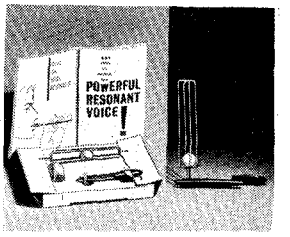

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HOME OF THE BRAVES

(Continued from page 27)

Not so with the Indian tepee. Putting up a tepee is simple. The framework consists of three to four poles lashed together near the top or hooked together by interlocking crotches. The lower ends of the poles are pulled apart, forming a circle, and more poles are laid against this. Skins are stretched over this framework, leaving a hole at the top, which provides perfect ventilation, and a fire can be burning in the center of the floor space of the tepee without the occupants being smoked out.

The Plains Indians improved this system of ventilation by adding two flaps on either side of the smoke hole. These were called "ears." By moving them with the wind, ventilation was greatly improved. If it was desired to close the smoke hole, the "ears" would be pulled together.

It is generally believed that the tepee was first used in the Arctic to keep out the cold. Nevertheless, the tepee with its ventilation was a cool tent in the summer, unlike our tents which are usually intolerable under the direct rays of a summer sun. A section of the tepee could be lifted at the bottom so an air movement could come into play. Heated by the sun on the sides of the tepee, the air rose to the smoke hole, pushed up by cool air currents flowing up from the ground.

In the winter, the sides of the tepee were covered with earth, and snow was banked high on the sides. This kept all cold drafts out. Inside, with the controlled ventilation through the single smoke hole (a unique engineering feat the white man never accomplished), the interior of the tepee was snug and warm, and the ventilation through the smoke hole provided a constant supply of fresh and clean air.

The fire was never permitted to go out. The Indians never had a roaring fire so hot you couldn't get near it. They kept their fire at a uniform heat, which gave far more comfort than the roaring fire. The ventilation through the smoke hole, controlled by the "ears," provided a constant flow of fresh air in the interior of the tepee. Old-timers who spent nights in the tepees in the coldest weather said they were amazingly comfortable.

In the early days, before the advent of the horse, the tepee had to be small because carrying the poles on a travois drawn by the squaws was a job. But, with the coming of the horse, the piles could be transported with ease, and the tepees increased in size. The number of poles grew from 14 to 26, with two front poles to control the "ear" at the smoke hole. The size of the tepee was increased from 16 to 30 feet in diameter for the floor. This larger tepee could comfortably take care of a number of persons and often was used as a council room.

All cooking in the winter was done in the interior of the tepee, over the smoldering fire. So the Indian in his tepee didn't fare badly during the below-zero weather. Probably he was warmer than most of us in steam heated apartments. At least, he had no steam furnace to go wrong on a Saturday. As for food, his cooking was done over the fire that never went out. In this pot was boiled whatever fresh game he was able to get. If there was no fresh game, there was always jerky (dried buffalo meat) and pemmican (crushed buffalo dried meat and bone). And there was always corn, crushed between rocks, for the flour to make bread.

Maybe the winter months were monotonous for the Indian, but certainly in his tepee he suffered no hardships. ●

HOW EUREKA GOT ITSELF A JAIL

(Continued from page 43)

The mob stripped him and daubed the tar on every part of his body. Shredded paper was then worked into the black mess and he was set free.

"Don't ever come back to Eureka, rapist," the mob howled.

Paroni walked down the rutted road, suddenly being able to free his hands. But, when he saw the angry mob still watching, he stumbled on. They had almost set fire to the tar that first time; what would they do if he came back?

Paroni gashed his foot on a sharp rock, and his pace slowed. The winter winds cut through the air, chilling him to the vitals. He couldn't see and was sick with hurt and anger at being thus treated for a crime he didn't commit. But he had no choice. Paroni suddenly realized he no longer felt the cold winter winds. He was feeling warm.

"I'm freezing to death," he muttered. "I must have help."

Paroni stumbled on, struggling to find some shelter with real warmth that would save him. Then he staggered around a bend and the yellow lights of a house blinked at him. A man, Barney Cook, heard his weak cries and ran to his aid.

With a warm bath, some of the tar scraped from his bones, food and rest, Paroni rapidly regained his strength. In a couple of days, he borrowed clothes from Cook, then belted on a gun.

"I'm going back to Eureka," he said grimly. "I didn't do anything and damned if I will run from anyone."

Cook shook his head, partly in admiration of a man ready to face death again.

But Paroni's courage paid off. The Eurekans realized they had done wrong and vindicated Paroni, who later was elected County Commissioner. The real rapist was never found. It is likely he left the area when he saw what treatment was accorded a man innocent of the crime. What would they do to the man who was guilty?

Eureka was far from mature, but the town had settled down some with two big companies, the Richmond and the Eureka Con., mining and milling most all of the ore in the area. Everyone considered that Eureka was finally a part of the outside world when it became linked with the Central Pacific Railroad, 90 miles to the north, over the short line Eureka & Palisade Railroad. The "Slim Princess" chuffed along the line, carrying ores, passengers and not a few gamblers, who fleeced anyone foolish enough to play their games. Close cooperation between railroad detectives and judges resulted in high bail and return of all winnings to the victims. It was enough to cool off the train sharpers most of the time.

BUT EUREKA STILL had trouble with its criminal elements because it lacked a jail. Major Dennis, the town's lawman, wanted a jail where he could keep toughs, killers and others under lock and key. But the County Commissioners (then in Austin about 60 miles away) just weren't sure that Eureka was going to last, and didn't want to spend any money on such foolishness. Eureka suffered this indignity until fate lent a helping hand.

One of the County Commissioners, a Mr. Jackson, drove his rig, heavily laden with barley, from Austin to Eureka. Arriving late at night, Jackson pulled out his bed roll and spread it beneath the wagon and went to sleep. Major Dennis heard that Jackson was in town, and saw his opportunity. Late that night, Major Dennis located two thugs he knew would do what he wanted.

"You go down there and steal four sacks of barley," Major Dennis instructed. "Bring 'em back to me, and I'll see that all charges are dropped against you."

It was a good deal, and the bags of barley were stored away in Dennis' house without disturbing Mr. Jackson. But he was wild with rage when he discovered the theft next morning.

"What kind of a town is Eureka?" he wailed. "Stealing my barley while I sleep."

"Well, you see, sir," Major Dennis replied slowly. "We have something of a crime problem here that can't be controlled without a jail. These thugs can run loose, even after they have been convicted. We can't be hauling them over to Austin every day, you know."

Commissioner Jackson stormed out, sold the rest of his barley before leaving town and considered himself lucky that he still had a team of horses to pull his rig. But did he? While he was having a last drink, someone picked up the team and led them away. Jackson hired two horses and whipped them all the way back to Austin. He couldn't wait to call a meeting of his fellow commissioners to tell them of the criminal way he had been treated in Eureka. Their first move was to vote funds for a jail, and curiously enough there was a dispatch rider to carry the news to Major Dennis ". . . to begin work immediately."

Curiously, too, Jackson's team of horses and missing sacks of barley were "found" and returned to him on his next inspection trip into Eureka—to see how the jail was coming along.

DEATH IN THE streets wasn't the only ill fortune that plagued Eureka. There were fires that swept through the town, causing many residents to rebuild with brick, one reason why many historic buildings remain today. Floods, too, swept down canyon, ripping up houses, roads and everything else in sight. It was in the best interests of frontier journalism that the *Sentinel* reported the news, without missing an issue.

When, in 1873, a devastating fire gutted the plant, nothing was saved but a few galleys of legal notices. But an edition of sorts was out later that day, carrying the required notices and what news they could print with the damaged and melted type. In a flood the next year, the equipment was saved and it was a soggy *Sentinel* that appeared, but it made the streets in the best tradition of the press.

The red hand of fire reached down for another gulp of Eureka, on the night of April 19, 1879, when a small fire started in Bigelow's Opera House, and quickly

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spread out of control.

Mountain winds whistled a song of death as they spread the flames from building to building, and when the fire had burned itself out by next morning only three major buildings remained in the fire gutted section of the boom town. One was the fireproof stone building which housed the newspaper's printing plant, but its editorial offices had disappeared in the holocaust.

Though the equipment and plant building remained, the walls had been heated to oven temperature by the inferno which had raged on both sides all during the night. Even the windows still smoked, and the type was almost too hot to pick from the case. Printers, some using gloves, swathed themselves in wet blankets and set type until the heat was unbearable. They would then have cold water sloshed over themselves and resume their job. Others were trying to gradually cool down the composing stones, the chases and the press, slowly enough so that these wouldn't crack and break and become entirely unusable. At length, the last page was locked up and placed on the flat bed of the press. And the *Sentinel* began to roll, its motive power being one small Chinese boy who turned the crank which revolved the press's drum. Time after time, changes had to be made in the crews until the edition was run. That issue wasn't an artistic delight, but it was certainly a testimonial to the courage and determination of the frontier newspapermen.

Natural catastrophe struck both above and below ground, but the men who dared to work the mines needed something more than just skill to save themselves from the inherent dangers of being a miner.

When values began to pinch out, Bill Bennett was eager to explore an underground shaft he had driven into a previously unknown cave. The tunnel was steep and the underfooting loose and rolling, and the roof was composed of the same treacherous material.

There was a rumble, followed by a sharp crack, and the rock began to fall in upon Bill Bennett as a pocket of gravel, larger than a scoop shovel, dropped onto the flooring.

Bill was trapped; a cave was ahead and an impenetrable wall behind him. Fortunately, the gravel stopped falling and boulders blocked the way just before the tunnel was entirely filled. At least it gave him some air space in which to breathe. His miner's candle gave him some comfort, but Bill realized that help would have to come from above. Perhaps far, far above.

Maybe that's the way it was. because miners investigating another section of the underground cavern inadvertently broke through into the chamber which held Bill trapped, and he was saved, scarcely worse for the experience.

The tale of Eureka is barely told because it still thrives as a stockman's center in central Nevada. Thousands of tourists stop to inspect the myriads of mementoes left behind, including the graves which almost circle the town. Perhaps, as someone said, Eureka's future lies out that way (towards the graveyards), but it seems more likely that Eureka will endure. Already it has survived boom, bust, fire and flood. Tourists are welcome, after that. ●

THE APACHES—GREATEST SCOUTS

(Continued from page 37)

of distress. The Apache is an eminently religious person, and the more deviltry he plans the more pronounced does his piety become.

THE RATE OF SPEED attained by the Apaches in marching is about an even four miles an hour on foot, or not quite fast enough to make a horse trot. They keep this up for about fifteen miles, at the end of which distance, if water be encountered and no enemy be sighted, they congregate in bands of from ten to fifteen each, hide in some convenient ravine, sit down, smoke cigarettes, chat and joke, and stretch out in the sunlight.

If they want to make a little fire, they kindle one with matches, if they happen to have any with them; if not, a rapid twirl, between the palms, of a hard round stick fitting into a circular hole in another stick of softer fiber will bring fire in from eight to forty-five seconds. The scouts by this time have painted their faces, daubing them with red ochre, deer's blood, or the juice of roasted mescal. The object of this is protection from wind and sun, as well as distinctive ornamentation.

When the command reaches camp, these restless, untiring nomads built in a thrice all kinds of rude shelters. Those that had the Army "dog tents" put them up on frameworks of willow or cottonwood saplings; others, less fortunate, improvised domiciles of branches covered with grass, or of stones and boards covered with gunny sacks.

Before these were finished, smoke curled gracefully toward the sky from crackling embers, in front of which, transfixed on wooden spits, were heads, hearts, and livers of several of the victims of the afternoon's chase. Another addition to the *spolia opima* was a cotton-tailed rabbit, run down by these fleet-footed Bedouins of the Southwest. Turkeys and quail are caught in the same manner.

Meanwhile, a couple of scouts would be making bread, the light, thin *tortillas* of the Mexicans, baked quickly in a pan, and not bad eating. Others would be fraternally occupied in preparing their beds for the night. Grass was pulled by handfuls, laid upon the ground, and covered with one blanket, another serving as cover.

These Indians, with scarcely an exception, sleep with their feet pointed toward little fires, which they claim are warm, while the big ones built by the American soldiers are so hot that they drive people away from them, and, besides, attract the attention of a lurking enemy.

At the foot of this bed, an Apache would be playing on a home-made fiddle, fabricated from the stalk of the mescal, or American aloe. This fiddle has four strings, and emits a sound like the wail of a cat with its tail caught in a fence. But the noble red man likes the music, which, perhaps after all is not so very much inferior to that of Wagner.

The cooking was by this time ended, and the savages, with genuine hospitality, invited the Americans near them to join in the feast. It was not conducive to appetite to glance at dirty paws tearing bread and meat into fragments; yet the meat thus cooked was tender and juicy, the bread not bad, and the coffee strong and fairly

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well made. The Apaches squatting nearest to the American guests felt it incumbent upon them to explain everything as the meal progressed. They said this (pointing to the coffee) is *Tu-dishishn* (black water), and that *Zigosti* (bread).

The Apache dreads surprise. It is his own favorite mode of destroying an enemy, and, knowing what he himself can do, he ascribes to his foe—no matter how insignificant his numbers—the same daring, recklessness, agility, and subtlety possessed by himself. These Indian scouts will march thirty-five or forty miles in a day on foot, crossing wide stretches of waterless plains under a fierce tropical sun, or climb up the precipitous mountains which stretch across this region in every direction.

The two great points of superiority of the native or savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country, and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances.

Though the rays of the sun pour down from the zenith, or the scorching sirocco blow from the south, the Apache scout trudges along as unconcerned as he was when the cold rain or snow of winter chilled his white comrade to the marrow.

He finds food, and pretty good food, too, where the Caucasian would starve. Knowing the habits of wild animals from his earliest youth, he can catch turkeys, quail, rabbits, doves, or field mice, and perhaps a prairie dog or two, to supply him with meat. For some reason, he cannot be induced to touch fish: and bacon or any other product of the hog is eaten only under duress; but the flesh of a horse, mule, or jackass, which has dropped exhausted on the march and has been left to die on the trail, is a delicious morsel which the Apache epicure seizes upon wherever possible.

The stunted oak, growing on the mountain flanks, furnishes acorns; the Spanish bayonet, a fruit that when roasted in the ashes of a campfire, looks and tastes something like the banana. The whole region of Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico is matted with varieties of the cactus, nearly everyone of which is called upon for its tribute of fruit or seed. The broad leaves and stalks of the century plant—called mescal—are roasted between hot stones, and the product is rich in saccharine matter and extremely pleasant to the taste. The wild potato and the bulb of the tule are found in the damp mountain meadows; and the nest of the ground bee is raided remorselessly for its little store of honey.

Sunflower seeds, when ground fine, are rich and nutritious. Walnuts grow in the deep ravines, and strawberries in favorable locations; in the proper season these, with the seeds of wild grasses and wild pumpkins, the gum of the mesquite, or the sweet, soft inner bark of the pine, play their part in staving off the pangs of hunger.

THE ABOVE ARE MERELY a few of the resources of the Apache scout when separated from the main command. When his moccasins give out on a long march over the sharp rocks of the mountains or the cutting sands of the plains, a few hours' rest sees him equipped with a new pair—his own handiwork—and so with other portions of his raiment. He is never without awl, needle, thread, or sinew, brought up from infancy to the knowledge and use of arms—at first the bow and arrow, and later on the rifle—he is perfectly at home with his weapons; and knowing from past experience how important they are for his preservation, he takes much better care of them than does the white soldier out of garrison.

He does not read the newspapers, but the great book of nature is open to his perusal, and has been drained of much knowledge which his palefaced brother would be glad to acquire. Every track in the trail, mark in the grass, scratch on the bark of a tree, explains itself to the untutored Apache. He can tell to an hour, almost, when the man or animal making them passed by; and like a hound, will keep on the scent until he catches up with the object of his pursuit.

In the presence of strangers, the Apache soldier is sedate and taciturn. Seated around his little apology for a campfire, in the communion of his fellows, he becomes vivacious and conversational. He is obedient to authority, but will not brook the restraint which, under our notions of discipline, change men into machines. He makes an excellent sentinel, and not a single instance can be adduced of property having been stolen from or by an Apache on guard.

He has the peculiarity, noticed among so many savage tribes in various parts of the world, of not caring to give his true name to a stranger; if asked for it, he will either give a wrong one or remain mute and let a comrade answer for him. This rule does not apply where he had been dubbed with a sobriquet by the white soldiers. In such case, he will respond promptly, and tell the inquirer that he is

The Apache scouts, although they were issued uniforms, preferred their own native garb while out on a mission.

Courtesy Bureau of Ethnology

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"Stumpy," "Tom Thumb," "Bill," "Humpy Sam," or "One-Eyed Reilly," as the case may be. But there is no such exception in regard to the dead. Their names are never mentioned, even by the wailing friends who loudly chant their virtues.

Approaching the enemy, his vigilance is a curious thing to witness. He avoids appearing suddenly upon the crest of a hill, knowing that his figure, projected against the sky, can at such times be discerned from a great distance.

He will carefully bind around his brow a sheaf of grass, or some other foliage, and, thus disguised, crawl like a snake to the summit and carefully peer about, taking in with his keen black eyes the details of the country with a rapidity and thoroughness the American or European can never acquire.

In battle, he is again the antithesis of the Caucasian. The Apache has no false ideas about courage; he would prefer to skulk like the coyote for hours, and then kill his enemy or capture his herd, rather than, by injudicious exposure, receive a wound, fatal or otherwise. But he is no coward; on the contrary, he is entitled to rank among the bravest.

The precautions taken for his safety prove that he is an exceptionally skillful soldier. His first duty under fire is to jump for a rock, bush, or hole, from which no enemy can drive him except with loss of life or blood.

The white Army of the old West was a much better body of officers and men than a critical and censorious public gave it credit for being. It represented intelligence of a high order, and a spirit of devotion to duty worthy of unbounded praise; but it did not represent the acuteness of the savage races. It could not follow the trail like a dog on the scent. It was brave and well-disciplined, but its members could not tramp or ride, as the case may be, from forty to seventy-five miles in a day, without water, under a burning sun. No civilized army can do that. But the Apache scout can, though he is no military genius. In his own area, he is the greatest. ●

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A CROSS TO COURAGE

(Continued from page 33)

accompanied by one Portuguese, Andreas Docampo, a Negro named Thomas Lucas, and Andrea Sebastian, a half breed. To guide them to Quivira were several Indians who had accompanied Coronado. It wasn't until early Spring of 1543 that Father Padilla and his three companions, with the Indian guides, left Bernalillo, on the river above what is now Alburquerque, advancing in a northeasterly direction until they came to Quivira. The center of this legendary land was believed to be where Junction City, Kansas, is now standing. Coronado had erected a cross in the Smoky Hill Valley, near the spot, and Father Padilla and his companions arrived safely and were greeted by friendly Indians.

What happened next is wrapped in a certain amount of mystery. The most credited theory is that Father Padilla, after having success with the Quivirans, decided to visit other tribes. This, according to authorities, would have been a serious mistake because of the suspicious and jealous nature of the Indians. This was learned later by the missionaries who went West. They found that a missionary, well treated by one tribe, would always be regarded with suspicion if he went to another tribe. The Indians regarded the missionary who attained influence with his people with great reverence, and also believed that the good he brought to them departed when he left.

A pile of stones on a hill, outside the town of Council Grove, Kansas, contributes to the legend that Father Padilla left the Quivirans for another tribe. Council Grove is about 35 miles east of Junction City, and was the center of the Escansaque Nation. Juan de Oñate gave them that name, which in Spanish means the troublesome people. Later, they were known as the Kansa Indians and, later than that, the Kaws. It was in 1601 that Juan de Oñate went among them, and at that time they were the hereditary enemies of the Quivira (Pawnees). There is no evidence, only an assumption, that the Escansaque Indians were in and around Council Grove in 1543.

BUT TO RETURN to that pile of rocks. When the first white men crossed the prairies and came to the valley of the headwaters of the Neosho River, where Council Grove stands, they saw a strange looking pile of rocks on the top of a hill. Scholars, probing the mystery of Father Padilla's death, have long believed that this pile of rocks, made in the form of a monument, marked the grave of Father Padilla.

To back up their claim, they have the writings of the Spaniard, Castenada:

> "A friar named Juan de Padilla remained in this province (Quivira), together with a Spanish Portuguese and a Negro and a half blood and some Indians from the province of Capothan (Capetlan), in New Spain. They (the Quivirans) killed the friar because he wanted to go to the province of Guas, who were their enemies. The Spaniard-Portuguese escaped by taking flight on a mare, and afterwards reached New Spain, coming out by the way Panunco. The Indians from New Spain who accompanied the friar were allowed by the murderers to bury him, and then they followed the Portuguese-Spaniard and joined him. This Portuguese was named Campo." (14th Annual Report Bureau of Ethnology, page 529.)

It is the contention of those who believe that this rock mounment marks Padilla's burial ground that the friar decided to find other Indians to convert, and quite naturally journeyed down the valley of the headwaters of the Neosho River. This would have taken him to Council Grove where the Quivirans, out of jealousy, killed him.

The statement of Castenada that the Quivirans allowed the two men with Father Padilla to bury him accounts for the stone monument. After burying the friar in the ground, rocks were piled high to protect his grave. Another argument in their favor is that the Kansas or Kaws always regarded this monument of stones as sacred to the memory of some great white medicine man.

Andreas Docampo, the Portuguese, and the Negro Lucas, and the half breed Sebastian wandered for several years, and there is no record of these wanderings or what they may have told the authorities. We do know from Gomara's writings (Bureau of

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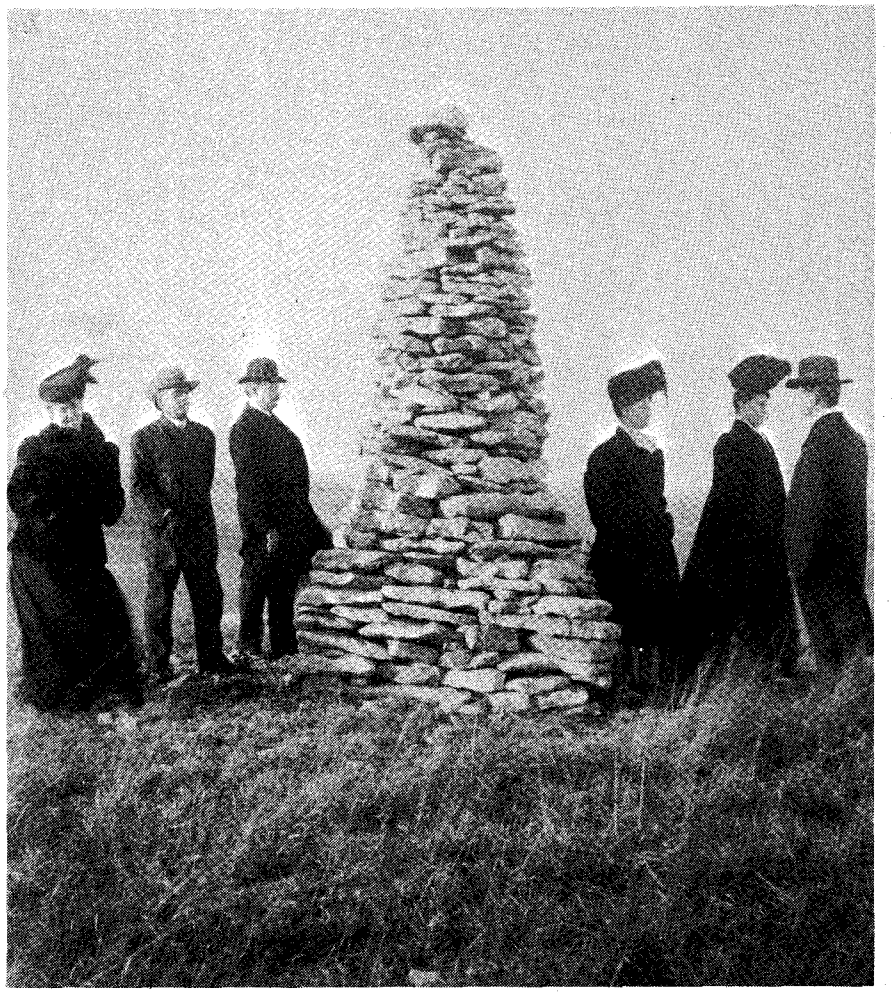
Ethnology, vol. 14, page 401) that they were in Tampico in 1552. Sebastian died in that year. Docampo disappeared, leaving no trace, and Lucas became a missionary to the natives of New Mexico.

Whatever detailed report they gave on the murder of Father Padilla was undoubtedly among the old Spanish records in the attic of the governor's mansion in Santa Fe which were sold for junk. However, we do have two records of Spanish writings that escaped the junk sale and which throw a little light on what happened to Father Padilla.

Mota Padilla left this fragmentary account of the expedition of Father Padilla to Quivira:

> He reached Quivira and prostrated himself at the feet of the cross, which he found in the same place where he had set it up; and all around it was clean, as he had charged them to keep it, which rejoiced him, and then he began the duties of a teacher and apostle of that people, and finding them teachable and well disposed, his heart burned within him, and it seemed to him that the number of souls in that village was only a small offering to God, and he sought to enlarge the bosom of our Mother, the Holy Church, that she might receive all those he was told were to be found at greater distances. He left Quivira, attended by a small company, against the will of the village Indians, who loved him as their father.
>
> At more than a day's journey the Indians met him on the war path, and knowing the evil intent of those barbarians, he (Father Padilla) asked the Portuguese that as he was on horse back, he should flee and take under his protection the oblates and the lads who could thus run away and escape . . . And the blessed father, kneeling down, offered up his life, which he had sacrificed for the winning of souls to God, attaining the ardent longings of his soul, the felicity of being killed by the arrows of those Indians, who threw him into a pit, covering his body with innumerable stones . . . It is said the Indians had gone out to murder the blessed father in order to steal the ornaments and it was remembered that at his death were seen great prodigies, as it were the earth flooded, globes of fire, comets and obscuration of the sun." (Mota Padilla, cap. XXXIII, secs. 8, 9, and 10, page 17, quoted by Winship in 14th Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 535-536)

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



The first whites to cross the prairies and reach the valley of the headwaters of the Neosho River saw a strange pile of rocks on a hilltop. Scholars, studying fragmentary accounts, decided that the rocks mark Father Padilla's actual grave.

General H. H. Davis, in his *Conquest of New Mexico*, page 231, quotes from an old Spanish document in Santa Fe. It gives practically the same information as the fragmentary account of Mota Padilla.

Unfortunately, these are the only Spanish records we have on the murder of Father Padilla. Where this heroic father was murdered is a moot question in Kansas. The town of Herington, some 20 miles west of Council Grove, has erected a monument to the slain priest in its town park, claiming that he was killed near there. Another monument has been erected in Junction City, and there are those who argue that the holy man was killed far south of Junction City, in the Cottonwood Valley, near the present town of Marion.

Where he was killed will probably always remain an open question, but the courage of this heroic missionary and priest can never be doubted. He was the forerunner of the march of civilization and Christianity across the Old West. ●

BUFFALO BILL'S SHADOW

(Continued from page 15)

charming and helpful. White displayed the breeding and chivalry of the old South. He had great respect for Cody, a Union volunteer, who had been his former enemy.

Jonathan White needed such a friend. The loss of the war and the end of a way of life, for which he had been groomed during the character moulding years, had left him with nothing to cling to, so he had drifted West in search of ideals, freedoms, and a fresh approach to human values. Bill Cody gave White such inspiration.

Bill Cody, the boy Indian fighter, pony express hero, buffalo hunting champion, and Army scout was, in his mid-twenties, already a well known personality. White was captivated by his record of achievement and by his dashing appearance.

Cody learned that Jonathan White was an excellent horseman, a fine shot, and a trained scout. With so much in common, the two men got on as comrades of the campfire.

White let his ash blond hair grow long like Cody's. He adopted the moustache and goatee, and even talked like Cody. White's features were pitted by pox that had left him unhandsome. He copied Cody in garb, walk, and mannerisms. People called him "Cody's shadow."

EARLY IN 1869, the commandant at Fort McPherson assigned Cody to a mission that called for secrecy of movements. Cody left the Post well after taps sounded, feeling sure no one was aware of his departure. When daylight came, he discovered he was being trailed by a rider. The fellow kept a mile behind him. When Cody rode hard, the other man also rode hard; when Cody pulled rein, the other stopped, too. Cody had many enemies and was always alert against ambush attacks, but this man's technique puzzled him. Cody topped a prairie hill, then hastily galloped around its base to come up behind the man trailing him. He was Jonathan White.

Cody demanded an explanation. White, red-faced with embarrassment, stated that Mrs. Cody feared for his safety when he rode alone, so White came along to protect him.

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Upon reaching their destination, Cody let White look after their mounts while he attended to official business. White was in the loft of a livery stable pushing down hay, when he heard the talk of men in a stall below. "We'll shoot him when he is taking a drink," one man remarked, as the two riders passed through the barn to its rear corral.

Jonathan White entered the tavern bar and sat down in a corner chair, left of the swinging street doors. Cody was visiting at the bar with an Army captain. Soon, two ruffians entered; and, observing that Cody's back was toward them, each drew a pistol.

"Drop those guns!" White commanded sharply, rising from his chair with his own pistol in firing position.

Cody reached for his shooter and pivoted at White's order.

The two would-be assassins were now between two weapons and let their guns fall on the sawdust floor. On closer inspection, White recognized the pair as the thieves that stole his four-horse team. They were turned over to the local sheriff.

White had saved Cody's life. After this incident, the two scouts were like blood brothers. On hunting trips, Cody let White ride his best horse, Buckskin Joe.

When General Phil Sheridan visited Fort Riley, Kansas, he asked for Cody's service. At the time, Cody was on another assignment. When White entered the orderly room, Sheridan said, "Who are you? I asked for Buffalo Bill."

White, garbed like Cody, said, "When Mr. Cody is away, I am Buffalo Bill."

"Like hell you are," Sheridan taunted. "*Buffalo chips* is more like it. Where you find buffalo you find chips."

Sheridan's satire spread over the Post. Much to White's embarrassment, the men dubbed him "Buffalo Chips" or "Chip White" from then on.

When Carr's Fifth Cavalry took the field against Chief Tall Bull and raiding Cheyennes in northern Kansas, Buffalo Bill and Chip White headed the column. In conflict, White displayed the courage of a soldier scout.

In the early seventies, Cody's fame was enhanced by Ned Buntline's campaign to make Buffalo Bill a star of stage productions back East. Bill Cody, a flamboyant extrovert, was an ideal subject for such ballyhoo.

Chip White remained in the West. He was inspired by Cody's publicity, and boasted of his association with Cody. He told tall yarns of how Cody and he performed heroic deeds. Some people thought he was envious of Cody's success; others believed he was fictionizing to gratify his own ego.

In 1874, General Custer and the Seventh Cavalry explored the Sioux-guarded Black Hills in Dakota country, and discovered gold in the gulches. This started a lawless rush of miners into the Black Hills, despite Indian opposition; and camps named Custer, Golden, Deadwood, and Crook City were established. Sioux resistance to such invasion brought on the campaign of 1876. Carr's Fifth Cavalry was ordered north for action. Carr sent for his top scout, Buffalo Bill. When Cody got off the train at Cheyenne, Wyoming, to join Carr's command at Fort Russell, he was met by Chip White. Cody, White, and California Joe advanced the regiment to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, to help hold Red Cloud's Oglalas and Spotted Tail's Brules under control.

After Custer's disaster, Carr was replaced by General Wesley Merritt, and the regiment was ordered to join Crook's striking force that was to take the Crazy Horse—Sitting Bull retreat trail. On July 17th, Merritt's outfit clashed with 800 Cheyennes under Chief Yellow Hand on War Bonnet Creek, in northwestern Nebraska. In this action, the disputed duel between Buffalo Bill and Yellow Hand was claimed to have taken place.

Whether Yellow Hand was killed in the duel or by the fire of troopers has long been a bone of historic contention. The fact is that such a duel was later exploited on the theatre stage, with Cody performing as the victorious hero. The duel story has become a part of the Buffalo Bill legend. Chip White was there with Cody and, according to one version of the affair, Yellow Hand might have been challenging White not Cody. This version (reported on p.150 of BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST by Sell and Waybright) states that Yellow Hand called out in Cheyenne tongue, saying, "Come on! Come on! White Long Hair". Whom did he mean? Cody's hair was dark. White's hair was ash-blond and he wore it long like a frontiersman, with moustache and goatee to match it.

Normally, White and Cody were garbed alike. On this occasion, Cody wore a red Mexican type jacket that was part of his showman wardrobe when he appeared in public in eastern cities. The jacket added glamour and gave him identification on sight. Chip White openly admired the gay coat and planned to own its duplicate some day. Cody wore the jacket while scouting.

General Crook sent Cody to Fort Laramie with dispatches, then released him from duty so he could resume his interrupted career. Before Cody and White parted, the former stripped off the gay, red jacket and presented it to White. Chip put it on with a show of pride and appreciation. The two scouts shook hands for the last time. Cody was destined to win honor and glory in show business, and Chip White was to fill a grave under Sioux-country sod.

THE WHOLE 1876 campaign had gone badly for General Crook. He had laid a great Indian-fighting record on the line, when he moved against the Sioux. Crazy Horse had forced him to make a tactical retreat from their mid-June encounter on Rosebud Creek, in Montana. Thus handicapped, Crook had failed to meet General Alfred Terry's army from the north at Custer's last stand. Consequently, Terry was ahead of him in pursuit of the Indian horde. Crook wanted to be there at the showdown fight with Crazy Horse. The delay in getting started on the vengeance quest had a goading effect on the general whom Indians called Gray Beard. Crook expected the enemy would choose the battle ground and that it would be some place favorable to the Indians. Crook was ready to fight any time, any place. Yet there was no stand made and few Indians were sighted by the scouts.

Chip White reported that, on occasions, a small trail would branch off from the main retreat route and head to the south. Did this indicate that the great concentration was breaking up as the Indians fled

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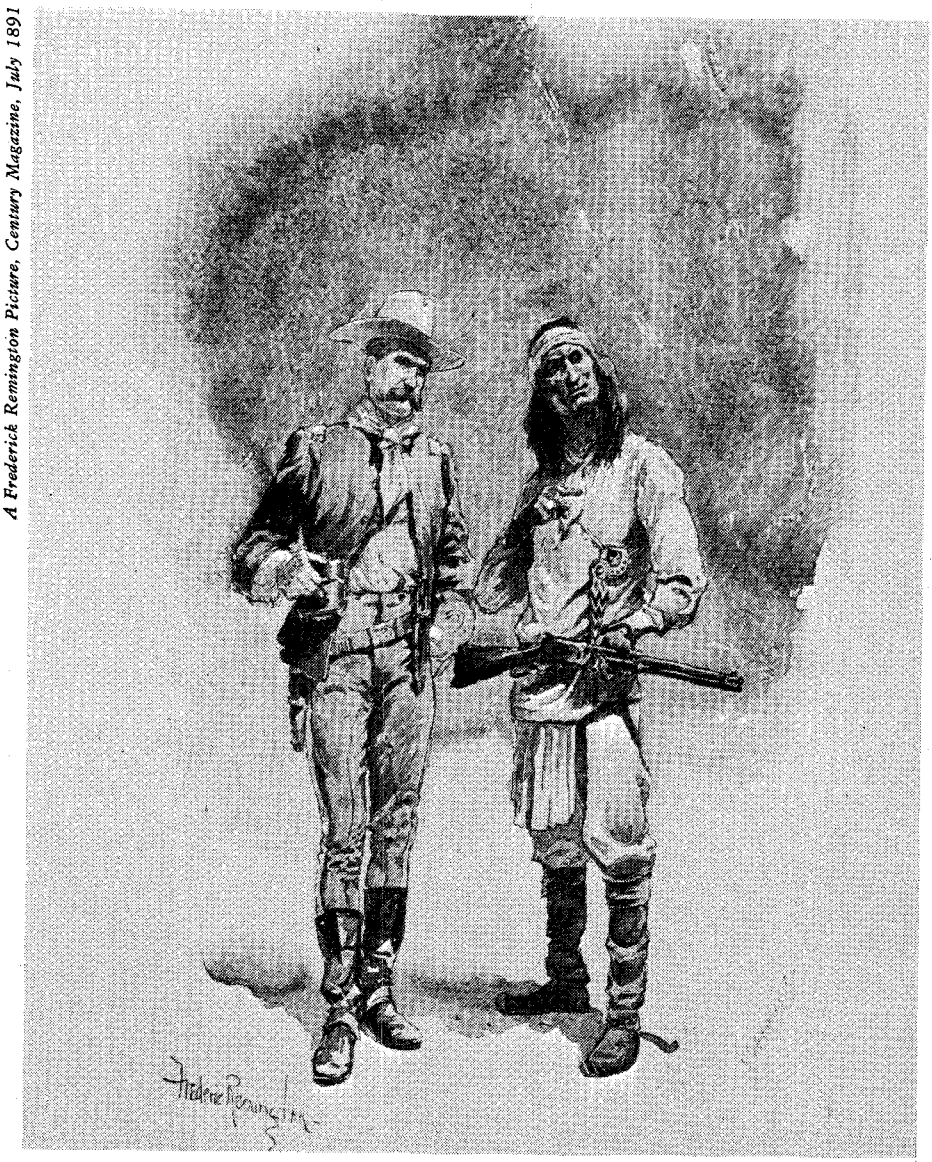
A Frederick Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891



Scouts were favorite subjects of Frederick Remington, great artist of the Old West.

eastward? Two weeks of pressured pursuit found Crook short of supplies, and men and animals becoming exhausted. Crook abandoned the trail to move down the Powder River to its junction with the Yellowstone. This was the point where dispatches promised that the steamer *Far West* would be waiting with supplies shipped up from Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri. The steamer was late.

Crook's force went into bivouac. The men bathed and washed their clothes in the river. Horses grazed to replenish strength, and scouts fanned out every morning to search for signs of the enemy who must be somewhere around.

Observing Ute and Shoshoni braves putting on warpaint, one day, Chip White learned that they had discovered a cloud of dust approaching and that it was fronted by a line of warriors. It was Crazy Horse.

Chip and Big Bat (Pourrier) were detailed to verify the report. When they left camp, bugles were blowing and there was the usual confusion as officers mustered their troops for defence. From a vantage point, White studied the skirmish line through binoculars. He saw a long-haired, buckskin rider charge through the Indian line and head toward Crook's position. "It's Captain Jack," White told Big Bat. Captain Jack, the poet scout, was guiding General Terry's command to the resupply point. He had seen the *Far West* coming up the river.

The two armies camped side by side while officers exchanged and discussed information. Terry had found the place where the main trail divided. One branch of it crossed the Yellowstone and was headed north; the other trail continued east. Terry planned to chase after Sitting Bull's followers who were racing for Canada. Crook, restocked for another fifteen days, was eager to pursue Crazy Horse.

With no showdown fight in the offiing, the Utes and Shoshoni chiefs ordered their warriors back to western reservations. Lacking scouts, General Terry loaned Captain Jack and a few Ree Indians to Crook's command. The Rees were well acquainted with Dakota country.

Returning to the trail, Crook's army proceeded eastward under full speed. The last week of August brought overcast skies and the cold drizzling rains of early fall. The downpour for days and nights turned prairie into bogs, churned trails into quagmires, caused dry creeks to flow and to become flood hazards. Men and animals suffered misery. Progress was slowed. Rations gave out and wet fuel made cook fires impossible. Hungry, weary, wet men slept where they huddled. A few days of this reduced horses to weakened skeletons, and men walked on faltering legs to relieve mounts of their burdens.

THERE WAS FEAR THAT Crook had been outwitted by Crazy Horse. The wild-goose chase had already taken the command beyond the point of return. When starvation and exhaustion caused the force to bog down in Dakota's prairie wilderness, Crazy Horse would strike. It would be a worse tragedy than that of the Little Big Horn massacre.

Chip White and other scouts worked under the most trying conditions. The Indians had driven the game out of the country. Starvation must be averted if possible. As packs became empty, Crook had the mules slaughtered for food. Hunger forced officers and men to subsist on it as coffee, sugar, and hardtack vanished. When cooking was possible, bacon was fried with horse steaks to modify its taste.

Chip White's mount got him trapped in a soggy clay bed. The suction of mud pulled the shoes off his horse. The farrier salvaged shoes from dead horses to supply the needs of animals on the march. Men leading their lame horses had their boots go to pieces. The troopers, who cursed heat and gnats days before, now shivered with chills and exhaustion. Colds were common, and horsemeat diet was producing scurvy. Indians ate raw cactus to offset it. Morale deteriorated rapidly.

Still, the drizzle kept up. Some troopers deserted in the night. Chip White found one of the missing men dead and scalped. Others, missing at morning report, were never seen again.

Rain and mud made travel difficult

White's gravestone on the Slim Buttes battlefield, in western South Dakota.

From Collection of Joe Koller

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From Collection of Joe Koller

The Indian bullet that killed White came from this tree and brush choked gulch.

for the enemy, too. They cast things aside to lighten their travel loads. Troopers pounced on a number of buffalo robes left behind. Their warmth offset their Indian stink. The Indians left most everything excepting food, and food was what the troopers craved most.

One forenoon, the prairie fog lifted and scouts sighted Indians. There was an exchange of shots as they hastened to take refuge in the fog bank again. Crook considered the Indians to be a rear guard. It aroused hope that the next day might force the Indians into a showdown fight. It was always the next day, and the next, but it never happened. The expedition reached the head of Heart River in Dakota Here, where there was wood, water, and grass. Crook called a halt. It was futile to struggle further.

The Ree Indians knew where they were now. In five days, a message could be taken to Fort Abraham Lincoln and loads of supplies could be brought to them. Crook sent Chip White with an Indian guide on this mission.

Chip White, anxious to distinguish himself, found Fort Lincoln, home of the Seventh Cavalry, deep in mourning. To their sorrow had been added the worry of Crook's fate. No word had been heard from him since he left the Yollowstone. The whole country feared another disaster had occurred. Soon, the telegraph was flashing the news that Crook's army had survived. Wagons were loaded to follow White back to the rest camp.

When Chip White sighted the location, he could not believe his eyes. The army in bivouac was gone. Not a man or horse was in sight. Signs showed Crook had traveled south. Directing the wagons to follow the trail, Chip White, on a new Fort Lincoln horse, pushed on south and discovered the command bogged down by exhaustion on the North Grand River, some 30 miles south. They could go no further.

According to Captain Jack, the move came three days after White left for Fort Lincoln. Frank Gruard, on scouting detail, had discovered a party of Indians that were headed south. Crook's officers wondered why? Since the start of their vengeance quest, a number of small branching-off trails had been seen along the route, all branching south. Why south?

The sketchy maps of the great Sioux Country showed that southward lay the fabulous Black Hills where thousands of miners had established camps around gold strike areas. Crook came to the sudden conclusion that it was Indian strategy to lure his army astray on the wild-goose chase, while their small bands regathered somewhere near the Black Hills and made an all-out attack on the invading miners. Such a massacre had to be averted. The unprotected mining camps had to be warned. Crook once more prodded his troopers into travel. They made it to the North Grand and no further.

The dispatches White carried included information that General Sheridan was sending a relief supply train to meet Crook in the Black Hills. If Crook's force were too used up to make it, the General was to try and obtain aid from the mining camps.

Crook had already taken such action. He had organized a special detachment to make a dash to Deadwood Gulch, 125 miles distant, to warn the miners of their danger. To achieve this force, the command had been robbed of its remaining best 150 horses. Fifteen select men were picked from each troop of the Third Cavalry, Frank Gruard and Big Bat detailed to scout the way, and Captain Anson Mills put in charge. The detachment was on its way.

Chip White saw the emergency rations vanish as fires were built and the food he brought in was doled out to hungry men. With the rain stopping, there came a rebound of hope and improved spirit. During the night of September 8th, Chip White, a light sleeper, heard a sentry challenge near by. A rider came into camp. Soon, a candle glowed in Crook's tent and officers were reporting to the General. The rider brought news that Frank Gruard had sighted an Indian village in the Slim Buttes, about thirty miles south of Crook's camp. Captain Mills planned to move in under cover of night and attack the village at dawn.

Men breakfasted as best they could in the darkness. The frontier soldiers, bedraggled by campaigning, fell in line for the forced march to meet and fight Crazy Horse. Those, who kept up the pace Crook set, arrived with him at eleven-thirty, the morning of the 9th.

The sunrise attack by Mills had stampeded the Indians. Their 37 lodges, stores and equipment, had been left behind. In the loot was a supply of food the troopers pounced on. A detail had captured the band's herd of ponies. They, too, would make food for Crook's force. The Indians had scattered and hidden. Guns were still cracking around the area. Mills did well to hold the camp until Crook's command arrived.

THE SLIM BUTTES were a range of wooded hogback hills running in a

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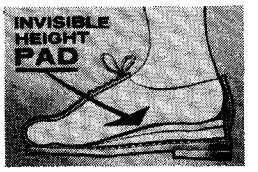

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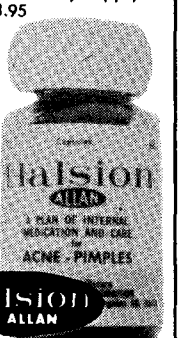

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north and south direction. They sheltered a basin of grassland that was grooved with gulches and rocky slopes. Indians, lying on the summit ridge, harassed the blue coats below with gunfire. One of the gulches, choked with underbrush, curved around the knoll on which the village had been stationed. Some of the startled Indians had taken refuge in this gulch. Others had escaped by following it out toward the prairie. Mills had posted guards to warn soldiers that this thicket-clumped gulch was a hazardous area to approach.

Crook took charge of the situation. A search of the buffalo-skin lodges retrieved soldier items and a guidon of the Seventh Cavalry. These Indians had been in Custer's battle. Crook ordered the camp burned. Like Mills, he surmised that the Indians had sent for help and more fighting was expected. Men were put to work digging rifle pits and building up protective barricades. The counterattack came about two o'clock. Hostiles swarmed in from all directions. It was later learned that the force was estimated at 3,000, with Crazy Horse rushing from another village in the area to lead the attacks. The fighting lasted all afternoon. Toward night, the Indians retreated, taking their dead and wounded with them. By the next day they had vanished.

Chip White moved toward the ridges with a bunch of sharpshooters to dislodge the snipers on the ridge. He fought from rock to rock and tree to tree, forcing the harassing snipers back and expanding the perimeter.

On his return, he learned of the sporadic firing that still came from the bush screened gulch. Big Bat had distinguished himself, so John Finerty, the *Chicago Times* correspondent, told White. Bat found a cave in the gulch. As he approached it, a warrior emerged from the cave with a rifle. Met by Bat's quick shooting, he staggered back into the hole. A shot from the cave wounded a soldier. A squad poured a fusillade into the cavern. There were no further return shots, but a child's cries were heard. Crook stopped the cave attack and had Big Bat, speaking in Sioux, order refugees to come out and surrender. Gray Beard, the white chief, promised them safety.

Eleven squaws, some with wounds, and some with children, came out trembling with fear. The big warrior whom Bat had shot in the belly tossed out his rifle. He emerged with hands held over the stomach wound. A surgeon declared his wound was beyond help. The big Indian died. Chip White, observing the warrior's decorative trappings, asked a squaw who this brave was. She said he was their great chief, American Horse. Chip entered the cave and found three dead squaws in it. The bush-clumped gulch still harbored hostiles.

Chip saw Private John Wenzal, Troop A, Third Cavalry, boldly walk up to the gulch and fire two shots into it's screening coverage. He fell dead before he could slide another cartridge into his carbine. White helped carry him back, and he was laid beside Sergeant Ed Glass, of Troop E, who had fallen in battle. Surgeons were patching up wounded. Lieutenant A. H. Von Luttwitz had a bullet-shattered knee and cried "No-no-no!" at the decision to amputate.

Chip White offered a wounded trooper his canteen. He drank, then passed it back, saying. "If I could walk, I'd get up on that rock, half-way up the ridge slope, and blast the Indians hiding in that gulch."

Chip White looked at the gulch bend and the rock above it. From that location one could view the refuge of the hostiles from an unrestricted point of view. The Slim Buttes battle had been so devoid of casualties on the army's side that risk was discounted as Chip White tried to distinguish himself.

"Where are you going, Chip?" Finerty called, as White started to crawl up the slope above the gulch's sharp bend.

White pointed to the rock half way up. Chip reached the rock without drawing gunfire from the exposed gulch. He turned around, sat down on the rock, and pointed his rifle toward the gulch.

"Look out, Chip. The devils will see you," Finerty called.

The warning came a split second too late. A rifle cracked in the thickets below. Chip White was seen to shudder. The rifle slid from his hands. Finerty heard him say, "My God, my God, boys, I'm done for this time!" He fell forward and rolled down the slope a few yards, dead.

When his body was recovered, the rain-faded jacket had a new red spot over White's heart. For a long time, the hostiles thought that actually they had killed Cody, of the red jacket.

The three casualties were buried beside the gulch, and an all-night fire built over the spot to hide its location.

Captain Anson Mills got to Deadwood and returned to meet Crook's horsemeat-eating troopers with a train of supplies. Crazy Horse did not attack the Black Hills camps, but returned to winter quarters in the Powder River country. Forty years later, General Anson Mills paid for a monument to mark the graves of Slim Butte's battle casualties, one of which was Jonathan (Chip) White, the man who wanted to be like Buffalo Bill. ●

BLACK RIVER OF THE DEAD

(Continued from page 13)

Tomor'rountikai, a solemn, grey-haired old man, clad only in breechclout and moccasins, embraced Jacob and welcomed the others to his village. From him they learned there was a trail to the river, but it had not been used in many years. They learned that the three who left the river, the year before, had been murdered by the Shivwits, a tribe of Indians living on a mountain thirty miles to the southwest. Tomorrow, the old chief said, a guide would show them the trail to the river, and a runner would go to invite the Shivwits to visit his village so the Major could learn why they had killed his men.

Major Powell wasn't convinced the information about what happened to the three was correct, but the Major did sense that, before they learned the real truth, they would have to face more dangers—seen and unseen.

THAT NIGHT, HAMBLIN and Powell sat around a blazing fire with the Uinkaret clan. The old chief was a *tugivi'nagunt*—story teller—of some renown, but it took some prodding by Hamblin and some biscuits, beef, and coffee from the Major's supplies to get him to hold a *tugivi'nai*. After they had eaten and the pipes were passed around, Tomor'rountikai held them spellbound, far into the night, as he related the legends of his people.

Early on the morning of September 17th, a young Indian, with a sack of food and a wickerwork water jug strapped to his back, jogged down the trail to the Shivwit village. A few minutes later, Hamblin, Powell and several men rode off to the south to find a route to the river. Their guide, "a blear-eyed, weazen-faced old man," was so wrinkled that Powell promptly dubbed him "the human pickle."

All day they followed the old Indian along a steep, treacherous trail that led down the mountain slopes, across lava beds, and along narrow, sloping shelves where a misstep would mean a 2,000-foot fall to the river below. Overhead, a blazing sun in a bright blue sky shone down on them and added to their discomfort. At noon, when both men and beasts were suffering from heat and thirst, their guide led them up a side canyon to a hole in the rocks that contained a few barrels of water. It was covered with a slimy green scum, and was so full of "loathsome wiggling larvae, with huge black heads," that even the horses refused to drink.

A few miles beyond the waterpocket, the trail led along a steep, narrow, sloping rock shelf. It was impossible to take the horses any farther and extremely dangerous for the men to go on.

"No human can ever scale that wall," Hamblin said. "If you start and get caught by darkness, you won't have a chance to get up or down."

Major Powell shook his head. His stubbornness always came to the fore, when faced with what seemed like an impossible feat. "Take the blankets and saddles off the mules," he ordered. "Hobble them in that open space and let the men rest a while."

The men got little rest before Major Pewell ordered them to start along the dangerous ledge. The little Indian led the way, picking his steps with the surefootedness of a mountain goat. The white men weren't that surefooted, and, as they got further along the ledge, it became narrower. Below them was the canyon, hardly visible to the eye. A misstep or a sliding stone would send them to their death.

Then darkness came, in that strange and freakish way it often does in that country. Normally, at that time of the year, there would have been several hours of daylight. A bank of black clouds seemed to pop over the side of the mountain and blot the sun out, and Major Powell and his men were in Stygian blackness, unable to take a step forward without the danger of being hurled to their death.

They clung there, the white men and the little Indian, unable to move in any direction, helpless on that narrow ledge. They knew they might hold on for an hour or more, but, after that, it would be hurtling through space to death, far below.

Then, suddenly, it happened, as if the heavens had opened up and a great ball of fire broke through the darkness. Only this ball of fire didn't come from above, but from the wider ledge many feet below.

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It was a raging fire that lit the darkness with the brightness of day.

The explanation of this ball of fire was simple. Captain Francis M. Bishop, expedition topographer, had gone ahead, while Major Powell and Hamblin were taking care of the mules and were resting with the men. Bishop had found a way to the river and, when darkness came suddenly, he gathered grass and twigs and wood and started the raging fire so those on the ledge could follow the path to the river. There they spread their blankets on a sandy beach and were lulled to sleep by the roaring river.

According to Powell's calculations, it was a 6,000-foot climb over a 20-mile trail to the Indian village, high on the side of the mountain. So, early next morning, undaunted by the narrow escape of the evening before, Major Powell selected a suitable place to cache food and equipment, and started the long climb out of the canyon.

It was noon when they reached the stagnant pool, filled with wiggling red larvae. The horses, having gone more than 30 hours without water, were crazed with thirst, and the men were hot and dry. A kettle full of the foul water was saved for coffee, and the rest given to the thirsty animals. When the pool was empty, the poor beasts were still far from satisfied. They refused to eat, milled around, and pawed and stomped the ground.

The men strained the larvae from the water they took, boiled it, skimmed off the slimy green scum, and added several handfuls of coffee. The strong brew still smelled and tasted like swamp water, but the hot liquid quenched their thirst, and they greedily gulped it down.

IT WAS LONG AFTER dark when they reached the Indian village. Next day, September 19th, they were so exhausted they stayed in camp and rested. The men were content to lie in the shade, but not the energetic Major. With Hamblin as his interpreter, he investigated every phase of village life.

He watched the women beat seeds of grass and other plants into baskets with woven willow fans. He saw them place the seeds and glowing coals on a willow tray and, by dexterously shaking and tossing, keep the coals aglow and the seeds and tray from burning. He listened to the chants and gossip of the old crones, as they sat on the ground with a large, flat rock between their legs, grinding the seeds into coarse flour. He noted with interest the curious baskets the squaws carried their infants in, studied their shelters, weapons, and methods of hunting and gathering food.

These Indians, he wrote with some satisfaction, "are more nearly in their primitive condition than any others with whom I am acquainted."

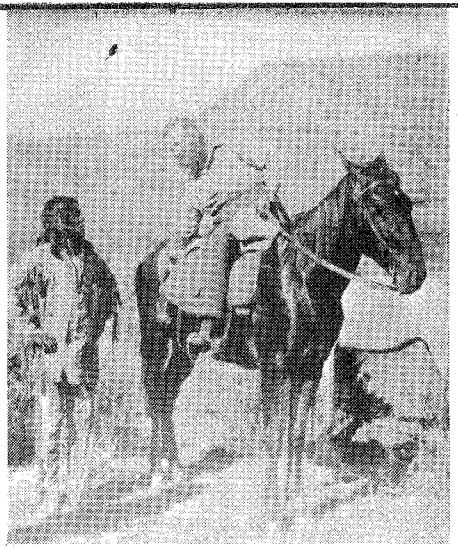
Late that afternoon, Major Powell and Hamblin noted a sudden change that came over the village. No longer did the Indian women sit outside their brush huts, pounding seed from weeds. They were not to be seen. Neither were the children who had been everywhere. Only a grim silence lay over the village. Even the dogs seemed to have gone into hiding.

"I don't like it," Hamblin said .

"Neither do I," Major Powell answered. "What has happened?"

"We'll know pretty soon," Hamblin said.

He was correct. Suddenly, the village was alive with moving and silent warriors. They were the Shivwits from the mountain village. All carried long spears, and they



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Major Powell with a friendly Indian.

advanced slowly toward Hamblin and Major Powell, their naked bodies glistening in the setting sun.

Hamblin spoke to them in their language. The warriors stopped advancing. One with a funny looking headdress walked toward Hamblin, spoke a few words, and Hamblin answered him. A long conversation followed.

Hamblin said to Major Powell: "These Shivwits have been sent to kill us and all white men with us. It seems that last year three white men killed one of their squaws. It could have been the three white men you're looking for. The Shivwits killed the three and swore to kill all white men who came into their country. So they have orders to kill us."

Major Powell started for his revolver. Hamblin grabbed his arm. "No shooting or we'll all die at once. Let me talk with this chief. I happen to know some warriors he knows. Maybe I can save our lives. This is our only hope."

Major Powell agreed, and waited while Hamblin conversed with the chief. This final danger, one that hadn't been foreseen seemed to Major Powell a climax to a journey that had been one danger after another, all to find three men who, there was now every reason to believe, had been killed by these same Indians.

Suddenly, the Shivwit chief with the funny looking headdress began to bow and dance around Hamblin, showing friendship. Hamblin said, "I guess we won't die this time. I told this chief about how I saved his people several years ago, and he remembered it and now we are all friends."

MAJOR POWELL HEAVED a sigh of relief, and, that night, he and Hamblin sat with the head men of the Shivwits and the Uinkaret villages around the council fire. Hamblin introduced the Major as Ka'purats (a Ute word meaning "arm off"). He told them Powell was a great warrior, that he knew no fear, and that he was the man who came down the Big River, the year before.

Powell, speaking through Hamblin, told the Indians he did not want their land; nor did he come to trade, kill or steal their women. He wanted only to learn

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about them, their country, and the plants that grew and the animals that lived there.

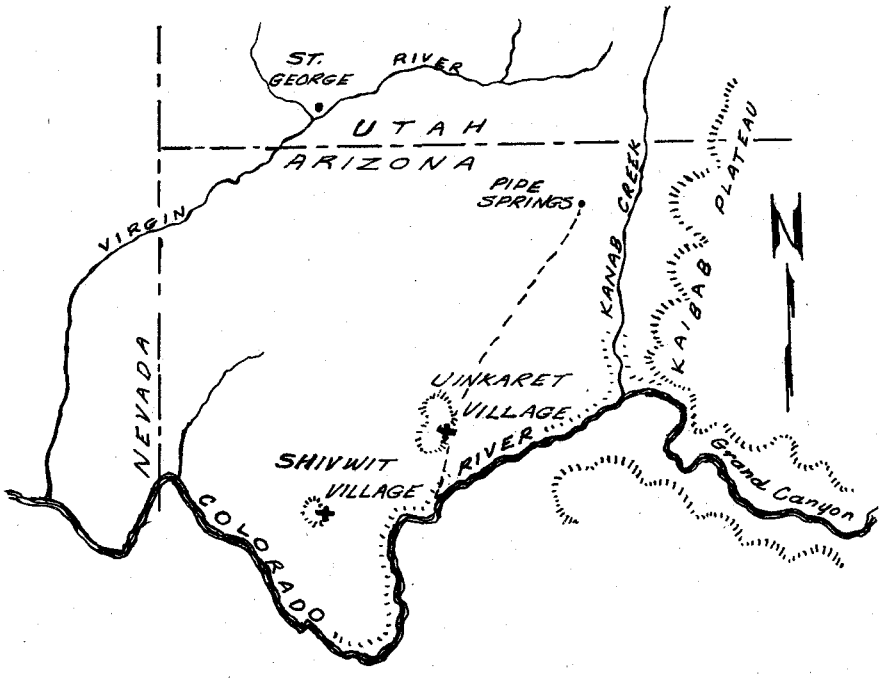
When the Major sat down, the chief of the Shivwit clan arose and spoke.

"Your talk is good," he said solemnly, "and we believe what you say. We believe in Jacob Hamblin. When you are hungry, you may have our game. You may gather our sweet fruits. We will give you food when you come to our land. We will show you the springs and you may drink: the water is good. We will be friends, and when you come we will be glad. We will tell the Indians who live on the other side of the great river that we have seen Ka'purats, and that he is the Indians' friend. We will tell them he is Jacob's friend.

"We are very poor. Look at our women and children; they are naked. We have no horses: we climb the rocks and our feet are sore. We live among the rocks and they yield little food and many thorns. When the cold moons come, our children are hungry. We have not much to give; you must not think us mean. You are wise; we have heard you tell strange things. We are ignorant.

"Last year we killed three white men. Bad men said they were our enemies. They told great lies. We thought them true. We were mad; it made us big fools. We are very sorry. Do not think of them; it is done, let us be friends. We are ignorant—like little children in understanding, compared with you. When we do wrong, do not you get mad and be like children too.

"When white men kill our people, we kill them. Then they kill more of us. It is not good. We hear that the white men are a great number. When they stop killing us, there will be no Indian left to bury the dead. We love our country; we know not other lands. We hear that other lands are better; we do not know. The pines sing and we are glad. Our children play in the warm sand; we hear them sing and we are glad. The seeds ripen and we have to eat, and we are glad. We do not want their good lands; we want our rocks and the great mountains where our fathers lived. We are very poor, we are very ignorant; but we are very honest. You have horses and many things. You are very wise; you have a good heart. We will be friends. Nothing more have I to say."



Major Powell's search for his three missing colleagues started at Pipe Springs.

It was after midnight when the chief finished. When he sat down, Powell presented a few trinkets, they shook hands all around, and the council broke up. As they started to their blankets, Hamblin stopped one of the Shivwits and, after a long conversation, learned that the men who had left the river the year before were almost dead from hunger, thirst and exhauston when they reached the Shivwit village. They were welcomed, fed and, after resting a day or two, given food, shown the trail to the settlements, and told where to find water along the way.

A short time after they left the village, an Indian from east of the river walked into camp. He scoffed at the idea that anyone could come down the river. The white men were, he told them, miners who came to his village a few days before and, while engaged in drunken revelry, killed a squaw. He was an angry, bitter man, and he continued his tirade until the Shivwits became enraged, followed the three white men, waited at a waterhole and filled them full of arrows.

The Major had his answer. It had been a senseless, cruel killing, but this was a hard, cruel land, and there was nothing to be gained by punishing these simple savages. ●

HORSELESS HIGHWAYMAN

(Continued from page 39)

swearing in his presence. Whether this piety was sincere or merely a gambit to get sprung, Governor Newton Booth unconditionally pardoned Dick on April 4, 1874, with less than half of his sentence served. Dick shook hands with all who would accept and merely blessed those whose hearts were still so calloused as to suspect a lack of good faith. But even the most cynical police officer seemed convinced when Dick failed to reappear on the police records for nearly two years.

BUT RUMORS OF A $240,000 gold shipment by Wells Fargo Company was enough to tempt a saint, and from that time Dick Fellows kept law officers in a state of migraine misery until he rode his last horse.

Hearing that David A. Hume, noted Wells Fargo detective was to ride shotgun on the run from Caliente into Los Angeles, Dick decided that a companion was necessary, and together they made plans for the monumental haul. Since his friend had a fine mount, Dick decided to assure himself of a tractable horse by hiring one from the livery stable. With the rendezvous point settled, Dick mounted the hired nag which its owner had described as the gentlest in the entire stable. Dick rode off with a note of confidence in his voice and reins in his hand. But sound judgment isn't idly called "horse sense." A few miles from town, the horse unseated Dick, pitching him into a roadside ditch. He lay stunned as the treasure coach swept by the ambush and continued on safely into Los Angeles.

Ruefully rubbing his head, Dick realized he would be the butt of ridicule if he met his friend with such a lame excuse; so he slipped back into Caliente, snitched a horse from the hitching rail in front of the Continental Saloon, and rode off to waylay the northbound stage which was supposed to arrive about nine that evening. Dick felt he just couldn't let the day go by without having accomplished something, especially after having bungled the $240,000 prize.

Dick glowed with pride when the later robbery seemed to come off as if a master had planned it. The driver pitched off the box, and disappeared in the dark. But Dick again had reckoned without the cussedness of a horse who was wiser than its master.

Wanting to make tracks from the robbery scene, Dick attempted to hoist the cumbersome box aboard the back of the horse. But his purloined steed, who had other ideas about being a beast of burden, reared and pushed both Dick and his treasure box in a heap, and took off.

Dick was speechless with rage, but manfully he shouldered the heavy, clumsy box, muttering to himself. In his blind rage, Dick blithely walked over a 20-foot railroad cut, the heavy box breaking his left leg. Damaged, dismayed, but still undaunted, he painfully dragged both himself and his precious treasure box for more than a mile before he finally came upon a railroad camp where he was able to steal a hatchet and smash open the box. Dick took out the $1,000, cached it in a hollow tree stump, cut himself some crude crutches, then hobbled into the railroad camp where he was able to get some hot food and a little rest. From the railroaders he learned of a small ranch about two miles away, and Dick couldn't wait to be on the road so he could filch another horse. For after all, Dick reasoned, what can a highwayman do without a horse?

Dick slipped into the barn without

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detection and, groping about in the darkness, typically chose the one horse which again spelled disaster. The day before, Dick's choice had dropped a shoe and its owner, lacking the proper fit, had nailed on a mule shoe. This shoe left a trail conspicuous as a muddy dog's on a white sheet. It was only a matter of hours before Dick was again in custody. Convicted, he was given eight years in San Quentin.

WHILE AWAITING transportation to prison, Dick was held in a crude shack in Bakersfield because the new jail had not yet been completed. Hume, who had made the capture, suggested a tight guard over Dick, but other officers scoffed. A lame prisoner escape? Impossible they said.

Dick agreed until he found he could pry up a floor plank, drop through to the ground and hobbled away. Since Dick eschewed the use of horses for several days, he made good his escape. But later, tired and tempted when he saw a grazing horse, Dick looped the horse, then walked along the Kern River until he could locate another ranch and steal a saddle. Leaving the horse for a moment, Dick went into the gloomy barn and quickly lifted a saddle from its peg. Hobbling back toward the horse, the saddle under his arm, he scared away the nag. Dick was on foot again. Almost grateful, he surrendered to the posse who gave him a horse which he could control since they held the reins.

The bungling bandit of California heard the doors of "Q" clang behind him for the second time, but he was released in May, 1881, after again making an exemplary record. Dick fervently vowed he had forsaken the primrose, if not the bridle, path.

For a time it seemed as though Dick meant to make good in an honest endeavor, however futile. Under an assumed name, he advertised for students to be taught Spanish, a language in which he had about as much facility as he had in handling horses. But, by July, he took up the reins of the highwayman again, ranging from one end of California to the other. Again Detective Hume was set on his trail; and, after a dozen more or less successful robberies were racked up, Hume had his man, although a Constable Burke, of Santa Clara, made the arrest.

Burke, a good officer but a fool for flattery, fell for Fellows' entreaties that they stop at the IXL Saloon in San Jose for a cup that cheers. Burke, listening to Fellows' glib talk, got stoned, and Dick had little trouble in clubbing him to the sidewalk and whisking away in the dark, handcuffs and all.

Even without the law's constant constable, the horse, Dick was collared within a few days ,and ensconced in an escape-proof jail while authorities decided who would try and convict him. Santa Barbara was finally given the nod, and Dick Fellows, now considered a habitual criminal, was sentenced to life in Folsom Prison, one of California's most obdurate pens. But the law moved slowly while final papers were being drawn; Dick, on April 2, 1882, overpowered an overconfident guard as he entered the maximum security cell.

In the best tradition of the theater, Dick yelled, "It's life or death for me now, and I'll have your revolver."

Get it he did, and scooted out of the jail like a turpentined cat. Dick kept running until he spotted a horse tethered in a small pasture. Though he had neither bridle nor saddle, that was of no consequence to a horseman of Dick's stature. Unfortunately, nature had again played a cruel trick on Dick. The horse was just recovering from a dinner of loco weed and was still plenty shook. Dick resolutely stepped aboard, and the horse just as quickly decked the hapless horseman. The pursuing jailors captured Dick Fellows without further struggle.

Before being taken to Folsom, where he died, Fellows wrote a letter to the editor of the *Santa Barbara Free Press* which had just published an editorial "It Don't (sic) Pay," dealing with Fellows' life of crime. His letter read, ". . . I most heartily concur in what you have to say. I would add that the same might be said of my unlawful calling. My unfortunate experience has thrown me into the society of thousands of lawbreakers in all walks of life, and in every instance the result is the same sad story. It don't pay in any sense."

While it must have pleased those few who had retained faith in Fellows to know that Dick was made a teacher in the Department of Moral Instruction at Folsom, there are others who might have raised their eyebrows at Dick's use of the phrase in his final letter ". . . has thrown me . . ."

Was he still thinking of horses, even then? ●

To protect its gold cargo from Fellows' gang, this wagon carried special guards.

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AMAZING PROFESSOR BUCKSHOT

(Continued from page 32)

respected most—Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and Thomas Paine, who had penned the Rights of Man.

As New Braunfels kept growing from fresh migrations from the old country, he helped the little community earn the distinction of being Texas' very first center of culture. His love of discussion made him take a leading part in the lyceum or open forum which many resented, because speakers so constantly attacked slavery. Later, he contributed his shaky alto to the local singing society, and scraped a violin in the municipal symphony orchestra that played Beethoven under the shady trees of the town plaza.

Holman bought more books—and the first Colt repeating revolver ever seen in New Braunfels. He demonstrated the superiority of the new weapon when a wandering badman was terrorizing the settlement with one of the old single-action models. The Professor cornered the gunman in the plaza. Three shots from his repeater clipped off three chunks of the badman's hide before the unwelcome visitor could get his pistol into action.

Settlers everywhere gabbed about Joe Holman—not for his book lore but for his trigger knack. Glory was a mantle which irked him as much as the name that Texans pinned on him.

Professor Buckshot. The nickname soured him on firearms so that he laid away his arsenal and went back to his library. When he wasn't bent over a book, he was collecting and classifying specimens of the native animals around him.

Six different species of squirrels that he identified in the Comal Valley meant more to him than all the sixty-odd techniques of gunfighting. Then, he heard that the younger German settlements, west of New Braunfels, were in danger of being wiped out by gangs of mounted cutthroats.

The year was 1847 when he rode forth again. Texas was now a state of the United States, and its admission had touched off the Mexican War, which found him above military age. The regular Ranger force had been incorporated into the Federal cavalry, now swashbuckling across Mexico. But Governor George T. Wood commissioned "Professor Buckshot" as a special Ranger without pay.

Holman found the neat little immigrant villages on the Guadalupe River demoralized and terror-stricken. Settlers had been stripped of their herds; many had been waylaid and robbed on the unguarded roads. Schoolhouses had been burned by badmen whose recreation was riding into towns and "rousting out the Dutch." Thieves and brigands, denned up in the Balcones Mountains, snapped their fingers at awkward German marshals.

Joe Holman, academician and crack shot, rallied his long-suffering countrymen to strike back. From men who had learned to shoot as conscripts in the Prussian army, he recruited a corps that was to become celebrated in the six-shooter annals of Texas as the German Rangers. Then he led them on their first assignment, to clear the public roads of highwaymen.

Holman gave orders that known bandits were to be shot on sight. Ten of them went down before the blasts of his command in ten days of whirlwind attack, and as many more, during the week of brisk mop-ups which followed. A scant half dozen, lucky to get off with wounds, were put in repair by German doctors before being shipped off to sweat at hard labor in the Texas penitentiary.

FOR SIX MONTHS, the scholarly lawman led his outfit in operations that never ceased, to the tune of shooting that seldom stopped. His force restored stage traffic between the Guadalupe settlements and San Antonio by annihilating several holdup gangs that had been stopping the coaches. Afterward, Holman posted a Ranger to "ride shotgun" on every one of the creaking box wagons.

Once, while riding alone, Holman ran smack into a band looting a caravan of freight wagons, bound across the hills from Houston. Spurring toward the gang, he opened fire with his .45. Two men, covering the drivers with rifles, toppled from their saddles. The rest wheeled on their horses to begin blasting at the solitary Ranger, but the diversion gave the freighters a chance to grab guns from their wagons.

They opened up on the bandits. Holman's Colt kept singing its accompaniment to the volleys which smashed at the highwaymen. The leader of the gang lashed his bronc through the melee to rein up, gun in hand, within a few feet of the Ranger.

He drew a quick bead on the lawman, and fired. The shot missed its mark just as a freighter's bullet severed the bridle of the leader's pony. The outlaw went hurtling over his mount's head to land on the road. For a moment he lay groaning, before raising himself painfully to aim the pistol still clutched tightly in his hand.

A shot from a freighter's carbine smashed through his skull.

The fight ended with all twelve of the bandits stretched on the ground. Half were ready for the undertaker, half for the doctor and sheriff.

A thick cloud of smoke enveloped the spot where Holman had reined up to give battle. The freighters strained their eyes to see if he was still alive. The gunpowder fog began trailing away. The figure of Professor Buckshot emerged.

His face was bleeding from bullet scratches; his buckskin shirt was ripped to tatters. But he was sitting firmly in his saddle. The men rushed toward him.

"Are you hurt bad, Professor?" somebody asked anxiously.

Joe Holman glanced down at the prostrate bandits. "No," he answered mildly. "But I think these gentlemen are."

After that showdown, there was no more brigandage on the mountain roads; the road agents were either beneath dirt or behind bars. With the highways safe, Holman marshaled his German Rangers against the hordes of cattle and horse thieves roving the Balcones.

They routed the wide-loopers from their holes and recovered hundreds of stolen animals from hidden corrals. They confiscated the running irons of the gangs, and presented them as clinching evidence in frontier courts. Finally, only one major gang was left on the great open ranges of the Guadalupe.

Holman trailed the band to its rendezvous, an old ranch house near Enchanted Rock. The Rangers attacked the outlaw citadel at dawn, and routed the gang from the house into the yard. During a hectic close-in fight, a desperate brand burner picked up an ax from a woodpile and hurled it at the Professor.

Holman grabbed the handle in mid-air and flung the ax back at the outlaw. The blade landed in his skull and stuck there. Unnerved, the survivors threw up their hands.

When the gang was lodged in jail at Fredericksburg, the sheriff indentified each one as a fugitive with a price on his head. Ten thousand dollars, the combined rewards totaled.

Then a deputy from another community recognized them as the sorry characters who had burned the schoolhouse in his settlement. Holman stared hard at the bunch sulking behind the bars.

"Brand burners," he muttered. His face was grim. "Shoolhouse burners." His expression became one of outrage. "Books burned to ashes by dunces! *Gott!*"

He glared the firebugs out of countenance.

"I think your heads buy us a new schoolhouse."

Not long after, the Rangers received a state warrant for ten thousand dollars to cover the reward. Holman folded the draft in his wallet and rode toward the little town that had lost its school. There, he hunted up the village mayor, and handed him the check.

"A gift from the German Rangers, *Herr Burgomeister,*" he said. "Build the finest school on the Guadalupe. And buy books—many books for a fine library."

THE GUADALUPE COUNTRY was as peaceful as any quiet valley of the Rhine, when the German Rangers laid down their arms and their commander rode back to New Braunfels. Holman meant to resume his studies of four-legged varmints. But Texans came swarming to hear how he'd trapped the two-legged kind.

Eventually he ran away from notoriety, as killers and long riders had fled from his shooting-irons. For a few cents an acre, he bought a big spread in the thinly populated Shingle Hills, above Austin. There, he began ranching in a community of Scotch-Irish mountaineers, recently forced from their own native peaks of the Cumberlands and Ozarks by the steady pressure of slavery.

Near him lived a family named Preece which had said farewell to Kentucky after the slave owners started extending their tobacco plantations across the rocky valleys of the Cumberlands. The Preeces boasted of their kinship with a lank Illinois lawyer named Abraham Lincoln, whose speeches against slavery and the Mexican War Holman had read in the German paper which he received from St. Louis. Will Preece had a daughter named Lizzie.

Lizzie clamped fingers on her nostrils whenever the Professor lit up his pipe while making a neighborly call. She threatened him with hellfire for playing the fiddle and reading "worldly books." But hellfire scared Joe Holman not a whit more than gunfire did, and he wound up by marrying the prim girl half his age.

His children multiplied with his herds in the prosperous years that followed. Lizzie never led him to the mourners' bench, but his broad tolerance made him respect his wife for her staunch qualities as a frontier woman. His fellow ranchers kept electing him president of the local school board. On Sundays, after church services, they flocked to his ranch to hear him read and interpret the news from the *Texas Gazette* and the *New York Tribune.*

Then came the first cannonade at Fort Sumter. Joe Holman saw his duty plain, like the Germans on the Guadalupe and the Scotch-Irish in his own stretch of hills. A hysterical minority had stampeded Texas out of the Union into the Confederacy. He knew that, if the South's planter interests

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won this war, cow country would become cotton or tobacco country — and slave country.

So he cast his lot with Abraham Lincoln, now sitting in the White House, as did the Scotch-Irish, the Germans, and the Texas Mexicans still farther west. Age and rheumatism kept him from active service with that guerrilla outfit called the Texas Eagles, which ex-Ranger Dick Preece, his brother-in-law, organized to hold the hills for Lincoln and the Union.

But a liaison man was needed between the Scotch-Irish of the Shingle Hills and the Germans of the Balcones. Joe Holman, bound by marriage to one and by blood to the other, knowing every mountain trail, was chosen for the assignment.

For two long years, he rode a gentle pony, easy on his legs, from one group to the other, carrying news and messages of encouragement back and forth. With compatriots of Fredericksburg and other German settlements, he established an "underground railroad" which passed on Union refugees and escaping slaves from one "station" to another till they could contact the Texas Federal forces being recruited at Matamoras, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

When the Unionist guerrillas left the hills in 1863 to join the U.S. regulars, Holman assumed responsibility for their women and children. He supervised the families in the planting of crops, then helped them cache the harvests in caves unknown to prowling Confederate commissary officers. So that ignorance would not be the price exacted by war from the youngsters, he reopened a deserted schoolhouse and taught the classes himself.

He was helping a family sow a corn crop, on that Spring day in 1865, when a Union man rode up to tell him that the Confederacy had fallen. Its rulers had fled Richmond, their capital. But also in flight were the Texas state officials who had given it allegiance. They had decamped from Austin between suns, and had last been seen riding fast horses toward Mexico.

Holman laid down his seed bag. "The Confederacy is finished and we are again one country," he said slowly. "That is good. But Texas is left without a government—that is bad."

WITH AUTHORITY GONE, the Lone Star State was convulsed by a new wave of outlawry. Armed gangs shot up towns and pillaged stores in broad daylight. Brand burners swarmed across the ranges. Stage lines suspended operations. Banks closed their doors, partly because the Confederate currency in their tills was worthless, and partly to prevent what gold they had in their safes from being stolen.

One month after Lee's surrender at Richmond, Holman heard through a reformed outlaw that a notorious band was riding over the hills toward Austin. They planned to swoop down on the almost vacant capital and make off with the gold in the state treasury.

Joe Holman picked up the pistol that had been so effective an answer to the depredations of badmen when he'd led the German Rangers. Still a good gun, still capable of holding its own in any shooting match. A better gun, than its owner was now a man.

The gun slid from his hand to his lap, as he dozed off in old-man slumber. Sleep shut out the pleasant noises of the cat purring on the hearth rug and a rooster crowing outside. Lizzie entered on tiptoe to keep from waking him. She bent down to pick up the gun. But the hiss of beans boiling over made her hurry back to the kitchen. Joe Holman was left alone.

"I hereby commission you as a special Ranger of the State of Texas to serve until—" The voice crashed in on his siesta like the echo of all the battles he'd ever fought; the voice of Governor Wood swearing him in to hound the hell out of hellhounds.

He awoke with a start, rubbing his eyes. Bit by bit, familiar things asserted themselves over the maundering dreams of an old man. The smell of beans boiling—the sight of the wheezy organ on which Lizzie played her doleful hymns. This was not 1847, but 1865—and George Wood was no longer governor. Pendleton Murrah was in the capitol now—no, that was a mistake because Murrah was now fleeing like a horse-thief from a Ranger company.

"Schweinhund!" he muttered. Running away when other Southern governors stayed on their jobs to protect their people till the Federal commanders came! George Wood would have remained on duty—and now thieves plotted to loot the state treasury . . .

He lifted the gun, letting his fingers stray, reminiscently over its barrel. Enchanted Rock — the Guadalupe settlements — the freight roads. The weapon's touch brought back all the places where he'd been assigned *"to serve until—"*

He shook his head, trying to remember the last word spoken by George Wood on that day, so many years ago.

"To serve until—DISCHARGED!" The word echoed clearly and compellingly from that earlier crisis, stemming, like this one, from war and outlawry. That day when he'd been commissioned he remembered vividly—November 18, 1847. But, on what day had that mandate as a lawman ended?

He tugged at his patriarchial beard. Other dates he recalled distinctly. His graduation day from the University of Heidelberg. That morning, twenty-one years ago, when he'd first set foot in Texas. The anniversary of his marriage—the birthday of each of his children. Yet, one day, important as all the rest, teased him with its vagueness.

His mind searched the past, striving to find some link with the present. Come to think of it, he couldn't recollect getting any discharge. No piece of paper had ever come to notify him that he'd ceased being a Texas Ranger.

Joe Holman stood up straight. "I'm still a Ranger," he told himself. "I still have the authority to—"he paused an instant to define the task—"to stop the gang that's moving in on the treasury."

He took his holster from its nail on the wall and buckled it tightly around his waist. A governor may run, he thought grimly. *A Ranger can't.*

There was no need to guess what route the bunch would be taking to Austin. The open trail that led south through the Shingle Hills from Burnet County. In these days, outlaws didn't bother with secret trails.

Lizzie called to him shrilly when he rode away on his pony. Her face blanched when she saw the old gun raised high in the gnarled hand that waved her good-bye.

TWENTY MILES NORTH he headed, along the open trail paralleling the right bank of the Colorado River, to bandit-ridden Burnet County. The veins of his rheumatic legs began paining him the moment he mounted his horse. Every mile, on that score of miles, he wanted to stop the horse and light down for a rest. But he was afraid he might be unable to get back on.

He neared the narrow ford that sepa-

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rated his own county of Travis from Burnet. Fifty yards away, he let the tired pony halt to nuzzle at some grass. From a thicket on the Burnet County side, seven men strained their eyes to peer at him.

One of them pointed a trembling finger. "Professor Buckshot. Damned if he ain't ridin' again."

"Ridin' after us, most likely," growled a second. "Some rattle-tongue must have let him know we're aimin' to h'ist that gold. I sure wouldn't want him standin' between it and us."

"Me neither. Let's git him."

Seven outlaws raised seven rifles. Seven bullets came whistling across the river. Blood spurted from Joe Holman's mouth, dyed the long gray beard a livid red, and flooded down his belly from two bullets that crashed through his lungs. His feet began sagging in the stirrups as they had on that first day when he'd gone out for Ranger duty. His eyes began to dim; the green terrain about him started turning black. One hand clutched desperately at the pony's bridle; the other fumbled weakly at his holster.

"To serve until—" He heard George Wood's voice from infinities away, infinities of years from those quiet cloisters of Heidelberg to these battle-swept hills of Texas. Then his hand moved briefly with its old strength as it jerked out the Colt and aimed it toward the thicket. But his finger curled around emptiness when it sought the trigger in that growing dark.

Got to—got to find the trigger, he thought. *Missed it—somehow. Mustn't miss* — The fingers groped in an arc around the trigger and kept failing to touch it.

Another volley roared at him from the ambush; more bullets ripped his flesh. The dimness turned into a complete blur. But that instant, when he fell heavily from the saddle, his finger found the trigger.

The pistol went off as he hit the ground. That last shot, flying somewhere off into the air, might have been his final salute to law. The pistol dropped limply from his hand.

The outlaws listened nervously when they heard the shot. "He went down," the leader said after its echo had died. "Likely cashed in. But we ain't comin' in his gun range to check."

"Right, Buck," another replied. "I didn't like the sound of that hog iron goin' off. Let's take a roundabout way. That old feller's full of more tricks than a pack of foxes."

The outlaws detoured down the hidden trails to the capital city. On the outskirts of Austin, they ran into a squad of Federal soldiers from the command of General George A. Custer, who had arrived the day before to restore order in Texas. The soldiers were doing simple patrol duty, but the jittery thieves gave themselves away by drawing their guns. They were captured by the troopers, and the only toll they ever took of the treasury was the cost of the gallows that hanged them.

A searching party, mobilized by Lizzie Holman, found her husband's body. Sixty-seven he was when he made that last scout and fired his last shot.

After his burial, Dick Preece, now a sergeant with Custer's garrison in Austin, went through his effects.

Dick found his Ranger's severance papers, along with his marriage certificate, the birth records of the children, and a diploma, printed in Latin, attesting that one Joseph von Holtzmann was a graduate, *magna cum laude,* of the University of Heidelberg.

The diploma meant little to Dick, since his second language was lead and not Latin. But he carefully scanned the Ranger document whose seal had never been broken by the man who had received it.

"Joe just plumb forgot ever to read this thing," Dick commented to Lizzie. "But 'twouldn't have meant much to him if he had. He had to write his own discharge—and write it in death." ●

HOLDUP AT BLACKSTONE SWITCH

(Continued from page 17)

or there would be trouble. Their reply was to begin shootin'. They fired at everything that moved. I decided to try to pluck what daisies I could in the smoking car. I sprang up on the platform, threw open the door, with a six-shooter in each hand, and said, "Good evening, gentlemen. I'll trouble you for your valuables." I pulled a feed sack from behind me and handed it to a young man in the car and asked him to oblige. He refused. I gave him a look and repeated my request. He took the sack promptly, for he could see I meant business. A man on the right-hand aisle straightened up and said, "I am a reporter for the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*" I said, "Then you are just the man to help me search the passengers." He refused. I then pointed my gun at him and repeated my request. I never see a man spring into the aisle quicker'n he did. I now had two helpers relieving the traveling public of their superfluous wealth.

A man on the left-hand side of the aisle rose to his feet and held out his pocketbook, and said, "This is all I have."

I said, "You look like a laboring man."

He said, "Yes, I am. I am a coal miner from McAlester."

A lady was sitting close by, with two infants in her lap. I asked her if she was his woman. She said, "Yes, I am." I then handed the pocketbook to her and told her to use the contents it contained for herself and her babes and not to let the man have any of it to buy liquor with. I did not know if he drank or not, but thought the lesson wouldn't be out of place.

With my helpers, I proceeded to the third car, garnering quite a sum of money and a number of watches, gold and plain. We came to a man in an upper berth who was moaning. I asked him what seemed to be the matter. He said, "I'm sick." "Well," I said, "some people call me Doc. I think it would help you if you contributed to the common cause." He proceeded to set up an argument. I seized him, pulled him out of the berth, and dropped him on the floor. He threw up like a man taking ipecac. We sidestepped and went on.

AFTER I HAD FINISHED the passenger cars, I took the sack with its donations and sent my helpers on their way, which they was glad to accept. I could not find Gudgel, the conductor, and began to mistrust that all was not well.

Now I would look after the express car. We were on the left side of the train. I ordered the men to go forward to the express car. It was a bright moonlight night, the date being November 13, 1894, as I have cause to remember. I remember it was Tuesday. We started walking along the side of the car, in the shadows. Everything seemed quiet. I whooped and Tom Root gobbled, him being an Indian, and we both discharged our guns several times to show people they hadn't better mix with us. When we reached the express car, the doors were standing open, a detail I should of weighed. At this moment, I happened to raise my eyes upward and caught a shadow between the two cars. I saw a man with a six-shooter in his hand. He was so close that I thought he was going to hit me on the head with it. I bent so as to stoop beneath the sill of the car. He fired, and there was a hot burning sensation in my body. The bullet struck the upper part of my left hip, ranged downward, cutting through the bladder and lower bowels, and emerging on the right side of the back part of my thigh. I fired back, but in my upset state was not accurate. Then I discovered that my help had run off and left me. I whistled, which was the signal we had prearranged. Tom Root came to where I was. I informed him that I had been hit, and told him to guard the car till I got part way to my horse so they wouldn't come out and capture me. I am now to a place in my story where I can tell you who fired the unfortunate shot. It was Bud Ledbetter. He had with him, as a consort, Paden Tolbert, two as deadly deputies as ever ranged the Territory. I was carrying the sack the people had contributed to, the same being heavy on account of the number of watches and silver dollars. When we got there, Will Smith and Buss Luckey were already there. I asked them where they had been all the time and they said, "Right here, guarding the horses." I almost pulled down on them. I told them to help me mount my horse. Will Smith said, "I'll carry the sack." This made me so mad that I drawed my pistol and would have killed him, then and there, if Tom Root hadn't come along and begged me not to.

We rode about a quarter of a mile, then nature called to me. I told the boys I would have to get down. They stopped and helped me, and when nature pursued her course the blood came freely. I said, "Boys, I'm shot through the bowels and bladder." Buss Luckey said, "That couldn't be, Jack, for you would be dead before this." Tom struck a match and examined the ground. "It's nothing but blood," he said.

They helped me to my horse. We rode about a mile and a half, when I had to get off again and drain my system. They helped me back and we rode again, maybe two miles this time. "Boys," I said, "I've got to drain again." I accordingly did. Five times, that was the number. Each time I felt weaker. Finally, I told the men I would have to lay down, as I could not proceed further. By this time we were about two and a half miles from Blackstone, far too little. They took blankets and made me a bed under a cliff or rocks. I gave each of them a gold watch and fifteen dollars. Then I took the sack, scrooged it around till it was comfortable, and made it into a pillow. My head was

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ready for it. I told them to go to Jim Dyer's who had proved himself to be exactly what he was, and tell him what had happened to me. I told them to come back, when things were favorable, and bury me. I told them to put a board at my head and to tell Jim Dyer to write my brother in Madison County, Arkansas, and tell him I had crossed the Great Divide and to take care of my saddle horse as long as it lived. "Goodbye, men," I said, never expecting to see them again. "Goodbye, Jack, maybe you won't cross," one of them said. I appreciated him saying it.

The men proved faithful to their trust. They came back the next day to bury me. It was cold and I had covered my face with my horse blanket and, when they raised the blanket, I held up two fingers to show I was still here. I made signs I wanted water. Tom Root brought it from the river in his hat. Nothing ever tasted so good. If you have ever been shot, you will realize that loss of blood demands a similar amount of water to be taken into your internal system. It is the way nature works. They rode away, but came back Thursday night and brought me a jug of buttermilk and a food the Indians call sofkey.

AT DAYBREAK THEY prepared to depart. I told them to bring me a syringe and a bar of Castile soap to get action on my system. They came back Friday night and worked with me all night. I was not resting easy. One of the men was watching the road, the other guarding the riding stock. Will Smith came back and said he had seen five deputy marshals, evidently on the search. I told them to look after themselves, and we told each other goodbye and I wished them well and them likewise me, for nobody ever stood by a fallen comrade better'n they done me. The next day—Saturday—I could look across the river to where a road ran, and could see deputies and possemen riding by. I laid there all day Saturday, Saturday night, and all day Sunday. I was beginning to feel apprehensive. That night I pulled on my boots, used my rifle as a crutch, took the sack of money and watches, and went crawling and walking as best I could through the brush. I made two miles, a considerable chore. I was weary and laid down. The next thing I knowed was a voice calling, "Whoa! Whoa there!" I raised my head to see, and there was a Negro catching a mule with a nubbin. I asked him if I could get breakfast and he said I could, music to my ears. I hobbled to the house and his woman set me a good meal. I asked him if I could stay in his house a few days. He looked at me and said, "You wouldn't be one of them Blackstone robbers, would you?"

I said, "Lots of troubles come from people asking questions about subjects they don't need to know." He was so decent about it that I said, "I'll go, but I'm going to ask you not to tell anybody I was here." He promised and I knew he would live up to it. I took my rifle and hobbled away, system draining less now. I hobbled down the road about three hundred yards to a briary flat and dropped off to sleep.

After a time, an uneasy spell seized on me and I set up, and there was six men approaching. They came forward and asked me how to get to Vann Lake. I gave the needed information. They were about to proceed on their way when one of them looked at me suspiciously and said, "What are you doing here?"

"Killing squirrels," I replied.

They asked to see them. I pointed to my sack and said, "They're in here." They looked and could see the blood on the sack.

"Did you get many?" asked one.

"No," I said. "The wind was too high."

They rode on, which relieved me. I took my sack—nothing was going to make me abandon that—and crow-hopped down to the river and buried it under a log. Then I hobbled seven miles to Jim Dyer's, and stayed there until Friday evening when we heard the marshals coming. I was placed on a horse and went to Dick Reynolds' home. Mrs. Reynolds told me to go to the cottonfield and lay down, which was done. She cared for me for three days, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The marshals, still searching for me, burned the canebrakes on the Verdigris River bottom. Judge Parker was arousing his men to do their best to capture me. He sent word if anyone harbored me, the marshals were to burn their cottonfields. That was his order.

Mrs. Reynolds sent a boy to tell this word from Parker, and for me to go down the Verdigris to a certain big log and wait developments. This I did, having complete trust in her. Bye and bye, a boy showed up with a wagon-sheet and told me to use it to cover me against the cold which was considerable. It rained and I was deeply chilled, but that was my lot and I had to like it or lump it. James Dyer and his brother came with some dry clothes and carried my pallet higher up the bank, for the river was mounting, built a fire, and thawed me out. They arranged with a man who had a covered wagon by the name of Smith, and who had a wife and a baby, to put me in it and drive off with me as passenger, which was accordingly done. We arrived in Wagoner, I.T. In eleven days more we were in Seneca, Missouri.

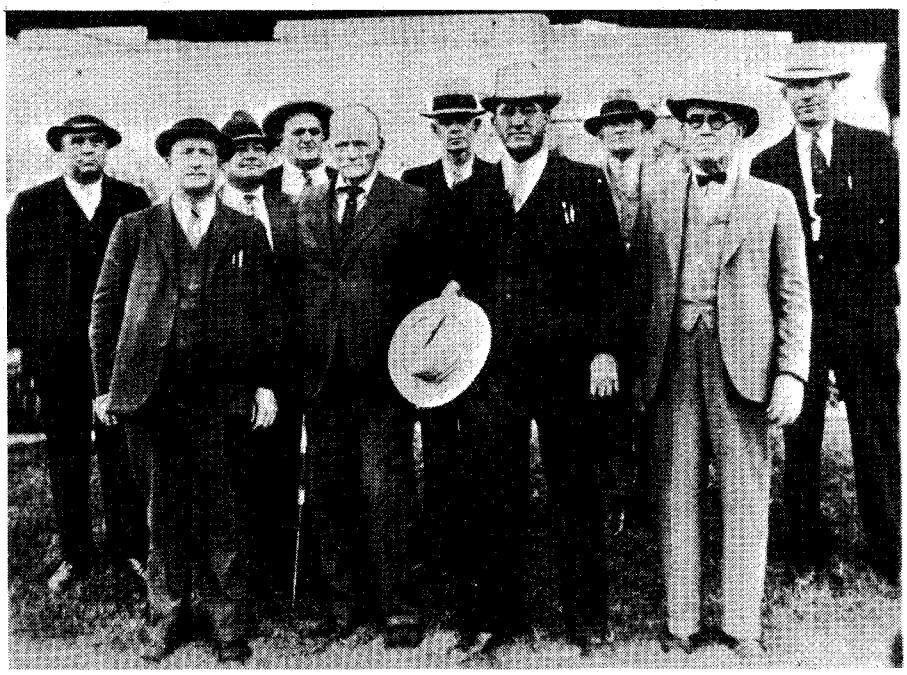
I engaged a man by the name of William Lawrence to care for me. He bathed me in hot water, wrapped me in a horse blanket, put me on his back, and carried me like a papoose a mile to his house where he lived. He was a fine man. The last week in February, 1895, I sent him with a note to Jim Dyer for him to send me money. Dyer told him he would send me fifty dollars, then told Lawrence I was a bandit. Lawrence said this was something new to him. Lawrence came home and sat down on the edge of my bed, and asked if this was true. I said it was. He was wrought up an' said this might spell trouble for him. I told him I would go away, which I did the next morning. I went to my brother's in Madison County, Arkansas. I explained my shot-up condition by saying I had got into an altercation. He accepted it, for I sometimes got into such a situation.

I DID NOT KNOW what to do. The fates seemed to be barking at me. I had also got a considerable dose of religion, so I wrote to Judge Isaac C. Parker I was ready to surrender, let come what may. This was the eighteenth day of March, 1895. Will Smith and Burl Cox drove up. My brother was surprised, for I had not informed him of my activities. The news was telegraphed that Texas Jack, the train robber, had been arrested and was on his way to Fort Smith. When our train arrived at the depot, a huge crowd was there to greet us. We went to the jailer's office and he went to register me in his books. I asked if I could lay down. A newspaper reporter hunkered down close where I was laying, and tried to appear friendly and sympathetic. Dobson was his name. He said he wanted to help me out of my dilemma. I said, "You didn't help me into it, so I won't call on you to help me out." This made the loungers smile. He then asked me for an item about myself. I said I didn't have any spare item, which made them smile again. He asked me my name, although he knowed it. I said, "My name is Poor Boy. My parents were too poor to name me anything else." The bystanders gave him the horse laugh, and he got up and walked out. I was taken to the hospital where the detectives were waiting to question me.

Time passed. On the fifteenth day of May, I was taken to the private chambers of Judge Isaac C. Parker, who asked if I would tell him who was the head of the band of train robbers. I told him that Jim Dyer was.

Judge Parker said, "We will have him

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Thelma Wright



Bud Ledbetter (front, second from left) is the deputy whose shot hit Texas Jack.

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brought in. If this leads to a conviction, you'll be freed—that is, if you will promise the Court of the United States that you will never commit or participate in another crime."

I promised readily. I gave the information and Jim Dyer was brought in. On the eighteenth day of August 1895, Judge Parker called court for the Blackstone robbery. A jury was empaneled and the indictment read to Jim Dyer, Buss Luckey, Tom Root, and I. The jury was instructed that I and Tom Root had acknowledged our part in the robbery, that confessions had been made by me and Tom Root which would be used to convict the other defendants.

Life in Fort Smith is still vivid to me. For breakfast we had a tin cup of black coffee, half a loaf of bread, a slice of bacon fat, a small portion of rice, and a little sorghum molasses. For dinner, a hunk of cornbread two inches thick and five inches square, a small portion of beef, one garden vegetable placed in a quart pan. Supper, the same. The doctor came every morning; all who were not feeling well would report to him, saying, "I'm sick." "Let me see your tongue," he would say. "What's the number of your cell?" Then he would jot down some notes. That was the end of the medical treatment, but if a prisoner really seemed sick he would be taken out of his cell and removed to the sick ward. I was in prison twenty-three months, so got pretty well acquainted with the routine. The sights I witnessed could be classed as unusual. I once saw thirty-two men coming into prison from prison wagons, all chained together. One time I made a count an' there were two hundred sixty-six in jail.

I received a sentence of five years, but was paroled and was released November 18, 1896. I was glad to quit the prison. When I was released, I was on two crutches and didn't have a penny to my name. But Judge Parker had promised I would be released and that was done. I never heard of him going back on his word. He told me he would act as a father to me and he performed his duty. When he was delivering a sentence, he was sharp in his manner, but he had a warm heart buried in his bosom. I did not leave the prison harboring anything against him. He was the sworn enemy of people like I, and he meant to clean us out, but when he gave his word it was as good as a government bond.

Things didn't turn out as I wish they had. Jim Dyer was as guilty a man as was ever entertained at Fort Smith. He hired a lawyer named Warren Reed who made a livin' setting people free. One way or another, after the manner of lawyers, he got them out. Considerable feeling existed between Judge Parker and this shitepoke lawyer. He was a handsome man, dwarfed everybody else in the courtroom; he sort of rode people down by his commanding ways. Well, you'll be surprised when I tell you that this Reed proved that Jim Dyer wasn't helping outlaws at all, but was helping the law. It took a smart lawyer to do that, but that's exactly what happened to this son of.

MAYBE YOU'LL BE interested to follow my career, after I was able to turn my back on Fort Smith. I got into a traveling notions line. That is, I got a team and wagon and drove across the country selling notions from my wagon, on the whole doing a pretty good business, for you'll understand I was still on crutches, the Ledbetter bullet having done that to me. Once a year I had to report to my parole boss in Fort Smith. Sometimes, leaning against my wagon, I'd tell the gathered people of my adventures ten years as an outlaw. The people were always intrigued an'd ask questions. I got the idea to publish it in printed form and sell it, which I proceeded to do. I sold out and had a second runoff published in Girard, Kansas. This one consisted of twenty-eight pages. I contracted with the firm for ten thousand copies, which would lead you to believe that people found something of interest in my experiences. I took my notions team and drove from town to town, selling my book and lecturing. I devoted a considerable part of my lecture to Judge Parker and his court. Nearly everybody knowed somebody who'd been sent to Fort Smith, or who had appeared there as a witness, so I done good. Once I sold $350 worth of books in five weeks. I went to Shawnee, Oklahoma, but ran into a spell of sickness. I was putting up in a wagonyard, similar today to what we call a tourist court. While I was sick, the wagonyard man sold one hundred sixty dollars' worth of books. Pulled for Oklahoma City, arriving there in March, 1901. I sold books and lectured on street corners on my life in outlawry, until I ran out of books. I enlarged to thirty-eight pages, had twenty-five thousand printed, used other people to help me dispose of them, price a dime each. People'd buy several copies to give away to friends and acquaintances. The book was good for the country, because I had a moral in it to the effect that if you get mixed up in crime you'll have to suffer the consequences. I joined a traveling show called Wild West Exhibit where I was considerable of an attraction, with my shooting and moral lectures. When cold closed us out, I headed for the warm Southwest, arriving in Fort Scott, Kansas, April 2, 1902. I met up with a man named Brown and joined a show called The Comedy Show, and we had good success for three weeks. Then, I discovered immorality had crept in. I left promptly.

One way or another, I made a good living. Farmed a while at Tucumcari, New Mexico. All this time, my bowels and bladder was a source of discomfort. Finally, on July 11, 1930, I went into the Clinic Hospital in Kansas City, and had everything ripped out. In May, 1934, I got back to Fort Smith where I had started from. I hadn't violated my parole in any way, shape, or form. I proceeded to build me a camp-boat on the Poteau River, and lived there five months. The Fox-Twentieth Century Film Studio heard of me and sent me two hundred fifty dollars in expense money to come out there and talk over the idea of doing my life into a film. When I got there, they said I would have to prove who I was. I'd never been confronted with this situation before. I returned to Fort Smith and got Elias Rector to certify that I was Texas Jack. Here is his letter in printed form, I've had so many calls for it. Date, as you can see, is January 24, 1936. I got Mrs. Clarence Owensby, a fine lady, to certify for me. Then I got Bud Ledbetter to certify who I was. Date, as you can see, is Muskogee, Oklahoma, January 28, 1936. He says in the last paragraph he didn't bear me any ill will just because he had to shoot me. I and he were boys together in the same county in Arkansas. He became a peace officer and I went on the scout. He was killed by an outlaw and I'm still here. But don't deduce from that I am drawing an ill-favored moral.

Armed with these credentials, I went back to Los Angeles, my money meantime running low. But Fox had lost interest in me. I went to see Emmett Dalton who was living at 4350 Prince Street, Hollywood. He was suffering from recent ill health and couldn't give me any help. I then went to the Universal Film Studio where I contacted Jack Waldon, information director. He called in a bunch of his associates and we had quite a lengthy interview, during which a multitude of questions was hurled at me. Some girls came in and tried to get my hair down in order to have their picture taken with me, but I fended them off by saying I hadn't made a contract yet and didn't propose to be photographed with anybody until that detail was taken care of. Mr. Waldon informed me that some legislation was pending in Washington that displeased his studio, and that it would at present be unable to enter into a contract with me. I went to three other studios and found conditions just as Mr. Waldon had represented them. I returned to my room in the White Hotel. Two big directors came to see me. We made medicine but didn't get anywhere. At last, seeing I wasn't getting anywhere and my money getting as low as the Verdigris River in August, I returned to Fort Smith, arriving there February 11, 1936. There I started the process of getting out a new book on my life.

I now find myself living in Tulsy on a pension. I have to walk like a broken-backed rooster, but I still get quite a bit of pleasure out of living. Sometimes I take my folding chair and go and sit on the sidewalk, and people come up and talk to me and I tell them of my adventures. Sometimes they give me money, a matter that is always welcome. I always make the point that I am sorry I got mixed up in outlawry, which is true. You misdoubt I knew Jesse James and you can go on misdoubting it as long as you want to. Your thinkin' don't make any difference to me and, so far as I'm concerned, that ends it.

I LEFT AFTER A TIME, charmed and delighted by Texas Jack, the only outlaw I ever knew who appeared before Judge Parker. I think his opinion could be summed up this way (I'm putting words into his mouth): "He was lined up against outlaws, but there wasn't any other way to deal with the situation at that time. He spoke harsh and cruel, but he had a good heart and lived up to his word."

To finish up the story of Texas Jack: He died January 7, 1950, at the age of eighty-eight, at 1444 North Denver Ave., Tulsa. He was buried near St. Paul, Arkansas. I was surprised, when I poked into the library of the *Tulsa World*, to see what a small play they had given the old man. It was probably because they didn't know what an extraordinary life he had led. I'll never forget his story of what happened to him after the Blackstone robbery, how he survived in winter under almost impossible conditions. Yet he took it as a matter of course. On the whole he was proud of his life as an outlaw. He lectured against crime, and his pamphlets preach against it; but, on the other hand, it was what made him what he was. So far as I know, he was the last living outlaw to appear before Judge Parker. Certainly he was a picturesque one, with his hair in braids, wearing high-topped boots, a bandana around his neck, and a belt with enough ornaments to start a silversmith in business. ●

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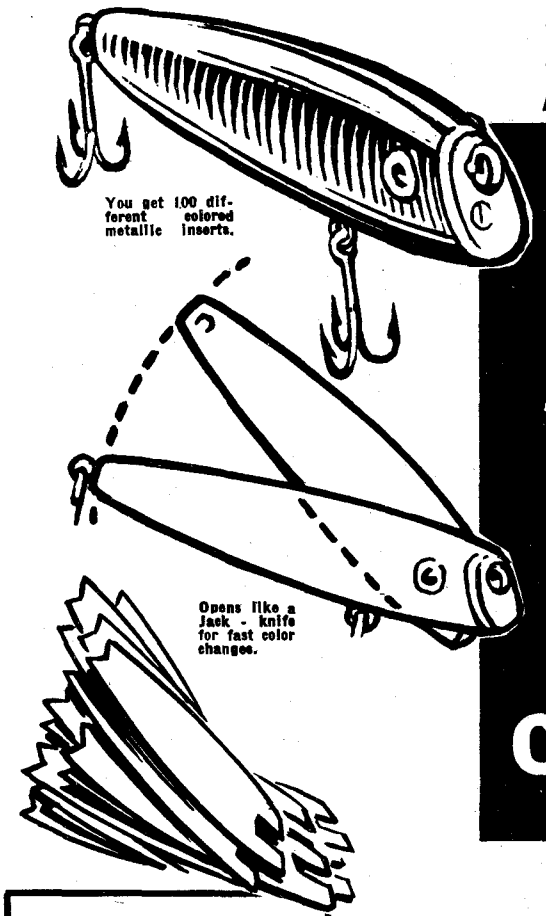

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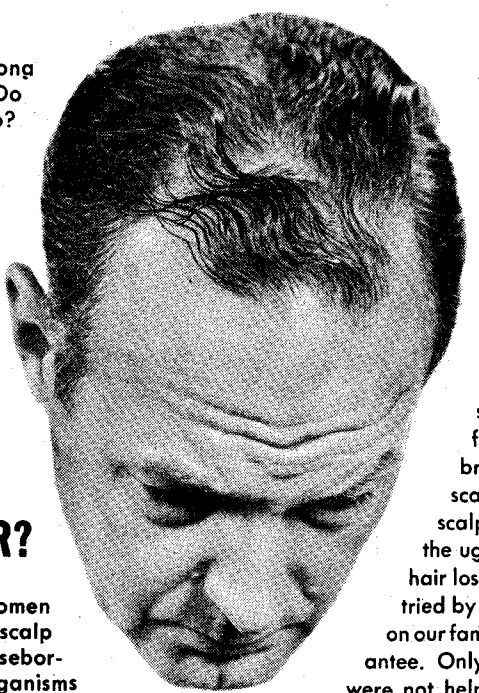

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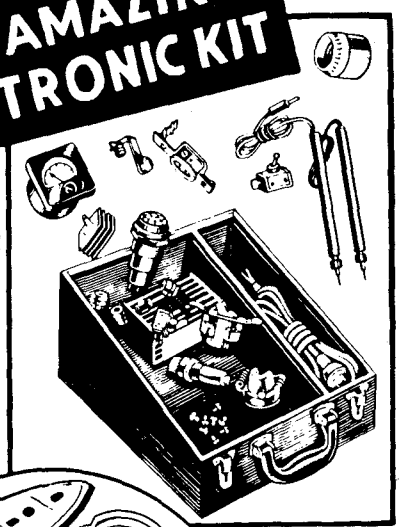

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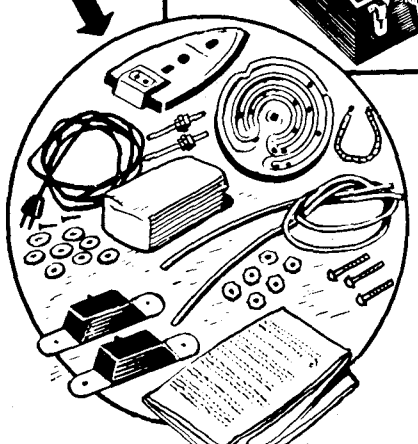

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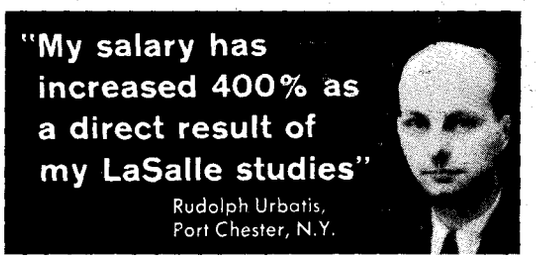

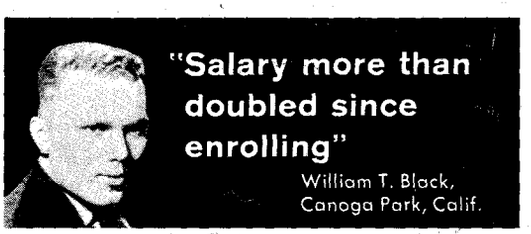

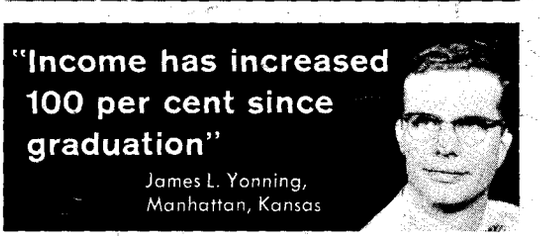

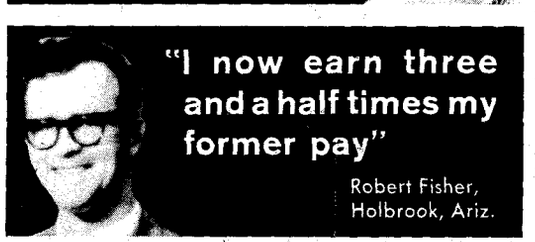

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